



GATHERED
GEMS

REV. T. DEWITT
TALMAGE,















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Yours
T. de Witt Talmage

GATHERED GEMS.

A SERIES OF POPULAR SERMONS

BY

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle.

TOGETHER WITH THE

LIFE OF THIS FAMOUS PREACHER.

TWENTY FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE WEDDING RING.



The Choice of a Wife.

“Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?”—JUDGES xiv., 3.

Samson, the giant, is here asking consent of his father and mother to marriage with one whom they thought unfit for him. He was wise in asking their counsel, but not wise in rejecting it. Captivated with her looks, the big son wanted to marry a daughter of one of the hostile families, a deceitful, hypocritical, whining and saturnine creature, who afterward made for him a world of trouble till she quit him forever. In my text his parents forbade the banns, practically saying: “When there are so many honest and beautiful maidens of your own country, are you so hard put to for a lifetime partner that you propose conjugality with this foreign flirt? Is there such a dearth of lilies in our Israelitish gardens that you must wear on your heart a Philistine thistle? Do you take a crabapple because there are no pomegranates? Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my peo

ple, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"

BEAUTIFUL JEWESSES.

Excuseless was he for such a choice in a land and amid a race celebrated for female loveliness and moral worth, a land and a race of which self-denying Abigail and heroic Deborah, and dazzling Miriam, and pious Esther, and glorious Ruth, and Mary, who hugged to her heart the blessed Lord, were only magnificent specimens. The midnight folded in their hair, the lakes of liquid beauty in their eye, the gracefulness of spring morning in their posture and gait, were only typical of the greater brilliance and glory of their soul. Likewise excuseless is any man in our time who makes lifelong alliance with any one who, because of her disposition, or heredity, or habits, or intellectual vanity, or *moral twistification*, may be said to be of the Philistines.

MODERN FEMALE LOVELINESS.

The world never owned such opulence of womanly character or such splendor of womanly manners or multitudinous instances of wifely, motherly, daughterly, sisterly devotion, as it owns to-day. I have not words to express my admiration for good womanhood. Woman is not only man's equal, but in affectional and religious nature, which is the best part of us, she is seventy-five per cent. his superior. Yea, during the last twenty years, through the increased opportunity opened for female education, the women of the

country are better educated than the majority of men; and if they continue to advance mentality at the present ratio, before long the majority of men will have difficulty in finding in the opposite sex enough ignorance to make appropriate consort. If I am under a delusion as to the abundance of good womanhood abroad, consequent upon my surroundings since the hour I entered this life until now, I hope the delusion will last until I embark from this planet. So you will understand, if I say in this course of sermons something that seems severe, I am neither cynical nor disgruntled.

NO NEED TO MARRY A FOOL.

There are in almost every farmhouse in the country, in almost every home of the great town, conscientious women, worshipful women, self-sacrificing women, holy women, innumerable Marys, sitting at the feet of Christ; innumerable mothers, helping to feed Christ in the person of His suffering disciples; a thousand capped and spectacled grandmothers Lois, bending over Bibles whose precepts they have followed from early girlhood; and tens of thousands of young woman that are dawning upon us from school and seminary, that are going to bless the world with good and happy homes, that shall eclipse all their predecessors, a fact that will be acknowledged by all men except those who are struck through with moral decay from toe to cranium; and more inexcusable than the Samson of the text is that man who, amid all this unparalleled munificence of

womanhood, marries a fool. But some of you are abroad suffering from such disaster, and to halt others of you from going over the same precipice, I cry out in the words of my text: "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?"

MARRIAGE NOT FOR ALL.

That marriage is the destination of the human race is a mistake that I want to correct before I go further. There are multitudes who never will marry, and still greater multitudes who are not fit to marry. In Great Britain to-day there are nine hundred and forty-eight thousand more women than men, and that, I understand, is about the ratio in America. By mathematical and inexorable law, you see, millions of women will never marry. The supply for matrimony greater than the demand, the first lesson of which is that every woman ought to prepare to take care of herself if need be. Then there are thousands of men who have no right to marry, because they have become so corrupt of character that their offer of marriage is an insult to any good woman. Society will have to be toned up and corrected on this subject, so that it shall realize that if a woman who has sacrificed her honor is unfitted for marriage, so is any man who has ever sacrificed his purity. What right have *you, O masculine beast!* whose life has been loose, to take under your care the spotlessness of a virgin reared in

the sanctity of a respectable home? Will a buzzard dare to court a dove?

THE FIRST STEP.

But the majority of you will marry, and have a right to marry, and as your religious teacher I wish to say to these men, in the choice of a wife first of all seek divine direction. About thirty-five years ago, when Martin Farquhar Tupper, the English poet, urged men to prayer before they decided upon matrimonial association, people laughed. And some of them have lived to laugh on the other side of their mouth.

EMINENT BLUNDERERS.

The need of divine direction I argue from the fact that so many men, and some of them strong and wise, have wrecked their lives at this juncture. Witness Samson and this woman of Timnath! Witness *Socrates*, pecked of the historical Xantippe! Witness *Job*, whose wife had nothing to prescribe for his carbuncles but allopathic doses of profanity! Witness *Ananias*, a liar, who might perhaps have been cured by a truthful spouse, yet marrying as great a liar as himself—Sapphira! Witness *John Wesley*, one of the best men that ever lived, united to one of the most outrageous and scandalous of women, who sat in City Road Chapel making mouths at him while he preached! Witness the once conubial wretchedness of *John Ruskin*, the great art essayist, and *Frederick W. Robertson*, the great preacher. Witness a thousand

HELLS ON EARTH

kindled by unworthy wives, termagants that scold like a March northeaster; female spend thrifts, that put their husbands into fraudulent schemes to get money enough to meet the lavishness of domestic expenditure; *opium-using women*—about four hundred thousand of them in the United States—who will have the drug, though it should cause the eternal damnation of the whole household; heartless and overbearing, and namby-pamby and unreasonable women, yet married—married perhaps to good men! These are the women who build the low club-houses, where the husbands and sons go because they can't stand it at home. On this sea of matrimony, where so many have wrecked, am I not right in advising divine pilotage?

NUMEROUS PITFALLS.

Especially is devout supplication needed, because of the fact that society is so full of artificialities that men are deceived as to whom they are marrying, and no one but the Lord knows. After the dressmaker, and the milliner, and the jeweler, and the hair-adjuster, and the dancing-master, and the cosmetic art have completed their work, how is an unsophisticated man to decipher the physiological hieroglyphics, and make accurate judgment of who it is to whom he offers hand and heart? That is what makes so many recreant husbands. They make an honorable marriage contract, but the goods de-

livered are so different from the sample by which they bargained. They were simply swindled, and they backed out. They mistook Jezebel for Longfellow's Evangeline, and Lucretia Borgia for Martha Washington.

Aye, as the Indian chief boasts of the scalps he has taken, so there are in society to-day many coquettes who boast of the masculine hearts they have captured. And these women, though they may live amid richest upholstery, are not so honorable as the cyprians of the street, for these advertise their infamy, while the former profess heaven while they mean hell.

There is so much counterfeit womanhood abroad it is no wonder that some cannot tell the genuine coin from the base. Do you not realize you need divine guidance when I remind you that mistake is possible in this important affair, and, if made, is irrevocable ?

A MISTAKE IRREPARABLE.

The worst predicament possible is to be unhappily yoked together. You see it is impossible to break the yoke. The more you pull apart, the more galling the yoke. The minister might bring you up again, and in your presence read the marriage ceremony backward, might put you on the opposite sides of the altar from where you were when you were united, might take the ring off of the finger, might rend the wedding-veil asunder, might tear out the marriage leaf from the family Bible record, but all that would fail to

unmarry you. It is better not to make the mistake than to attempt its correction. But men and women do not reveal all their characteristics till after marriage, and how are you to avoid committing the fatal blunder? There is only one Being in the universe who can tell you whom to choose, and that is the Lord of Paradise. He made Eve for Adam, and Adam for Eve, and both for each other. Adam had not a large group of women from whom to select his wife, but it is fortunate, judging from some mistakes which she afterward made, that it was Eve or nothing.

There is in all the world some one who was made for you, as certainly as Eve was made for Adam. All sorts of mistakes occur because Eve was made out of a rib from Adam's side. Nobody knows which of his twenty-four ribs was taken for the nucleus. If you depend entirely upon yourself in the selection of a wife, there are twenty-three possibilities to one that you will select the wrong rib. By the fate of Ahab, whose wife induced him to steal; by the fate of Macbeth, whose wife pushed him into massacre; by the fate of James Ferguson, the philosopher, whose wife entered the room while he was lecturing and willfully upset his astronomical apparatus, so that he turned to the audience and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman"; by the fate of Bulwer, the novelist, whose wife's temper was so incompatible that he furnished her a beautiful house near London and withdrew from her com-

pany, leaving her with the dozen dogs whom she entertained as pets; by the fate of John Milton, who married a termagant after he was blind, and when some one called her a rose, the poet said: "I am no judge of flowers, but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily"; by the fate of an Englishman whose wife was so determined to dance on his grave that he was buried in the sea; by the fate of a village minister whom I knew, whose wife threw a cup of hot tea across the table because they differed in sentiment—by all these scenes of disquietude and domestic calamity, we implore you to be cautious and prayerful before you enter upon the connubial state, which decides whether a man shall have two heavens or two hells, a heaven here and heaven forever, or a hell now and a hell hereafter.

NOBLE WIVES.

By the bliss of Pliny, whose wife, when her husband was pleading in court, had messengers coming and going to inform her what impression he was making; by the joy of Grotius, whose wife delivered him from prison under the pretence of having books carried out lest they be injurious to his health, she sending out her husband unobserved in one of the bookcases; by the good fortune of Roland, in Louis' time, whose wife translated and composed for her husband while Secretary of the Interior—talented, heroic, wonderful Madame Roland; by the happiness of many a man who has made intelligent choice of one capa-

ble of being prime counselor and companion in brightness and in grief—pray to Almighty God, morning, noon, and night, that at the right time and in the right way He will send you a good, honest, loving, sympathetic wife; or if she is not sent to you, that you may be sent to her.

AVOID MATCHMAKERS.

At this point let me warn you not to let a question of this importance be settled by the celebrated matchmakers flourishing in almost every community. Depend upon your own judgment divinely illumined. These brokers in matrimony are ever planning how they can unite impecunious innocence to an heiress, or celibate woman to millionaire or marquis, and that in many cases makes life an unhappiness. How can any human being, who knows neither of the two parties as God knows them, and who is ignorant of the future, give such direction as you require at such a crisis?

Take the advice of the earthly matchmaker instead of the divine guidance, and you may some day be led to use the words of Solomon, whose experience in home life was as melancholy as it was multitudinous. One day his palace, with its great wide rooms and great wide doors and great wide hall, was too small for him and the loud tongue of a woman belaboring him about some of his neglects, and he retreated to the housetop to get relief from the fungal bombardment. And while there he saw a poor man on one corner of

the roof with a mattress for his only furniture, and the open sky his only covering. And Solomon envies him and cries out: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a *brawling woman* in a wide house." And one day during the rainy season the water leaked through the roof of the palace and began to drop in a pail or pan set there to catch it. And at one side of him all day long the water went drop! drop! drop! while on the other side a female companion quarreling about this, and quarreling about that; the acrimonious and petulant words falling on his ear in ceaseless pelting—drop! drop! drop! and he seized his pen and wrote: "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a *contentious woman* are alike." If Solomon had been as prayerful at the beginning of his life as he was at the close, how much domestic infelicity he would have avoided?

But prayer about this will amount to nothing unless you pray soon enough. Wait until you are fascinated and the equilibrium of your soul is disturbed by a magnetic and exquisite presence, and then you will answer your own prayers, and you will mistake your own infatuation for the voice of God.

AVOID SCOFFERS.

If you have this prayerful spirit you will surely avoid all female scoffers at the Christian religion; and there are quite a number of them in

all communities. It must be told that, though the only influence that keeps woman from being estimated and treated as a slave—aye, as a brute and beast of burden—is Christianity, since where it is not dominant she is so treated; yet there are women who will so far forget themselves and forget their God that they will go and hear lecturers malign Christianity and scoff at the most sacred things of the soul. A good woman, overpersuaded by her husband, may go once to hear such a tirade against the Christian religion, not fully knowing what she is going to hear; but she will not go twice.

A woman, not a Christian, but a respecter of religion, said to me: "I was persuaded by my husband to go and hear an infidel lecture once, but going home, I said to him: 'My dear husband, I would not go again though my declination should result in our divorcement forever.'" And the woman was right. If after all that Christ and Christianity have done for a woman, she can go again and again to hear such assaults, she is *an awful creature*, and you had better not come near such a reeking lepress. She needs to be washed, and for three weeks to be soaked in carbolic acid, and for a whole year fumigated, before she is fit for decent society. While it is not demanded that a woman be a Christian before marriage, she must have regard for the Christian religion or she is a bad woman and unworthy of being your companion in a life charged *with such stupendous solemnity and vicissitudes*.

TWO ESSENTIAL QUALITIES.

What you want, O man! in a wife, is not a butterfly of the sunshine, not a giggling nonentity, not a painted doll, not a gossiping gadabout, not a mixture of artificialities which leave you in doubt as to where the humbug ends and the woman begins, but an earnest soul, one that cannot only laugh when you laugh, but weep when you weep. There will be wide, deep graves in your path of life, and you will both want steady when you come to the verge of them, I tell you. When your fortune fails you will want some one to talk of treasures in heaven, and not charge upon you with a bitter, "I told you so." As far as I can analyze it, *sincerity and earnestness* are the foundation of all worthy wifeness. Get that, and you get all. Fail to get that, and you get nothing but what you will wish you never had got.

BEAUTY A BENEDICTION.

Don't make the mistake that the man of the text made in letting his eye settle the question in which coolest judgment directed by divine wisdom are all-important. He who has no reason for his wifely choice except a pretty face is like a man who should buy a farm because of the dahlias in the front dooryard. Beauty is a talent, and when God gives it He intends it as a benediction upon a woman's face. When the good *Princess of Wales* dismounted from the rail train last summer, and I saw her radiant face, I could understand

what they told me the day before, that, when at the great military hospital where are now the wounded and the sick from the Egyptian and other wars, the Princess passed through, all the sick were cheered at her coming, and those who could be roused neither by doctor nor nurse from their stupor, would get up on their elbows to look at her, and wan and wasted lips prayed an audible prayer: "God bless the Princess of Wales Doesn't she look beautiful?"

But how uncertain is the tarrying of beauty in a human countenance! Explosion of a kerosene lamp turns it into scarification, and a scoundrel with one dash of vitriol may dispel it, or Time will drive his chariot wheels across that bright face, cutting it up in deep ruts and gullies. But there is an eternal beauty on the face of some women, whom a rough and ungallant world may criticise as homely; and though their features may contradict all the laws of Lavater on physiognomy, yet they have graces of soul that will keep them attractive for time and glorious through all eternity.

There are two or three circumstances in which the plainest wife is a queen of beauty to her husband, whatever her stature or profile. By financial panic or betrayal of business partner, the man goes down, and returning to his home that evening, he says: "*I am ruined*; I am in disgrace forever; I care not whether I live or die." It is an agitated story he is telling in the household at winter night. He says: "The furniture

must go, the house must go, the social position must go," and from being sought for obsequiously they must be cold-shouldered everywhere. After he ceases talking, and the wife has heard all in silence, she says: "Is that all? Why, you had nothing when I married you, and you have only come back to where you started. If you think that my happiness and that of the children depend on these trappings, you do not know me, though we have lived together thirty years. God is not dead, and the National Bank of Heaven has not suspended payment, and if you don't mind, I don't care a cent. What little we need of food and raiment the rest of our lives we can get, and I don't propose to sit down and mope and groan. Mary, hand me that darning-needle. I declare! I have forgotten to set the rising for those cakes!" And while she is busy at it he hears her humming Newton's old hymn, "To-morrow:"

- "It can bring with it nothing,
 But He will bear us through;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe His people too;
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed;
 And He who feeds the ravens
 Will give His children bread.
- "Though vine nor fig-tree either
 Their wonted fruit should bear;
 Though all the fields should wither
 Nor flocks nor herds be there;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice;
 For while in Him confiding
 I cannot but rejoice."

The husband looks up in amazement, and says: "Well, well, you are the greatest woman I ever saw. I thought you would faint dead away when I told you." And as he looks at her all the glories of physiognomy in the court of Louis XV, on the modern fashion plates, are tame as compared with the superhuman splendors of that woman's face. Joan of Arc, Mary Antoinette, and La Belle Hamilton, the enchantment of the court of Charles II, are nowhere.

A WIFE'S DEATH.

There is another time when the plainest wife is a queen of beauty to her husband. She has done the work of life. She has reared her children for God and heaven, and though some of them may be a little wild they will yet come back, for God has promised. She is dying, and her husband stands by. They think over all the years of their companionship, the weddings and the burials, the ups and the down, the successes and the failures. They talk over the goodness of God and His faithfulness to children's children. She has no fear about going. The Lord has sustained her so many years she would not dare to distrust Him now. The lips of both of them tremble as they say good-by and encourage each other about an early meeting in a better world. The breath is feebler and feebler, and stops. Are you sure of it? Just hold that mirror at the mouth, and see if there is any vapor gathering on the surface. Gone! As one of the neighbors

takes the old man by the arm gently and says :
“Come, you had better go into the next room and rest,” he says : “Wait a moment ; I must take one more look at that face and at those hands !”
Beautiful ! Beautiful !

My friends, I hope you do not call that death. That is an autumnal sunset. That is a crystalline river pouring into a crystal sea. That is the solo of human life overpowered by hallelujah chorus. That is a queen’s coronation. That is heaven. That is the way my father stood at eighty-two, seeing my mother depart at seventy-nine. Perhaps so your father and mother went. I wonder if we will die as well.

The Choice of a Husband.

“The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband.”—RUTH i, 9.

This was the prayer of pious Naomi for Ruth and Orpah, and is an appropriate prayer now in behalf of unmarried womanhood. Naomi, the good old soul, knew that the devil would take their cases in hand if God did not, so she prays: “The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband.”

In this series of sermons on “The Marriage Ring,” I, last Sabbath, gave prayerful and Christian advice to men in regard to the selection of a wife, and to-day I give the same prayerful and Christian advice to women in regard to the selection of a husband, but in all these sermons saying much that I hope will be appropriate for all ages and all classes.

VOLUNTARY CELIBACY.

I applaud the celibacy of a multitude of women who, rather than make unfit selection, have made none at all. It has not been a lack of opportunity for marital contract on their part, but their own culture, and refinement, and their exalted idea as to what a husband ought to be, have caused their

declinature. They have seen so many women marry imbeciles, or ruffians, or incipient sots, or life-time incapables, or magnificent nothings, or men who before marriage were angelic and afterward diabolic, that they have been alarmed and stood back. They saw so many boats go into the maelstrom that they steered into other waters. Better for a woman to live alone, though she live a thousand years, than to be annexed to one of these masculine failures with which society is surfeited. The patron saint of almost every family circle is some such unmarried woman, and among all the families of cousins she moves around, and her coming in each house is the morning, and her going away is the night.

A BENEFICENT SPINSTERHOOD.

In my large circle of kindred, perhaps twenty families in all, it was an Aunt Phœbe. Paul gave a letter of introduction to one whom he calls "Phœbe, our sister," as she went up from Cenchrea to Rome, commending her for her kindness and Christian service, and imploring for her all courtesies. I think Aunt Phœbe was named after her. Was there a sickness in any of the households, she was there ready to sit up and count out the drops of medicine. Was there a marriage, she helped deck the bride for the altar. Was there a new soul incarnated, she was there to rejoice at the nativity. Was there a sore bereavement, she was there to console. The children rushed out at her first appearance, crying,

"Here comes Aunt Phoebe," and but for parental interference they would have pulled her down with their caresses—for she was not very strong, and many severe illnesses had given her enough glimpses of the next world to make her heavenly minded. Her table was loaded up with Baxter's "Saints' Rest," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises," and John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and like books, which have fitted out whole generations for the heaven upon which they have already entered.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

"De Witt," she said to me one day, "twice in my life I have been so overwhelmed with the love of God that I fainted away and could hardly be resuscitated. Don't tell me there is no heaven. I have seen it twice." If you would know how her presence would soothe an anxiety, or lift a burden, or cheer a sorrow, or leave a blessing on every room in the house, ask any of the Talmages. She had tarried at her early home, taking care of an invalid father, until the bloom of life had somewhat faded; but she could interest the young folks with some three or four tender passages in her own history, so that we all knew that it was not through lack of opportunity that she was not the queen of one household, instead of being a benediction on a whole circle of households.

At about seventy years of age she made her last visit to my house, and when she sat in my

Philadelphia church I was more embarrassed at her presence than by all the audience, because I felt that in religion I had got no further than the A B C, while she had learned the whole alphabet, and for many years had finished the Y and Z. When she went out of this life into the next, what a shout there must have been in heaven, from the front door clear up to the back seat in the highest gallery! I saw the other day in the village cemetery of Somerville, N. J., her resting-place, the tombstone having on it the words which thirty years ago she told me she would like to have inscribed there, namely: "The Morning Cometh."

ILLUSTRIOUS SPINSTERS.

Had she a mission in the world? Certainly. As much as Caroline Herschel, first amanuensis for her illustrious brother, and then his assistant in astronomical calculations, and then discovering worlds for herself, dying at ninety-eight years of age, still busy with the stars till she sped beyond them; as much as had Florence Nightingale, the nurse of the Crimea; or Grace Darling, the oarswoman of the Long Stone Lighthouse; or Mary Lyon, the teacher of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary; or Hannah More, the Christian authoress of England; or Dorothea Dix, the angel of mercy for the insane; or Anna Etheridge, among the wounded of Blackburn's Fort; or Margaret Breckenridge, at Vicksburg; or Mary Shelton, distributing roses and grapes and cologne in a

western hospital; or thousands of other glorious women like them, who never took the marriage sacrament. Appreciate all this, my sister; and it will make you deliberate before you rush out of the single state into another, unless you are sure of betterment.

A DIFFICULT BUSINESS.

Deliberate and pray. Pray and deliberate. As I showed you in my former sermon, a man ought to supplicate Divine guidance in such a crisis. How much more important that you solicit it! It is easier for a man to find an appropriate wife than for a woman to find a good husband. This is a matter of arithmetic, as I showed in my former discourse. Statistics show that in Massachusetts and New York States women have a majority of hundreds of thousands. Why this is we leave others to surmise. It would seem that woman is a favorite with the Lord, and that therefore He made more of that kind. From the order of the creation in paradise it is evident that woman is an improved edition of man. But, whatever be the reason for it, the fact is certain that she who selects a husband has a smaller number of people to select from than he who selects a wife. Therefore a woman ought to be especially careful in her choice of life-time companionship. She cannot afford to make a mistake. If a man err in his selection he can spend his evenings at the club, and dull his sensibilities by tobacco smoke; but woman has no club-room for refuge, and would

find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars. If a woman make a bad job of marital selection, the probability is that nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love letters of a married couple are poor reading, except for those who write them. Pray God that you be delivered from irrevocable mistake!

PARTNERS TO AVOID.

Avoid affiance with a despiser of the Christian religion, whatever else he may have or may not have. I do not say he must needs be a religious man, for Paul says the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife; but marriage with a man who hates the Christian religion will insure you a life of wretchedness. He will caricature your habit of kneeling in prayer. He will speak depreciatingly of Christ. He will wound all the most sacred feelings of your soul. He will put your home under the anathema of the Lord God Almighty. In addition to the anguish with which he will fill your life, there is great danger that he will despoil your hope of heaven, and make your marriage relation an infinite and eternal disaster. If you have made such engagement, your first duty is to break it. My word may come just in time to save your soul.

HUSBANDS SELDOM REFORM.

Further, do not unite in marriage with a man of bad habits in the idea of reforming him. If

now, under the restraint of your present acquaintance, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner alongside fo a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be, schooner and ship will be destroyed together.

The almshouse could tell the story of a hundred women who married men to reform them. If by twenty-five years of age a man has been grappled by intoxicants, he is under such headway that your attempt to stop him would be very much like running up the track with a wheelbarrow to stop a Hudson River express train. What you call an inebriate nowadays is not a victim to wine or whiskey, but to logwood and strychnine and nux vomica. All these poisons have kindled their fires in his tongue and brain, and all the tears of a wife weeping cannot extinguish the flames. Instead of marrying a man to reform him, let him reform first, and then give him time to see whether the reform is to be permanent. Let him understand that if he cannot do without his bad habits for two years he must do without you forever.

MEN WEDDED TO THE WORLD.

Avoid union with one supremely selfish, or so wound up in his occupation that he has no room for another. You occasionally find a man who

spreads himself so widely over the path of life that there is no room for any one to walk beside him. He is not the one blade of a scissors incomplete without the other blade, but he is a chisel made to cut his way through life alone, or a file full of roughness, made to be drawn across society without any affinity for other files. His disposition is a lifelong protest against marriage. Others are so married to their occupation or profession that the taking of any other bride is a case of bigamy. There are men as severely tied to their literary work as was Chatterton, whose essay was not printed because of the death of the Lord Mayor. Chatterton made out the following account: "Lost by the Lord Mayor's death, in this essay, one pound eleven shillings and sixpence. Gained in elegies and essays, five pounds and five shillings." Then he put what he had gained by the Lord Mayor's death opposite to what he had lost, and wrote under it: "And glad he is dead by three pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence." When a man is as hopelessly literary as that, he ought to be a perpetual celibate; his library, his laboratory, his books, are all the companionship needed.

Indeed, some of the mightiest men this world ever saw have not patronized matrimony. Cowper, Pope, Newton, Swift, Locke, Walpole, Gibbon, Hume, Arbuthnot, were single. Some of these marriage would have helped. The right kind of a wife would have cured Cowper's gloom, and given to Newton more practicability, and

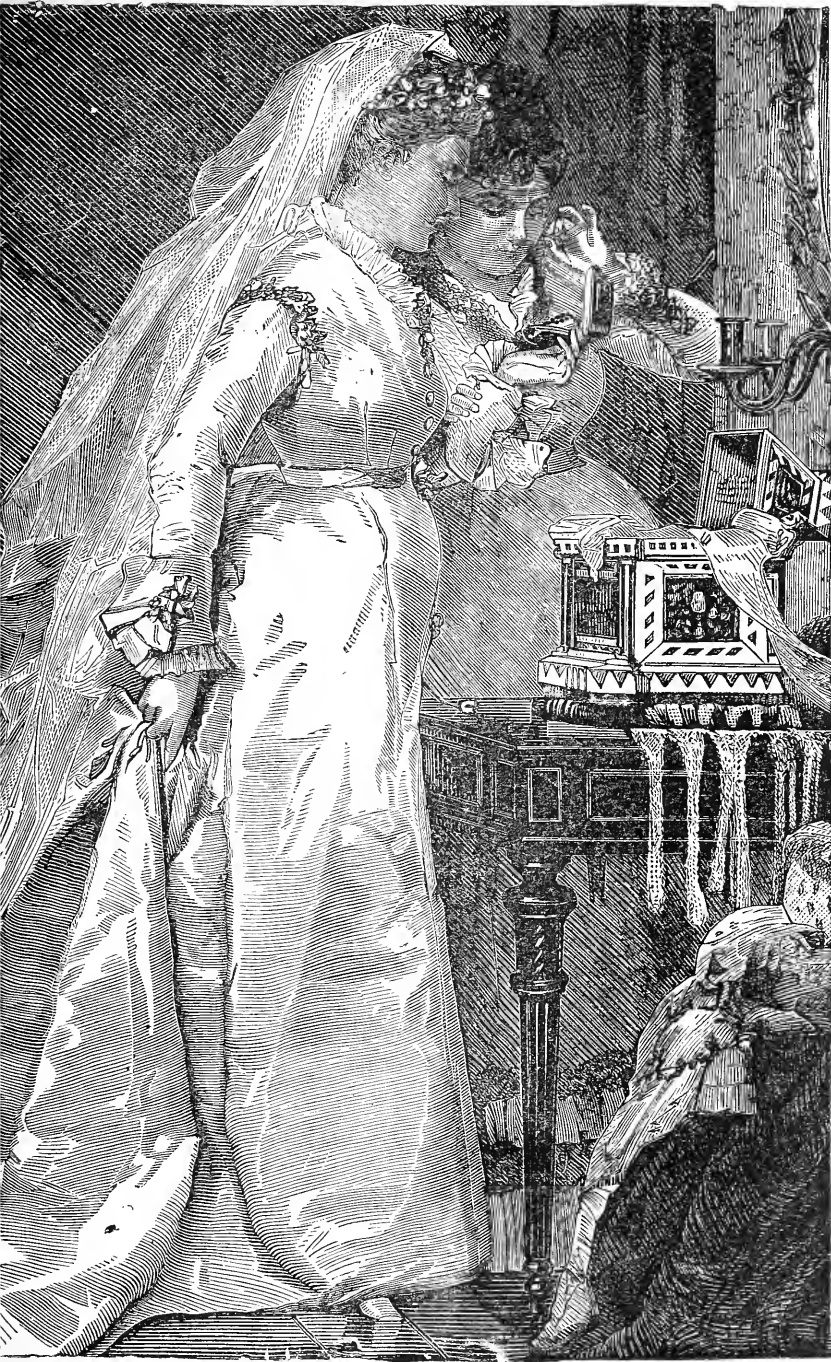
been a relief to Locke's overtasked brain. A Christian wife might have converted Hume and Gibbon to a belief in Christianity. But Dean Swift did not deserve a wife, from the way in which he broke the heart of Jane Waring first, and Esther Johnson afterward, and last of all "Vanessa," the great wit of his day, he was outwitted by his own cruelties.

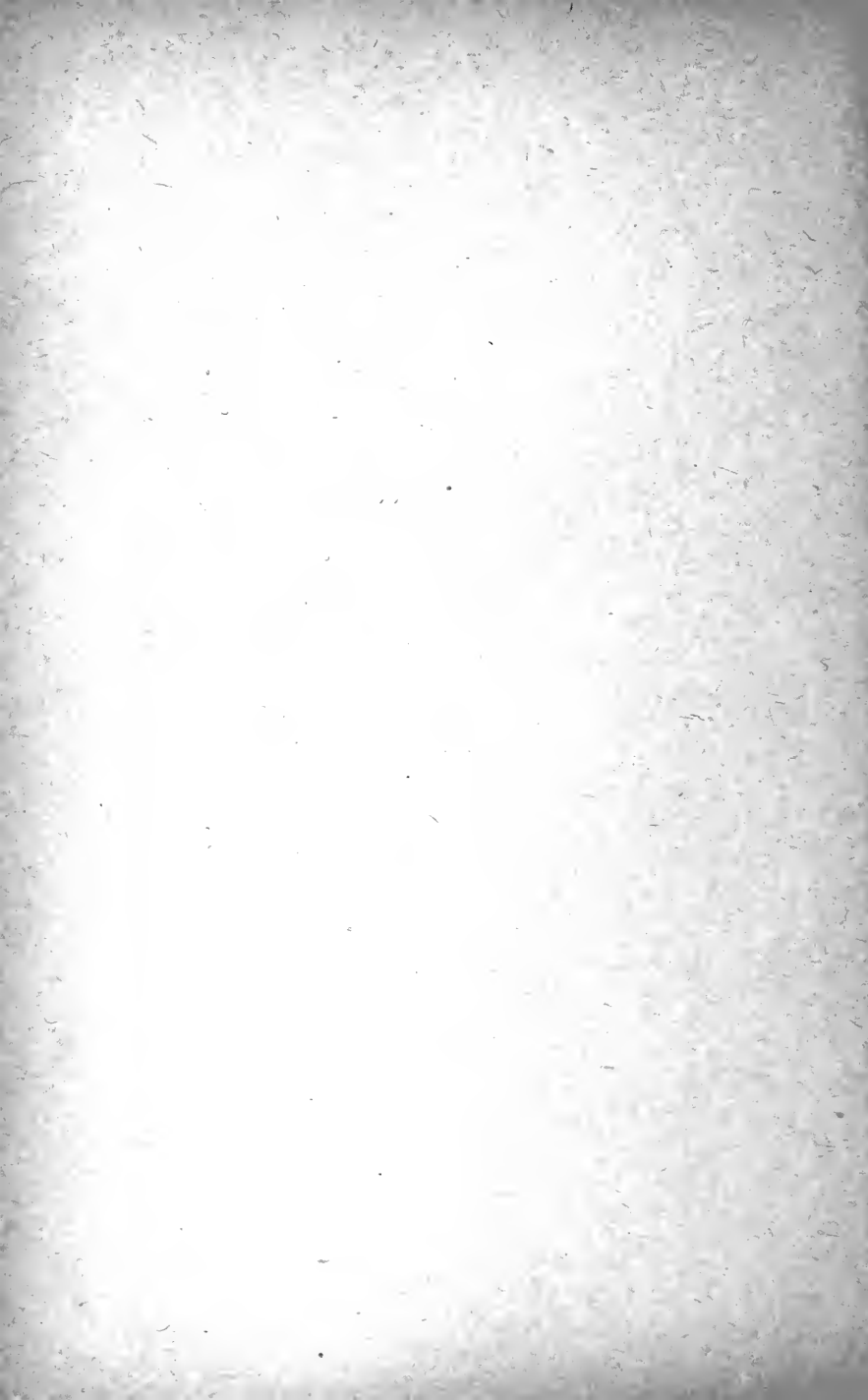
PREDESTINATION IN MARRIAGE.

Amid so many possibilities of fatal mistake, am I not right in urging you to seek the unerring wisdom of God—and before you are infatuated? Because most marriages are fit to be made, convinces us that they are divinely arranged. Almost every cradle has an affinity toward some other cradle. They may be on the opposite sides of the earth, but one child gets out of this cradle, and another child gets out of that cradle, and with their first steps they start for each other. They may diverge from the straight path, going toward the North, or South, or East, or West. They may fall down, but the two rise facing each other. They are approaching all through infancy. The one all through the years of boyhood is going to meet the one who is coming through all the years of girlhood to meet him. The decision of parents as to what is best concerning them, and the changes of fortune, may for a time seem to arrest

THE TWO JOURNEYS,

but on they go. They may never have seen each other. They may never have heard of each other.





But the two pilgrims who started at the two cradles are nearing. After eighteen, twenty, or thirty years, the two come within sight. At the first glance they may feel a dislike, and they may slacken their step; yet something that the world calls fate, and that religion calls Providence, urges them on and on. They must meet. They come near enough to join hands in social acquaintance, after a while to join hands in friendship, after a while to join hearts. The delegate from the one cradle comes up the east side of the church with her father. The delegate from the other cradle comes up the west aisle of the church. The two long journeys end at the snowdrift of the bridal veil. The two chains made out of many years are forged together by the golden link which the groom puts upon the third finger of the left hand. One on earth, may they be one in heaven!

But there are so many exceptions to the general rule of natural affinity that only those are safe who pray for a heavenly hand to lead them. Because they depended on themselves and not on God, there are thousands of women every year going to the slaughter. In India women leap on the funeral pyre of a dead husband. We have a worse spectacle than that in America—women innumerable leaping on the funeral pyre of a living husband.

THE ADVERTISING BRUTE.

Avoid all proposed alliances through newspaper advertisements. Many women, just for fun, have

answered such advertisements, and have been led on from step to step to catastrophe infinite. All the men who write such advertisements are villains and lepers—all, without a single exception. All! All! Do you answer them just for fun? I will tell you a safer and healthier fun. Thrust your hand through the cage at a menagerie, and stroke the back of a cobra from the East Indies. Put your head in the mouth of a Numidian lion, to see if he will bite. Take a glass full of Paris green mixed with some delightful henbane. These are safer and healthier fun than answering newspaper advertisements for a wife.

MARRY INDEPENDENT MEN.

My advice is : Marry a man who is a fortune in himself. Houses, lands, and large inheritance are well enough, but the wheel of fortune turns so rapidly that through some investment all these in a few years may be gone. There are some things, however, that are a perpetual fortune—good manners, geniality of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, industry, and wholeheartedness. Marry such a one and you have married a fortune, whether he have an income now of \$50,000 a year or an income of \$1,000. A bank is secure according to its capital stock, and not to be judged by the deposits for a day or a week. A man is rich according to his sterling qualities, and not according to the mutability of circumstances, which may leave with him a large amount of resources to-day and withdraw them to-morrow.

If a man is worth nothing but money he is poor indeed. If a man have upright character he is rich. Property may come and go, he is independent of the markets. Nothing can buy him out, nothing can sell him out. He may have more money one year than another, but his better fortunes never vacillate.

AVOID PERFECT MEN.

Yet do not expect to find a perfect man. If you find one without any faults, incapable of mistakes, never having guessed wrongly, his patience never having been perturbed, immaculate in speech, in temper, in habits, do not marry him. Why? Because you would enact a swindle. What would you do with a perfect man, you who are not perfect yourself? And how dare you hitch your imperfection fast on such supernatural excellence? What a companion you would make for an angel! In other words, there are no perfect men. There never was but one perfect pair, and they slipped down the banks of paradise together. We occasionally find a man who says he never sins? *We know he lies* when he says it. We have had financial dealings with two or three perfect men, and they cheated us wofully. Do not, therefore, look for an immaculate husband, for you will not find him.

PLENTY OF GOOD HUSBANDS.

But do not become cynical on this subject. Society has a great multitude of grand men who know

how to make home happy. When they come to be husbands they evince a nobility of nature and a self-sacrificing spirit that surprise even the wife. These are the men who cheerfully sit in dark and dirty business offices, ten feet by twelve, in summer time hard at work while the wives and daughters are off at Saratoga, Mount Desert, or the White Sulphur. These are the men who, never having had much education themselves, have their sons at Yale, and Harvard, and Virginia University. These are the men who work themselves to death by fifty years of age, and go out to Greenwood leaving large estate and generous life-insurance provision for their families.

There are husbands and fathers here by the hundreds who would die for their households. If outlawry should ever become dominant in our cities they would stand in their doorway, and with their own arm would cleave down, one by one, fifty invaders face to face, foot to foot, and every stroke a demolition. This is what makes an army in defense of a country fight more desperately than an army of conquest. It is not so much the abstract sentiment of a flag as it is wife, and children, and home, that turns enthusiasm into a fury. The world has such men by the million, and the homunculi that infest all our communities must not hinder women from appreciating the glory of true manhood.

FIDELITY IN ADVERSITY.

I was reading of a bridal reception. The young

man had brought home the choice of his heart in her elaborate and exquisite apparel. As she stood in the gay drawing-room, and amid the gay group, the young man's eyes filled with tears of joy as he thought that she was his. Years passed by, and they stood at the same parlor on another festal occasion. She wore the same dress, for business had not opened as brightly to the young husband as he expected, and he had never been able to purchase for her another dress. Her face was not as bright and smooth as it had been years before, and a care-worn look had made its signature on her countenance. As the husband looked at her he saw the difference between this occasion and the former, and he went over where she sat, and said: "You remember the time when we were here before. You have the same dress on. Circumstances have somewhat changed, but you look to me far more beautiful than you did then." There is such a thing as conjugal fidelity, and many of you know it in your own homes.

But, after all the good advice we may give you, we come back to the golden pillar from which we started, the tremendous truth that no one but God can guide you in safety about this matter that may decide your happiness for two worlds, this and the next. So, my sister, I put your case where Naomi put that of Ruth and Orpah, when she said: "The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband."

THE WEDDING.

I imagine the hour for which you pledged your troth has arrived. There is much merry-making among your young friends, but there is an undertone of sadness in all the house. Your choice may have been the gladdest and the best, and the joy of the whole round of relatives, but when a young eaglet is about to leave the old nest, and is preparing to put out into sunshine and storm for itself, it feels its wings tremble somewhat. So she has a good cry before leaving home, and at the marriage father and mother always cry, or feel like it. If you think it is easy to give up a daughter in marriage, though it be with brightest prospects, you will think differently when the day comes. To have all along watched her from infancy to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, studious of her welfare, her slightest illness an anxiety, and her presence in your home an ever-increasing joy, and then have her go away to some other home—aye, all the redolence of orange-blossoms, and all the chime of marriage bells, and all the rolling of wedding march in full diapason, and all the hilarious congratulations of your friends cannot make you forget that you are suffering a loss irreparable. But you know it is all right, and you have a remembrance of an embarkation just like it twenty-five or thirty years ago, in which you were one of the parties; and, suppressing as far as possible your sadness, you say, “Good-by.”

VISIT THE OLD HOME.

I hope that you, the departing daughter, will not forget to write often home; for whatever betide you, the old folks will never lose their interest in your welfare. Make visits to them also as often, and stay as long as you can, for there will be changes at the old place after awhile. Every time you go you will find more gray hairs on father's head and more wrinkles on mother's brow; and after awhile you will notice that the elastic step has become decrepitude. And some day one of the two pillars of your early home will fall, and after awhile the other pillar of that home will fall, and it will be a comfort to yourself, if, when they are gone, you can feel that while you are faithful in your new home you never forget your old home, and the first friends you ever had, and those to whom you are more indebted than you ever can be to any one else except to God—I mean your father and mother. Alexander Pope put it in effective rhythm when he said:

“Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.”

And now I commend all this precious and splendid young womanhood before me to-day to the God “who setteth the solitary in families.

Clandestine Marriage.

“Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there.”—
Prov. ix, 17, 18.

The Garden of Eden was a great orchard of fruit-bearing trees, bushels, and bushels of round, ripe, glorious fruit; but the horticulturist and his wife having it in charge hankered for one special tree, simply because it was forbidden, starting a bad streak in human nature, so that children will now sometimes do something simply because they are forbidden to do it. This

KINK IN THE HUMAN RACE

is not easily unsnarled. Tell a company that they may look into any twenty rooms of a large house, except one, and their chief desire is to see that one, though all the others were picture galleries and that a garret. If there were in a region of mineral springs twenty fountains, but the proprietor had fenced in one well against the public, the one fenced in would be the chief temptation to the visitors, and they would rather taste of that than of the other nineteen. Solomon recognized this principle in the text, and also the disaster that follows forbidden conduct, when he said: “Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is

pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

In this course of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," I this morning aim a point-blank shot at "Clandestine Marriages and Escapades."

Yonder comes up through the narrows of New York harbor a ship having all the evidence of tempestuous passage: salt water mark reaching to the top of the smoke-stack; mainmast, foremast, mizzenmast twisted off; bulwarks knocked in; lifeboats off the davit; jib sheets and lee-bow-lines missing; captain's bridge demolished; main shaft broken; all the pumps working to keep from sinking before they can get to wharfage. That ship is the institution of Christian marriage, launched by the Lord grandly from the banks of the Euphrates, and floating out on the seas for the admiration and happiness of all nations. But freeloivism struck it from one side, and Mormonism struck it from another side, and hurricanes of libertinism have struck it on all sides, until the old ship needs repairs in every plank and beam, and sail, and bolt, and clamp, and transom, and stanchion. In other words, the notions of modern society must be reconstructed on the subject of the marriage institution. And when we have got it back somewhere near what it was when God built it in Paradise, the earth will be far on toward resumption of Paradisaical conditions.

DEPLORABLE LAXITY.

Do you ask what is the need of a course of ser-

mons on this subject? The man or woman who asks this question is either ignorant or guilty. In New England, which has been considered by many the most moral part of the United States, there are two thousand divorces per year. And in Massachusetts, the headquarters of steady habits, there is one divorce to every fourteen marriages. The State of Maine, considered by many almost frigid in proprieties, has in one year four hundred and seventy-eight divorces. In Vermont, *swapping wives* is not a rare transaction. In Connecticut there are women who boast that they have four or five times been divorced. Moreover, our boasted Protestantism is, on this subject, more lax than Roman Catholicism. Roman Catholicism admits of no divorce except for the reason that Christ admitted as a lawful reason. But Protestantism is admitting anything and everything, and the larger the proportion of Protestants in any part of the country, the larger the ratio of divorce. Do you not then think that Protestantism needs some toning up on this subject?

GROWING POPULARITY.

Aye, when you realize that the sacred and divine institution is being caricatured and defamed by clandestine marriages and escapades all over the land, does there not seem a call for such discussion? Hardly a morning or evening paper comes into your possession without reporting them, and there are fifty of these occurrences where one is reported, because it is the interest of

all parties to hush them up; the victims are, all hours of the night, climbing down ladders or crossing over from State to State, that they may reach laws of greater laxity, holding a reception six months after marriage to let the public know for the first time that a half year before they were united in wedlock. Ministers of religion, and justices of the peace, and mayors of cities, willingly joining in marriage runaways from other States and neighborhoods; the coach-box and the back seat of the princely landau in flirtation; telegrams flashing across the country for the arrest of absconded school misses, who started off with armfull of books, and taking rail trains to meet their affianced—in the snow-drifts of the great storm that has recently passed over the country some of them, I read, have perished—thousands of people in a marriage whose banns have never been published; precipitated conjugality; bigamy triumphant; marriage a joke; society blotched all over with a putrefaction on this subject which no one but the Almighty God can arrest.

We admit that clandestinity and escapade are sometimes authorized and made right by parental tyranny or domestic serfdom. There have been exceptional cases where parents have had a monomania in regard to their sons and daughters, demanding their celibacy or forbidding relations every way right. Through absurd family ambition parents have sometimes demanded qualifications and equipment of fortune unreasonable

to expect or simply impossible. Children are not expected to marry to please their parents, but to please themselves. Given good morals, means of a livelihood, appropriate age and quality of social position, and no parent has a right to prohibit a union that seems deliberate and a matter of the heart. Rev. Philip Henry, eminent for piety and good sense, used to say to his children: "Please God and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me."

A MATRIMONIAL TRAGEDY.

During our Civil War a marriage was about to be celebrated at Charleston, S. C., between Lieutenant de Rochelle and Miss Anna, the daughter of ex-Governor Pickens. As the ceremony was about to be solemnized a shell broke through the roof and wounded nine of the guests, and the bride fell dying, and, wrapped in her white wedding robe, her betrothed kneeling at her side, in two hours she expired. And there has been many as bright a union of hearts as that proposed that the bombshell of outrageous parental indignation has wounded and scattered and slain.

If the hand offered in marriage be blotched of intemperance; if the life of the marital candidate has been debauched; if he has no visible means of support, and poverty and abandonment seem only a little way ahead; if the twain seem entirely unmatched in disposition—protest and forbid and re-enforce your opinion by that of others, and put all lawful obstacles in the way; but do

not join that company of parents who have ruined their children by a plutocracy of domestic crankiness, which has caused more than one elopement. I know of a few cases where marriage has been under the red-hot anathema of parents and all the neighbors, but God approved, and the homes established have been beautiful and positively Edenic.

But while we have admitted that there are real cases of justifiable rebellion, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—yea, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, these unlicensed departures and decampments by moonlight are ruin, temporal and eternal. It is safer for a woman to jump off the docks of the East River and depend on being able to swim to the other shore, or get picked up by a ferry-boat. The possibilities are that she may be rescued, but the probability is that she will not. Read the story of the escapades in the newspapers for the last ten years, and find me a half dozen that do not mean poverty, disgrace, abandonment, police court, divorce, death, and hell. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there." Satan presides over the escapade. He introduces the two parties to each other. He gets them to pledge their troth. He appoints where they shall meet. He shows them where they can find officiating minister or squire. He points out to them the ticket office for the rail train. He puts them aboard, and when they are going at forty miles the hour, he jumps

off and leaves them in the lurch; for, while Satan has a genius in getting people into trouble, he has no genius for getting people out. He induced Jonah to take ship for Tarshish when God told him to go to Nineveh, but provided for the recreant prophet no better landing place than the middle of the Mediterranean Sea.

THE DIME NOVEL.

The modern novel is responsible for many of these abscondings. Do you think that young women would sit up half a night reading novels in which the hero and heroine get acquainted in the usual way, and carry on their increased friendliness until, with the consent of parents, the day of marriage is appointed, and amid the surrounding group of kindred the vows are taken? Oh, no! There must be flight, and pursuit, and narrow escape, and drawn dagger, all ending in sunshine, and parental forgiveness, and bliss unalloyed and gorgeous. In many of the cases of escapade the idea was implanted in the hot brain of the woman by a cheap novel, ten cents' worth of unadulterated perdition.

THE SCHEME OF BAD MEN.

These evasions of the ordinary modes of marriage are to be deplored for the reason that nearly all of them are proposed by bad men. If the man behave well he has a character to which he can refer, and he can say: "If you want to inquire

about me there is a list of names of people in the town or neighborhood where I live." No; the heroes of escapades are nearly all either bigamists, libertines, or drunkards, or defrauders, or first-class scoundrels of some sort. They have no character to lose. They may be dressed in the height of fashion, may be cologned, and pomatumed, and padded, and diamond-ringed, and flamboyant-cravatted, until they bewitch the eye and intoxicate the olfactories; but they are double-distilled extracts of villainy, moral dirt and blasphemy. Beware of them. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

SOCIAL DEGRADATION.

Fugitive marriage is to be deplored because it almost always implies a woman's descent from a higher social plane to a lower. If the man was not of a higher plane, or the marriage on an equality, there would be no objections, and hence no inducement to clandestinity. In almost all cases it means the lowering of womanhood. Observe this law: a man marrying a woman beneath him in society may raise her to any eminence that he himself may reach; but if a woman marry a man beneath her in society she always goes down to his level. That is a law inexorable, and there are no exceptions. Is any woman so high up that she can afford to plot for her own debasement. There is not a State in the American Union that has not

for the last twenty years furnished an instance of the sudden departure of some intelligent woman from an affluent home to spend her life with some one who can make five dollars a day, provided he keeps very busy. Well, many a man has lived on five dollars a day and been happy, but he undertakes a big contract when, with five dollars a day, he attempts to support some one who has lived in a home that cost twenty thousand per annum. This has been about the history of most of such conjunctions of simplicity and extravagance, the marriage of

OX AND EAGLE.

The first year they get on tolerably well, for it is odd and romantic, and assisted by applause of people who admire outlawry. The second year the couple settle down into complete dislike of each other. The third year they separate and seek for divorce, or, as is more probable, the man becomes a drunkard, and the woman a blackened waif of the street. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

These truant marriages are also to be deplored because in most instances they are executed in defiance of parental wisdom and kindness. Most parents are anxious for the best welfare of a child. If they make vehement and determined opposition, it is largely because it is a match unfit to be made, and they can see for their

daughter nothing but wretchedness in that direction. They have keener and wiser appreciation, for instance, of the certain domestic demolition that comes from alcoholism in a young man. They realize *what an idiot a woman is* who marries a man who has not brains or industry enough to earn a livelihood for a family. No bureau of statistics can tell us the number of women who, after marriage, have to support themselves and their husbands. If the husband becomes invalid, it is a beautiful thing to see a wife uncomplainingly by needle, or pen, or yardstick, or washing-machine, support the home. But these great *lazy masculine louts* that stand around with hands in their pockets, allowing the wife with her weak arm to fight the battle of bread, need to be regurgitated from society.

REVERSED RELATIONS.

There are innumerable instances in these cities where the wife pays the rent, and meets all the family expenses, and furnishes the tobacco and the beer for the lord of the household. No wonder parents put on all the brakes to stop such a train of disaster. They have too often seen the gold ring put on the finger at the altar turning out to be the iron link of a chain of domestic servitude. What a farce it is for a man who cannot support himself, and not worth a cent in the world, to take a ring which he purchased by money stolen from his grandmother's cupboard, and put it on the finger of the bride, saying: "With this ring I

thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

It is amazing to see how some women will marry men knowing nothing about them. No merchant would sell a hundred dollars' worth of goods on credit without knowing whether the customer was worthy of being trusted. No man or woman would buy a house with encumbrances of mortgages, and liens, and judgments against it uncanceled; and yet there is not an hour of the day or night for the last ten years there have not been women by hasty marriage entrusting their earthly happiness to men about whose honesty they know nothing, or who are encumbered with liens, and judgments, and first mortgages, and second mortgages, and third mortgages of evil habits. No wonder that in such circumstances parents in conjugating the verb in question pass from the subjective mood to the indicative, and from the indicative to the imperative. In nearly all the cases of escapade that you will hear of the rest of your lives there will be a headlong leap over the barriers of parental common sense and forethought. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there."

INVOLVES DECEPTION.

We also deplore these fraudulent espousals and this sneaking exchange of single life for married life because it is deception, and that is a corroding and damning vice. You must deceive your kin-

dred, you must deceive society, you must deceive all but God, and Him you cannot deceive. Deception does not injure others so much as it injures ourselves. Marriage is too important a crisis in one's life to be decided by sleight of hand, or a sort of jugglery which says: "Presto, change! Now you see her, and now you don't."

Better to wait for years for circumstances to improve. Time may remove all obstacles. The candidate for marital preferences may change his habits, or get into some trade or business that will support a home, or the inexorable father and mother may be promoted to celestial citizenship. At the right time have the day appointed. Stand at the end of the best room in the house with joined hands, and minister of religion before you to challenge the world that "if they know of any reason why these two persons shall not be united, they state it now or forever hold their peace," and then start out with the good wishes of all the neighbors and the halo of Divine sanction. When you can go out of harbor at noon with all flags flying, do not try to run a blockade at midnight.

In view of all this I charge you to break up clandestine correspondence if you are engaged in it, and have no more clandestine meetings, either at the ferry, or on the street, or at the house of mutual friends, or at the corner of the woods. Do not have letters come for you to the post-office under assumed address. Have no correspondence that makes you uneasy lest some one by mistake open your letters. Do not employ terms of en-

dearment at the beginning and close of letters unless you have a right to use them. *That young lady is on the edge of danger who dares not allow her mother to see her letters.*

CONFIDE IN PARENTS.

If you have sensible parents take them into your confidence in all the affairs of the heart. They will give you more good advice in one hour than you can get from all the world beside in five years. They have toiled for you so long, and prayed for you so much, they have your best interests at heart. At the same time let parents review their opposition to a proposed marital alliance, and see if their opposition is founded on a genuine wish for the child's welfare, or on some whim, or notion, or prejudice, or selfishness, fighting a natural law and trying to make Niagara run up stream. William Pitt, the Prime Minister of England in the reign of George III, was always saying wise things. One day Sir Walter Farquhar called on him in great perturbation. Mr. Pitt inquired what was the matter, and Sir Walter told him that his daughter was about to be married to one not worthy of her rank. Mr. Pitt said: "Is the young man of respectable family?" "Yes." "Is he respectable in himself?" "Yes." "Has he an estimable character?" "Yes." "Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, make no opposition." The advice was taken, and a happy married life ensued. Let ministers and officers of the law decline officiating at clandestine mar-

riages. When they are asked to date a marriage certificate back, as we all are asked, let them peremptorily decline to say that the ceremony was in November instead of January, or decline to leave the date blank, lest others fill out the record erroneously. Let a law be passed in all our States, as it has already been in some of the States, making a license from officers of the law necessary before we can unite couples, and then make it necessary to publish beforehand in the newspapers, as it used to be published in the New England churches, so that if there be lawful objection it may be presented, not swinging the buoy on the rocks after the ship has struck and gone to pieces.

And here it might be well for me to take all the romance out of an escapade by quoting a dozen lines of Robert Pollock, the great Scotch poet, where he describes the crazed victim of one of these escapades:

“ . . . Yet had she many days
 Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.
 She lived on alms, and carried in her hand
 Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring.
 When any asked the cause she smiled, and said
 They were her sisters, and would come a watch
 Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
 Of her deceiver, father, mother, home,
 Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God ; but still
 In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
 Upon the withered stalks, and talked to them ;
 Till, wasted to the shadow of her youth,
 With woe too wide to see beyond, she died.”

UNDER THE LIGHT.

But now I turn on this subject an intenser light. We have fifteen hundred lights in this church, and when by electric touch they are kindled in the evening service it is almost startling. But this whole subject of "Clandestine Marriages and Escapades" I put under a more intense light than that. The headlight of a locomotive is terrible if you stand near enough to catch the full glare of it. As it sweeps around the "Horseshoe Curve" of the Alleghanies, or along the edges of the Sierra Nevadas, how far ahead, and how deep down, and how high up it flashes, and there is instantaneous revelation of mountain peak and wild beasts hiding themselves to their caverns and cascades a thousand feet tall, or clinging in white terror to the precipices! But more intense, more far-reaching, more sudden, swifter and more tremendous is the headlight of an advancing Judgment Day, under which all the most hidden affairs of life shall come to discovery and arraignment. I quote an overwhelming passage of Scripture, in which I put the whole emphasis on the word "secret." "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil."

What a time that will be in which the cover shall be lifted from every home and from every heart. The iniquity may have been so sly that it escaped all human detection, but it will be as well known on that day as the crimes of Sodom and Gomorrah, unless for Christ's sake it has been for-

given. All the fingers of universal condemnation will be pointed at it. The archangel of wrath will stand there with uplifted thunderbolt ready to strike it. The squeamishness and prudery of earthly society, which hardly allowed some sins to be mentioned on earth, are past, and the man who was unclean and the woman who was impure, will, under a light brighter than a thousand noonday suns, stand with the whole story written on scalp, and forehead, and cheek; and hands, and feet; the whole resurrection body aflame and dripping with fiery disclosures, ten thousand sepulchral and celestial and infernal voices, crying, "Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!"

All marital intrigues and all secret iniquities will be published, as though all the trumpets spoke them, and all the lightnings capitalized them, and all the earthquakes rumbled them. Oh, man, recreant to thy marriage vow! Oh, woman, in sinful collusion! What, then, will become of thy poor soul? The tumbling Alps, and Pyrenees, and Mount Washingtons, cannot hide thee from the consequences of thy secret sins. Better repent of them now, so that they cannot be brought against thee. For the chief of sinners there is pardon, if you ask it in time. But I leave you to guess what chance there will be for those who on earth lived in clandestine relations, when on that day the very Christ who had such high appreciation of the marriage relation that He compared it to His own relation with the Church, shall appear at the door of the great hall of the Last Assize,

and all the multitudes of earth, and hell, and heaven, shall rise up and cry out from the three galleries: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!"



Matrimonial Harmony or Discord.

"Can two walk together unless they be agreed?"—AMOS iii, 3.

No, Amos, they cannot. They will be tripping each other up, or pushing each other down. Married life under such circumstances will be the sounding of perpetual war-whoop. In this course of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," I will to-day speak of the

MUTUAL DUTIES

of husband and wife, preparatory to discourses on their individual duties.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The door-sill of the dwelling-house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. In other words, domestic life overarches and undergirds all other life. The highest House of Congress is the

domestic circle ; the rocking-chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantelpiece. I therefore talk to you this morning about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

THE SOCIAL BALANCE.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in part, and then he gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up ; what you lack, I make up ; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog-wheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm ; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quail in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that he balances society ; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cutwater, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites.

I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving-wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the centre.

John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God hath given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

A RELIC OF EDEN.

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same varieties again: brothers, sisters, husband and wife; all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled, panther at panther; in mid-air iron beaks plunge till with clefted wing and eye-

less sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the River Hiddekel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

THE HOME ASSAULTED.

This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day, and influences are abroad trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem or a great Salt Lake City. While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equalled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate, this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for the mingling of the nightshade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assert what is wrong.

THE ASSAULT OF THE SORDID.

Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness

and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two; stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild-cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. It was only the first course in that banquet of hell; and I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and then there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in it a few months or a few years. Then there are those who will, after awhile, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

THE BENEFICENT GUEST.

My first counsel to you is, have Jesus in your new home, if it be a new home, and let Him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the Divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin

with God end with heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement-ring of the divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take a Bible and read a few verses in the evening-time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves to Him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door-post sprinkled with the blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after awhile came devastation, domestic disaster or estrangement. Why? They started wrong! In the other case, although there were hardships and trials, and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right!

FORBEARANCE NEEDED.

My advice to you in your home is to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. They are people who stand up in prayer-meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncomplaining and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband, and sometimes of the wife, to yield; but both stand punctiliously on

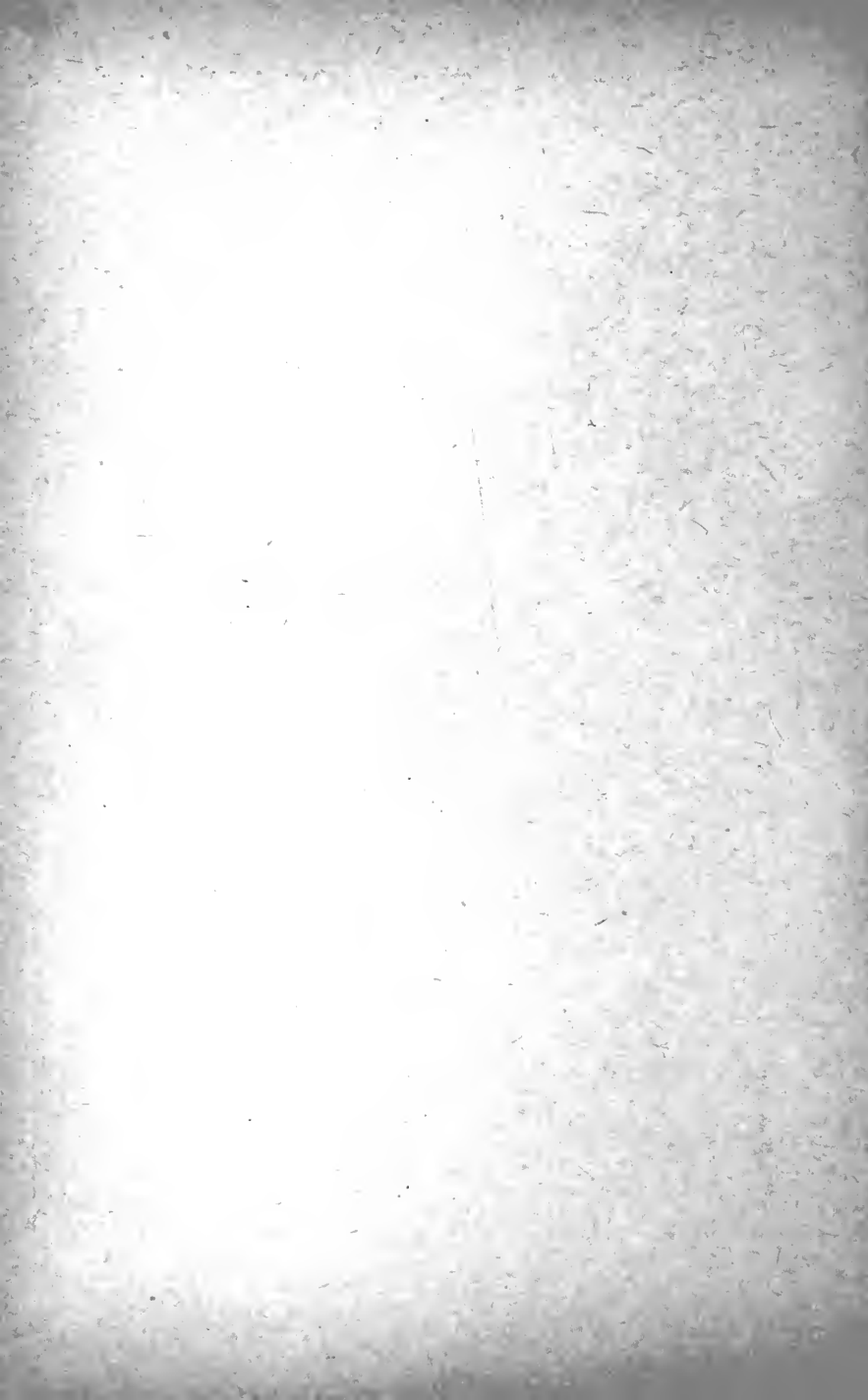
your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict.

A GRANDFATHER'S APOLOGY.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: that once, having uprighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said: "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning, I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them.

Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder? If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the





war whoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

“The kindest and the happiest pair,
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.”

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spend the most of his nights away from home, of choice, and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household in the servant's lap, and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theater, she may clothe her children with satins and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. Oh, it is sad when a child has to say its prayers alone because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel; but the jaws of New York and Brooklyn dissipation are swallowing down more little children to-day than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges!

A GODLESS MOTHER'S GRIEF.

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said: “If I had only watched over and

cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not; it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand.

No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in, and the moment they saw the still face of the child the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul; but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with vultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

MATRIMONIAL CONGENIALITY.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars: "*My wife made me.*" The wife ought to be the advising

partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dare not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture.

On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman that could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand *martyrs of the kitchen*. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day, around the stove or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have your husband say: "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation!

If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like

pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music.

GENTEEL BUSINESS.

It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him.

There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all the hours of the day, and all the hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on towards destruction, and they stop very often and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and Death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of

God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction: First, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but are too lazy or too proud to do it.

LOVE TO PRESIDE.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearthstone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar, how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

A HOUSE NOT A HOME.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid house, and they think that if they have a house they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics exe

cute it ; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread, lights are hoisted, curtains are hung, cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate ; guests come in and take their places ; the flute sounds ; the dancers go up and down ; and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amidst the pictured walls.

Ha ! this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands ; sound it in the music ; whirl it in the dance ; cast it on the snow of sculpture ; sound it up the brilliant stairway ; flash it in chandeliers. Happiness, indeed. Let us build on the center of the parlor floor a throne to happiness ; let all the guests, when they come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne ; and then let Happiness, the Queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around, and, all chalices lifted, we will say : “ Drink, O Queen. Live forever.”

LIGHTS OUT.

But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amid the parlor floor. But, alas, as they come back the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel-house, and, instead of the Queen of Happiness, there sits there the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye, and ashes in her hair.

The romp and joyous step of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet, like jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast, rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing-room and the bed-chamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine-beakers come the words: "Happiness is not in us." And the arches respond: "It is not in us." And the silenced instruments of music, thrummed on by invisible fingers, answer: "Happiness is not in us." And the frozen lips of Anguish break open, and, seated on the throne of wilted flowers, she strikes her bony hands together, and groans: "It is not in me."

HAPPINESS IN POVERTY.

That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage-day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the Bible, and reads of Him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room, on that plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not out of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done.

Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne, with eye so bright and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christian Love. And they knelt at the throne, and, putting one hand on each head, she blessed them, and said: "Happiness is with me!" And that throne of celestial bloom withered not with the passing years; and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair felt stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said: "Follow me, and I will show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love." And so they went up to sing songs of love, and walk on pavements of love, and to live together in mansions of love, and to rejoice forever in the truth that God is love.



Marital Duties.

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"And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide: and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming."—GEN. xxiv, 63.

—
A bridal pageant on the back of dromedaries! The camel is called the ship of the desert. Its swinging motion in the distance is suggestive of a vessel rising and falling with the billows. Though

awkward, how imposing these creatures as they move along, whether in ancient or modern times, sometimes carrying four hundred or four thousand travelers from Bagdad to Aleppo, or from Bassora to Damascus. In my text comes a caravan. We notice the noiseless step of the broad foot, the velocity of motion, the gay caparison of saddle, and girth, and awning, sheltering the riders from the sun, and the hilarity of the mounted passengers, and we cry out: "Who are they?" Well, Isaac has been praying for a wife, and it is time he had one, for he is forty years of age; and his servant, directed by the Lord, has made a selection of Rebecca; and, with her companions and maidens, she is on her way to her new home, carrying with her the blessing of all her friends.

THE NUPTIAL MEETING.

Isaac is in the fields, meditating upon his proposed passage from celibacy to monogamy. And he sees a speck against the sky, then groups of people, and after a while he finds that the grandest earthly blessing that ever comes to a man is approaching with this gay caravan.

In this fifth discourse on "The Marriage Ring," having spoken of the choice of a lifetime companion, I take it for granted, O man, that your marriage was divinely arranged, and that the camels have arrived from the right direction and at the right time, bringing the one that was intended for your consort—a Rebecca and not a Jezebel. I proceed to discourse as to how you ought to treat your wife, and my ambition is to

tell you more plain truth than you ever heard in any three-quarters of an hour in all your life.

THE RESPONSIBILITY UNDERTAKEN.

First of all, I charge you realize your responsibility in having taken her from the custody and care and homestead in which she was once sheltered. What courage you must have had, and what confidence in yourself, to say to her practically: "I will be to you more than your father and mother, more than all the friends you ever had or ever can have. Give up everything and take me. I feel competent to see you through life in safety. You are an immortal being, but I am competent to defend you and make you happy. However bright and comfortable a home you have now, and though in one of the rooms is the arm-chair in which you rocked, and in the garret is the cradle in which you were hushed and the trundle bed in which you slept, and in the sitting-room are the father and mother who have got wrinkle-faced, and stoop-shouldered, and dim-eyesighted in taking care of you, yet you will do better to come with me." I am amazed that any of us ever had the sublimity of impudence to ask such a transfer from a home assured to a home conjectured and unbuilt.

A RISKY VOYAGE.

You would think me a very daring and hazardous adventurer if I should go down to one of the piers on the North River, and at a time when there was a great lack of ship captains, and I should, with no knowledge of navigation, propose to **take**

a steamer across to Glasgow or Havre, and say: "All aboard. Haul in the planks and swing out," and, passing out into the sea, plunge through darkness and storm. If I succeeded in getting charge of a ship, it would be one that would never be heard of again. But that is the boldness of every man that proffers marriage. He says: "I will navigate you through the storms, the cyclones, the fogs of a lifetime. I will run clear of rocks and icebergs. I have no experience and I have no seaport, but all aboard for the voyage of a lifetime. I admit that there have been ten thousand shipwrecks on this very route, but don't hesitate. Tut! Tut! There now. Don't cry. Brides must not cry at the wedding."

THE WIFE'S TEMERITY.

In response to this the woman, by her action, practically says: "I have but one life to live, and I entrust it all to you. My arm is weak, but I will depend on the strength of yours. I don't know much of the world, but I rely on your wisdom. I put my body, my mind, my soul, my time, my eternity, in your keeping. I make no reserve. Even my name I resign and take yours, though mine is a name that suggests all that was honorable in my father, and all that was good in my mother, and all that was pleasant in my brothers and sisters. I start with you on a journey which shall not part except at the edge of your grave or mine. Ruth, the Moabitess, made no more thorough self-abnegation than I make, when I take her tremendous words, the pathos of which **many**

centuries have not cooled: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.' Side by side in life. Side by side in the burying-ground. Side by side in heaven. Before God and man, and with my immortal soul in the oath, I swear eternal fidelity."

ENTITLED TO ADMIRATION.

Now, my brother, how ought you to treat her? Unless you are an ingrate infinite you will treat her well. You will treat her better than any one in the universe except your God. Her name will have in it more music than in all that Chopin, or Bach, or Rheinberger composed. Her eyes, swollen with three weeks of night watching over a child with scarlet fever, will be to you beautiful as a May morning. After the last rose petal has dropped out of her cheek, after the last feather of the raven's wing has fallen from her hair, after across her forehead, and under her eyes, and across her face there are as many wrinkles as there are graves over which she has wept, you will be able truthfully to say, in the words of Solomon's song: "Behold, thou art fair, my love. Behold thou art fair." And perhaps she may respond appropriately in the words that no one but the matchless Robert Burns could ever have found pen or ink, or heart or brain, to write ;

“John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We’ve had wi’ ane anither.
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we’ll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.”

If any one assail her good name, you will have hard work to control your temper, and if you should strike him down the sin will not be unpardonable. By as complete a surrender as the universe ever saw—except that of the Son of God for your salvation and mine—she has a first mortgage on your body, mind, and soul, and *the mortgage is foreclosed*; and you do not more thoroughly own your two eyes or your two hands than she owns you. The longer the journey Rebekah makes and the greater the risks of her expedition on the back of the camels, the more thoroughly is Isaac bound to be kind, and indulgent and worthy.

LOVER’S PROMISES BINDING.

Now, be honest and pay your debts. You promised to make her happy. Are you making her happy? You who are an honest man in other things, and feel the importance of keeping a contract. If you have induced her into a conjugal partnership under certain pledges of kindness and valuable attention, and then have failed to fulfill your word, you deserve to have a suit brought against you for getting goods under false pretenses, and then you ought to be mulcted

in a large amount of damages. Review now all the fine, beautiful, complimentary, gracious, and glorious things you promised her before marriage, and reflect whether you have kept your faith. Do you say, "Oh, that was all sentimentalism, and romance, and a joke," and that "they all talk that way!" Well, let that plan be tried on yourself. Suppose I am interested in Western lands, and I fill your mind with roseate speculation, and I tell you that a city is already laid out on the farm that I propose to sell you, and that a new railroad will run close by, and have a depot for easy transportation of the crops, and that eight or ten capitalists are going to put up fine residences close by, and that the climate is delicious, and that the ground, high up, gives no room for malaria, and that every dollar planted will grow up into a bush bearing ten or twenty dollars, and my speech glows with enthusiasm until you rush off with me to an attorney to have the deed drawn, and the money paid down, and the bargain completed. You can hardly sleep nights because of the El Dorado, the Elysium, upon which you are soon to enter.

A WESTERN EDEN.

You give up your home at the East, you bid good-by to your old neighbors, and take the train, and after many days' journey you arrive at a quiet depot, from which you take a wagon thirty miles through the wilderness, and reach your new place. You see a man seated on a wet log in a swamp, and shaking with the fifteenth at-

tack of chills and fever, and ask him who he is. He says: "I am a real estate agent, having in charge the property around here." You ask him where the new depot is. He tells you that it has not yet been built, but no doubt will be if the company get their bill for the track through the next legislature. You ask him where the new city is laid out. He says, with chattering teeth: "If you will wait till this chill is off, I will show it to you on the map I have in my pocket." You ask him where the capitalists are going to build their fine houses, and he says: "Somewhere along those lowlands out there by those woods, when the water has been drained off." That night you sleep in the hut of the real estate agent, and though you pray for everybody else, you do not pray for me. Being more fortunate than many men who go out in such circumstances, you have money enough to get back, and you come to me, and out of breath in your indignation, you say: "You have swindled me out of everything. What do you mean in deceiving me about that Western property?" "Oh," I reply, "that was all right; that was sentimentalism, and romance, and a joke. That's the way they all talk."

But more excusable would I be in such deception than you, O man, who by glow of words and personal magnetism induced a womanly soul into surroundings which you have taken no care to make attractive, so that she exchanged her father's house for the dismal swamp of married experience—treeless, flowerless, shelterless, com-

fortless, and Godless. I would not be half so much to blame in cheating you out of a farm as you in cheating a woman out of the happiness of a lifetime.

LOVERS' ATTENTION!

My brother, do not get mad at what I say, but honestly compare the promises you made, and see whether you have kept them. Some of you spent every evening of the week with your betrothed before marriage, and since then you spent every evening away, except you have influenza or some sickness on account of which the doctor says you must not go out. You used to fill your conversation with interjections of adulation, and now you think it sounds silly to praise the one who ought to be more attractive to you as the years go by, and life grows in severity of struggle and becomes more sacred by the baptism of tears—tears over losses, tears over graves. Compare the way some of you used to come in the house in the evening, when you were attempting the capture of her affections, and the way some of you come into the house in the evening now.

DON'T BE PRE-OCCUPIED.

Then what politeness, what distillation of smiles, what graciousness, sweet as the peach orchard in blossom week! Now, some of you come in and put your hat on the rack and scowl, and say: "Lost money to-day!" and you sit down at the table and criticize the way the food is cooked. You shove back before the others are done eating, and snatch up the evening paper and read, ob-

tivious of what has been going on in that home all day. The children are in awe before the domestic autocrat. Bubbling over with fun, yet they must be quiet; with healthful curiosity, yet they must ask no questions. The wife has had enough annoyances in the nursery, and parlor, and kitchen, to fill her nerves with nettles and spikes. As you have provided the money for food and wardrobe, you feel you have done all required of you. Toward the good cheer, and the intelligent improvement, and the moral entertainment of that home, which at the longest can last but a few years, you are doing nothing. You seem to have no realization of the fact that soon these children will be grown up or in their sepulchres, and will be far removed from your influence, and that the wife will soon end her earthly mission, and that house will be occupied by others, and you yourself will be gone.

Gentlemen, fulfill your contracts. Christian marriage is an affectional bargain. In heathen lands a man wins his wife by achievements. In some countries wives are bought by the payment of so many dollars, as so many cattle or sheep. In one country the man gets on a horse and rides down where a group of women are standing, and seizes one of them by the hair, and lifts her, struggling and resisting, on his horse, and if her brothers and friends do not overtake her before she gets to the jungle, she is his lawful wife. In another land, the masculine candidate for marriage is beaten by the club of the one whom he

would make his bride. If he cries out under the pounding, he is rejected. If he receives the blows uncomplainingly, she is his by right. Endurance, and bravery, and skill, decide the marriage in barbarous lands, but Christian marriage is a voluntary bargain, in which, you promise protection, support, companionship, and love.

THE TERMS OF THE CONTRACT.

Business men have in their fire-proof safes a file of papers containing their contracts, and sometimes they take them out and read them over to see what the party of the first part and the party of the second part really bound themselves to do. Different ministers of religion have their own peculiar forms of marriage ceremony; but if you have forgotten what you promised at the altar of wedlock, you had better buy or borrow an Episcopal Church Service, which contains the substance of all intelligent marriage ceremonies, when it says: "I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I pledge thee my troth." Would it not be a good idea to have that printed in tract form and widely distributed?

NEVER FLIRT.

The fact is, that many men are more kind to everybody else's wives than to their own wives. They will let the wife carry a heavy coal scuttle upstairs, and will at one bound clear the width

of a parlor to pick up some other lady's pocket-handkerchief. There is an evil which I have seen under the sun; and it is common among men—namely, husbands in flirtation. The attention they ought to put upon their own wives they bestow upon others. They smile on them coyly and askance, and with a manner that seems to say: "I wish I was free from that old drudge at home. What an improvement you would be on my present surroundings!" And bouquets are sent, and accidental meetings take place, and late at night the man comes to his prosaic home, whistling and hilarious, and wonders that the wife is jealous. There are thousands of men who, while not positively immoral, need radical correction of their habits in this direction. It is meanness immeasurable for a man by his behavior to seem to say to his wife: "You can't help yourself, and I will go where I please, and admire whom I please, and I defy your criticism."

Why did you not have that put in the bond, O domestic Shylock? Why did you not have it understood before you were pronounced husband and wife that she should have only a part of the dividend of your affections; that when, as time rolled on and the cares of life had erased some of the bright lines from her face, and given unwieldiness to her form, you would have the reserved right to pay obeisance to cheeks more rubicund, and figure lithier and more agile, and as you demanded the last pound of patience and endurance on her part, you could, with the em-

phasia of an Edwin Forrest or a Macready, have tapped the eccentric marriage document, and have said: "It's in the bond!" If this modern Rebekah had understood beforehand where she was alighting, she would have ordered the camel drivers to turn the caravan backward toward Padan-aram. Flirtation has its origin either in dishonesty or licentiousness. The married man who indulges in it is *either a fraud or a rake*. However high up in society such a one may be, and however sought after, I would not give a three-cent piece, though it had been three times clipped, for the virtue of the masculine flirt.

TONE UP.

The most worthy thing for the thousands of married men to do is to go home and apologize for past neglects, and brighten up their old love. Take up the family Bible and read the record of the marriage day. Open the drawer of relics in the box inside the drawer containing the trinkets of your dead child. Take up the pack of yellow-colored letters that were written before you became one. Rehearse the scenes of joy and sorrow in which you have mingled. Put all these things as fuel on the altar, and by a coal of sacred fire rekindle the extinguished light. It was a blast from hell that blew it out, and a gale from heaven will fan it into a blaze.

Ye who have broken marriage vows, speak out! take your wife into all your plans, your successes, your defeats, your ambitions. Tell her every thing. Walk arm-in-arm with her into places of amuse-

ment, and on the piazza of summer watering-places, and up the rugged way of life, and down through dark ravine, and when one trembles on the way, let the other be re-enforcement. In no case pass yourself off as a single man, practicing gallantries. Do not, after you are fifty years of age, in ladies' society try to look young-mannish.

RESPECT HER PIETY.

Interfere not with your wife's religious nature. Put her not in that awful dilemma in which so many Christian wives are placed by their husbands, who ask them to go to places or do things which compel them to decide between loyalty to God and loyalty to the husband. Rather than ask her to compromise her Christian character, encourage her to be more and more a Christian, for there will be times in your life when you will want the help of her Christian resources; and certainly, when you remember how much influence your mother had over you, you do not want the mother of your children to set a less gracious example. It pleases me greatly to hear the unconverted and worldly husband say about his wife, with no idea that it will get to her ears: "There is the most godly woman alive. Her goodness is a perpetual rebuke to my waywardness. Nothing on earth could ever induce her to do a wrong thing. I hope the children will take after her instead of after me. If there is any heaven at all, I am sure she will go there."

THE PRIEST OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Ay, my brother, do you not think it would be a wise and a safe thing for you to join her on the road to heaven? You think you have a happy home now, but what a home you would have if you both were religious. What a new sacredness it would give to your marital relation, and what a new light it would throw on the forehead of your children. In sickness what a comfort. In reverses of fortune what a wealth. In death what a triumph. God meant you to be the high priest of your household. Go home to-day and take the Bible on your lap, and gather all your family yet living around you, and those not living will hear of it in a flash, and as ministering spirits will hover—father and mother and children gone, and all your celestial kindred. Then kneel down, and if you can't think of a prayer to offer, I will give you a prayer—namely: “Lord God, I surrender to Thee myself and my beloved wife, and these dear children. For Christ's sake forgive all the past, and help us for all the future. We have lived together here; may we live together forever. Amen and amen!” Dear me, what a stir it would make among your best friends on earth and in heaven.

A HUSBAND IMPRISONED.

Joseph the Second, the emperor, was so kind and so philanthropic that he excited the unbounded love of most of his subjects. He abolished serfdom, established toleration, and lived in the happiness of his people. One day while on his

way to Ostend to declare it a free port, and while at the head of a great procession, he saw a woman at the door of her cottage in dejection. The emperor dismounted, and asked the cause of her grief. She said her husband had gone to Ostend to see the emperor, and had declined to take her with him; for as he was an alien he could not understand her loyal enthusiasm, and that it was the one great desire of her life to see the ruler for whose kindness, and goodness, and greatness she had an unspeakable admiration; and her disappointment in not being able to go and see him was simply unbearable.

The emperor Joseph took from his pocket a box decorated with diamonds surrounding a picture of himself, and presented it to her, and when the picture revealed to whom she was talking, she knelt in reverence and clasped her hands in gladness before him. The emperor took the name of her husband, and the probable place where he might be found at Ostend, and had him imprisoned for the three days of the emperor's visit, so that the husband, returning home, found that the wife had seen the emperor while he had not seen him.

In families of this earth the wife, through the converting grace of God, has seen the "King in His beauty," and He has conferred upon her the pearl of great price, while the husband is an "alien from the covenant of promise, without God and without hope in the world," and imprisoned in worldliness and sin. Oh, that they might, arm-in-arm, go this day and see Him, who is not only

greater and lovelier than any Joseph of earthly dominion, but "high over all, in earth, and air, and sky!" His touch is life. His voice is music. His smile is heaven.

Costume and Morals.

"Moreover the Lord said, Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: in that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils."—ISA. iii, 16, 18-23.

This is a Jerusalem fashion plate. It puts us two thousand six hundred years back, and sets us down in an ancient city. The procession of men and women is moving up and down the gay streets. It is the height of the fashionable season. The sensible men and women move with so much modesty that they do not attract our attention. But here come the haughty daughters of Jerusalem. They lean forward; they lean very much forward—so far forward as to be unnatural—teetering, wobbling, wriggling,

flirting, or as my text describes it, they “walk with stretched-forth necks, walking and mincing as they go.”

See. That is a princess. Look. That is a Damascus sword-maker. Look. That is a Syrian merchant. The jingling of the chains, and the lashing of the head-bands, and the exhibitions of universal swagger attract the attention of the Prophet Isaiah, and he brings his camera to bear upon the scene, and takes a picture for all the ages. But where is that scene? Vanished. Where are those gay streets? Vermin-covered population pass through them. Where are the hands, and the necks, and the foreheads, and the shoulders, and the feet that sported all that magnificence? Ashes! Ashes!

That we should all be clad is proved by the opening of

THE FIRST WARDROBE

in Paradise, with its apparel of dark green. That we should all as far as our means allow us be beautifully and gracefully appareled is proved by the fact that God never made a wave but He gilded it with golden sunbeams, or a tree but He garlanded it with blossoms, or a sky but He studded it with stars, or allowed even the smoke of a furnace to ascend but He columned, and turreted, and doled, and scrolled it into outlines of indescribable gracefulness. When I see the apple orchards of the spring and the pageantry of the autumnal forests, I come to the conclusion that if nature ever does join the Church, while she

may be a Quaker in the silence of her worship, she never will be a Quaker in the style of her dress. Why the notches of a fern leaf or the stamen of a water lily? Why, when the day departs, does it let the folding doors of heaven stay open so long, when it might go in so quickly? One summer morning I saw an army of a million spears, each one adorned with a diamond of the first water—I mean the grass with the dew on it.

When the prodigal came home his father not only put a coat on his back, but jewelry on his hand. Christ wore a beard, Paul, the bachelor apostle, not afflicted with any sentimentality, admired the arrangement of a woman's hair, when he said in his epistle: "If a woman have long hair, it is a glory unto her." There will be fashion in heaven as on earth, but it will be a different kind of fashion. It will decide the color of the dress; and the population of that country, by a beautiful law, will wear white.

THE GODDESS OF FASHION.

I say these things as a background to my sermon, to show you that I have no prim, precise, prudish, or cast-iron theories on the subject of human apparel; but the goddess of fashion has set up her throne in this country, and at the sound of the timbrels we are all expected to fall down and worship. Her altars smoke with the sacrifice of the bodies and souls of ten thousand victims.

When I come to count the victims of fashion I find as many masculine as feminine. Men make an easy tirade against women, as though she were the chief worshipper at this idolatrous shrine, and no doubt some men in the more conspicuous part of the pew have already cast glances at the more retired part of the pew, their look a prophecy of a generous distribution. My sermon shall be as appropriate for one end of the pew as for the other.

MASCULINE FOLLIES.

Men are as much the idolaters of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men the fashion goes to cigars, and club-rooms, and yachting parties, and wine suppers. In the United States the men chew up and smoke one hundred millions of dollars' worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion. In London not long ago a man died who started in life with \$750,000; but he ate it all up in gluttonies, sending his agents to all parts of the earth for some rare delicacy for the palate, sometimes one plate of food costing him three or four hundred dollars. He ate up his whole fortune, and had only one guinea left. With that he bought a woodcock, and had it dressed in the very best style, ate it, gave two hours for digestion, then walked out on Westminster Bridge and threw himself into the Thames and died, doing on a large scale what you and I have often seen done on a small scale.

But men do not abstain from millinery and elaboration of skirt through any superiority of

simplicity. It is only because such appendages would be a blockade to business. What would sashes and trains three and a half yards long do in a stock market? And yet men are the disciples of custom just as much as women. Some of them wear boots so tight that they can hardly walk in the paths of righteousness, and there are men who buy expensive suits of clothes and never pay for them, and who go through the streets in great stripes of color, like animated checker-boards. I say these things because I want to show you that I am impartial in my discourse, and that both sexes, in the language of the surrogate's office, "share and share alike."

INDELICATE APPAREL.

As God may help me I am going to set forth the evil effects of improper dress or an excessive discipleship of costume. It is a simple truth that you all know, although the pulpit has not yet uttered it: that much of the womanly costume of our time is the cause of the temporal and eternal damnation of a multitude of men. There is a shamelessness among many in what is called high life that calls for vehement protest. The strife with many seems to be how near they can come to the verge of indecency without falling over. The tide of masculine profligacy will never turn back until there is a decided reformation in womanly costume. I am in full sympathy with the officer of the law who, at a levee in Philadelphia last winter, went up to a so-called lady, and because of her sparse and incompetent ap

parel, ordered her either to leave the house or habilitate herself immediately. It is high time that our good and sensible women make vehement protest against fashionable indecency, and if the women of the household do not realize the deplorable extremes of much of the female costume, that husbands implead their wives on this subject, and that fathers prohibit their daughters. The evil is terrific and overshadowing.

STAGE COSTUMES.

I suppose that the American stage is responsible for much of this. I do not go to theaters, so I must take the evidence of the actors and managers of theaters, such as Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann. They have recently told us that the crime of undress is blasting the theater, which by many is considered a school of morals, and indeed superior to the Church, and a forerunner of the millenium. *Mr. Palmer* says: "The bulk of the performances on the stage are degrading and pernicious. The managers strive to come just as near the line as possible without flagrantly breaking the law. There never have been costumes worn on a stage of this city, either in a theater, hall, or 'dive,' so improper as those that clothe some of the chorus in recent comic opera productions." He says in regard to the female performers: "It is not a question whether they can sing, but just how little they will consent to wear." *Mr. Bandmann*, who has been twenty-nine years on the stage, and before almost all nationalities, says: "I unhesi-

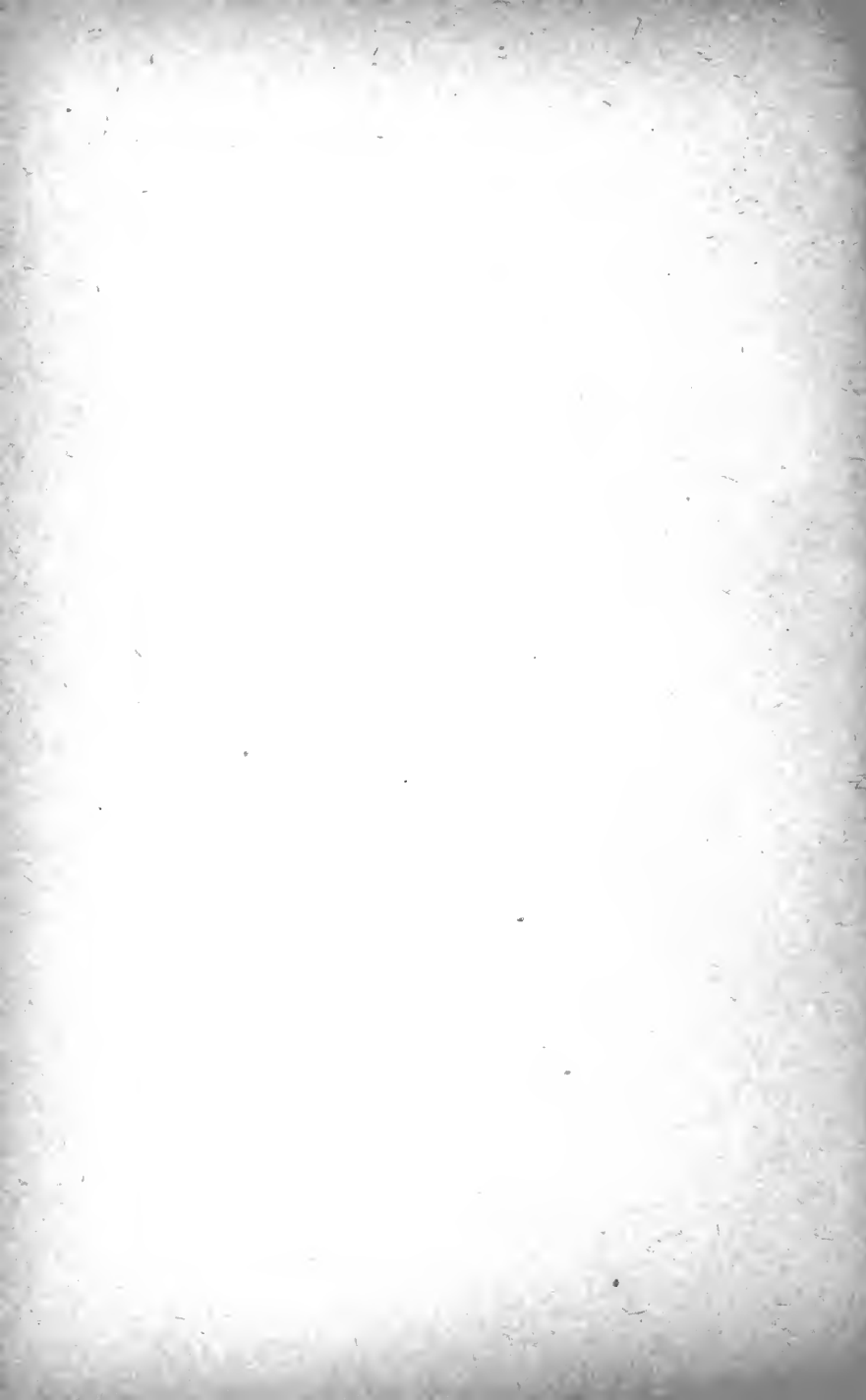
tatingly state that the taste of the present theater-going people of America, as a body, is of a coarse and vulgar nature. The Hindoo would turn with disgust at such exhibitions which are sought after and applauded on the stage of this country. Our shop windows are full of, and the walls covered with, show cards and posters which should be a disgrace to an enlightened country and an insult to the eye of a cultured community." *Mr. Gilbert* says: "Such exhibition is a disastrous one to the morals of the community. Are these proper pictures to put out for the public to look at, to say nothing of the propriety of females appearing in public dressed like that? It is shameful!"

I must take the testimony of the friends of the theater, and the confirmation which I see on the board fences and in the show windows containing the pictures of the way actresses dress. I suppose that those representations of play-house costume are true, for if they are not true, then those highly moral and religious theaters are swindling the public by inducing the people to the theater by promises of spectacular nudity which they do not fulfill. Now, all this familiarizes the public with such improprieties of costume, and depresses the public conscience as to what is allowable and right.

DRAWING-ROOM RIVALRY.

The parlor and drawing-room are now running a race with the theater and opera bouffe. They are now nearly neck and neck in the race, the latter a little ahead; but the parlor and drawing-





room are gaining on the others, and the probability is they will soon be even, and pass the stand so nearly at the same time that one half of Pandemonium will clap its hands because opera bouffe has beaten, and the other half because the drawing-room has beaten. Let printing-press, and platform, and pulpit hurl red-hot anathema at the boldness of much of womanly attire. I charge Christian women, neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel, to become administrative of evil. Show me the fashion plates of any age between this and the time of Louis XVI, of France, and Henry VIII, of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immoralities of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel means a righteous people. Immodest apparel always means a contaminated and depraved society.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

It is not only such boldness that is to be reprehended, but extravagance of costume. This latter is the cause of fraud unlimitable and ghastly. Do you know that Arnold of the Revolution proposed to sell his country in order to get money to support his home wardrobe? I declare here before God and this people that the effort to keep up expensive establishments in this country is sending more business men to temporal perdition than all other causes combined. It was this that sent prominent business men to the watering of stocks, and life insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets,

and some of them to the penitentiary, and has completely upset our American finances.

But why should I go to these famous defaultings to show what men will do in order to keep up great home style and expensive wardrobe, when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wit's end and are lashed from January to December in the attempt? Our Washington politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of office as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country. It will be of no use, and things will be no better, until we learn to put on our heads and backs and feet and hands no more than we can pay for.

AN INCENTIVE TO DISHONESTY.

There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other folks' wardrobes, are dying of muffs, and diamonds, and camel's-hair shawls, and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine suppers, and they die before their time, and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of early piety; and after a high-class funeral, with silver handles at the side of their coffin of extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that the undertaker is cheated out of his legitimate expenses. Do not send to me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I would blurt out the whole truth, and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons. The country is *dressed to death*.

You are not surprised to find that the putting up of one public building in New York cost millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost, when you find that the man who gave out the contracts paid more than five thousand dollars for his daughter's wedding dress. Cashmeres of a thousand dollars each are not rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are eight thousand women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array two thousand dollars a year.

What are the men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal—that is the only respectable thing they can do. During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine business men shipwrecked on the wardrobe. The temptation comes in this way: a man thinks more of his family than all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street that they cannot bear the sight of, the man is thrown on his gallantry and his pride of family, and without translating his feelings into plain language, he goes into extortion and issuing of false stock and skilful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note; and they all go down together—the husband to the prison, the wife to the sewing-machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Oh, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write

THE TRAGEDY OF CLOTHES.

Act the first of the tragedy: A plain but beau-

tiful home. Enter the newly-married pair. Enter simplicity of manuer and behavior. Enter as much happiness as is ever found in one home.

Act the second: Discontent with the humbl home. Enter envy. Enter jealousy. Enter de sire of display.

Act the third: Enlargement of expenses. Enter all the queenly dressmakers. Enter the French milliners.

Act the fourth: The tip-top of society. Enter princes and princesses of New York life. Enter magnificent plate and equipage. Enter everything splendid.

Act the fifth and last, winding up the scene. Enter the assignee. Enter the sheriff. Enter the creditors. Enter humiliation. Enter the wrath of God. Enter the contempt of society. Enter death. Now, let the silk curtain drop on the stage. The farce is ended, and the lights are out.

Will you forgive me if I say in tersest shape possible, that some of the men in this country have to forge, and to perjure, and to swindle, to pay for their wives' dresses? I will say it whether you forgive me or not.

CURTAINS BENEVOLENCE.

Again, extravagant costume is the foe of all Christian alms-giving. Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suffering humanity—a Christian man cracking his Palais Royal gloves across the back by shutting up his hand to

hide the one cent he puts into the poor box! a Christian woman at the story of the Hottentots crying copious tears into a twenty-five dollar handkerchief, and then giving a two-cent piece to the collection, thrusting it down under the bills, so people will not know but it was a ten-dollar gold piece. One hundred dollars for incense to fashion,—two cents for God. God gives us ninety cents out of every dollar. The other ten cents, by command of His Bible, belong to Him. Is not God liberal according to this tithing system laid down in the Old Testament—is not God liberal in giving us ninety cents out of a dollar when He takes but ten? We do not like that. We want to have ninety-nine cents for ourselves and one for God.

Now, I would a great deal rather steal ten cents from you than God. I think one reason why a great many people do not get along in worldly accumulation faster is because they do not observe this Divine rule. God says: "Well, if that man is not satisfied with ninety cents out of a dollar, then I will take the whole dollar, and I will give it to the man or woman who is honest with me." The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian church to-day is the fact that men expend so much on their table, and women so much on their dress, they have got nothing left for the work of God and the world's betterment.

DISTRACTS ATTENTION.

Again, extravagant costume is distraction to public worship. You know very well there are a good many people who go to church just as they

go to the races, to see who will come out first. Men and women with souls to be saved passing the hour in wondering where that man got his cravat, or what store that woman patronizes. In many of our churches the preliminary exercises are taken up with the discussion of wardrobes. It is pitiable. Is it not wonderful that the Lord does not strike the meeting-houses with lightning? What distraction of public worship. Dying men and women, whose bodies are soon to be turned into dust, yet before three worlds strutting like peacocks. People sitting down in a pew or taking up a hymn book, all absorbed at the same time in personal array, to sing :

“Rise, my soul and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place !”

I adopt the Episcopalian prayer, and say :
“Good Lord deliver us !”

MENTAL IMPOVERISHMENT.

Extravagant costume belittles the intellect. Our minds are enlarged or they dwindle just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which we constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more dwarfing to the human intellect than the study of dress? I see men on the street who, judging from their elaboration, I think must have taken two hours to arrange their apparel. After a few years of that kind of absorption, which one of McAllister's magnifying glasses will be powerful enough to make the man's character

visible? What will be left of a woman's intellect after giving years and years to the discussion of such questions? They all land in idiocy. I have seen men at the summer watering-places through fashion the mere wreck of what they once were. Sallow of cheek. Meagre of limb. Hollow at the chest. Showing no animation save in rushing across a room to pick up a lady's fan. Simpering along the corridors the same compliments they simpered twenty years ago.

BARS HEAVEN.

Yet, my friends, I have given you only the milder phase of this evil. It shuts a great multitude out of heaven. The first peal of thunder that shook Sinai declared: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and you will have to choose between the goddess of fashion and the Christian God. There are a great many seats in heaven, and they are all easy seats, but not one seat for the devotee of costume. Heaven is for meek and quiet spirits. Heaven is for those who think more of their souls than of their bodies.

Give up this idolatry of fashion or give up heaven. What would you do standing beside the Countess of Huntingdon, whose joy it was to build chapels for the poor; or with that Christian woman of Boston, who fed fifteen hundred children of the street, at Fanueil Hall, one New Year's Day, giving out as a sort of doxology at the end of the meeting a pair of shoes to each one of them; or those Dorcases of modern society who

have consecrated their needles to the Lord, and who will get eternal reward for every stitch they take ?

PERPETUAL ENVY.

Oh, men and women, give up the idolatry of costume ! The rivalries and the competitions of such a life are a stupendous wretchedness. You will always find some one with brighter array, and with more palatial residence, and with lavender kid gloves that make a tighter fit. And if you buy this thing and wear it you will wish you had bought something else and worn it. And the frets of such a life will bring the crow's feet to your temples before they are due, and when you come to die you will have a miserable time.

I have seen men and women of excessive costume die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them—a wasted life and a coming eternity. I could not pacify them, for their body, mind and soul had been exhausted in the worship of costume, and they could not appreciate the Gospel. When I knelt by their bedside they were mumbling out their regrets, and saying: “O God! O God!” Their garments hung up in the wardrobe never again to be seen by them. Without any exception, so far as my memory serves me, they died without hope, and went into eternity unprepared. The *two most ghastly death-beds* on earth are the one where a man dies of delirium tremens, and the other where a woman

dies after having sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind, and soul in the worship of costume.

JUDGMENT TO COME.

My friends, we must appear in judgment to answer for what we have worn on our bodies as well as for what repentances we have exercised with our souls. On that day I see coming in Beau Brummell of the last century without his cloak; Aaron Burr, without the letters that to old age he showed in pride, to prove his early wicked gallantries; and Absalom without his hair; and Marchioness Pompadour without her titles; and Mrs. Arnold, the belle of Wall Street, when that was the center of fashion, without her fripperies of vesture.

And in great haggardness they shall go away into eternal expatriation, while among the queens of heavenly society will be found Vashti, who wore the modest veil before the palatial bacchanalians; and Hannah, who annually made a little coat for Samuel at the temple; and Grandmother Lois, the ancestress of Timothy, who imitated her virtue; and Mary, who gave Jesus Christ to the world; and many of you, the wives, and mothers, and sisters, and daughters of the present Christian church who, through great tribulation, are entering into the kingdom of God. Christ announced who would make up the royal family of heaven when He said: "Whosoever doeth the will of God, ~~the~~ same is my brother, my sister, my mother."

Duties of Wives to Husbands.

“The name of his wife was Abigail; and she was a woman of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance.”—
I SAMUEL XXV, 3.

The ground in Carmel is white, not with fallen snow, but the wool from the backs of three thousand sheep, for they are being sheared. And I hear the grinding of the iron blades together, and the bleating of the flocks, held between the knees of the shearers while the clipping goes on, and the rustic laughter of the workmen. Nabal and his wife Abigail preside over this homestead. David, the warrior, sends a delegation to apply for aid at this prosperous time of sheep-shearing; and Nabal peremptorily declines his request. Revenge is the cry. Yonder over the rocks come David and four hundred angry men with one stroke to demolish Nabal and his sheepfolds and vineyards. The regiment marches in double quick, and the stones of the mountain loosen and roll down, as the soldiers strike them with their swift feet, and the cry of the commander is, “Forward! Forward!”

A FAIR PROPITIATOR.

Abigail, to save her husband and his property, hastens to the foot of the hill. She is armed, not with sword or spear, but with her own beauty and self-sacrifice, and when David sees her kneeling at the base of the crag, he cries: “Halt!” “Halt!” and the caverns echo it: “Halt!” Halt!”

Abigail is the conqueress. One woman in the right mightier than four hundred men in the wrong. A hurricane stopped at the sight of a water-lily. A dewdrop dashed back Niagara. By her prowess and tact she has saved her husband, and saved her home, and put before all ages an illustrious specimen of what a wife can do if she be godly, and prudent, and self-sacrificing, and vigilant, and devoted to the interests of her husband, and attractive.

As, Sabbath before last, I took the responsibility of telling husbands how they ought to treat their wives—and, though I noticed that some of the men squirmed a little in their pew, they endured it well—I now take the responsibility of telling how wives ought to treat their husbands. I hope your domestic alliance was so happily formed that while married life may have revealed in him some frailties that you did not suspect, it has also displayed excellencies that more than overbalanced them. I suppose that if I could look into the heart of a hundred wives here present and ask them where is the kindest and best man they know of, and they dared speak out, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them would say: “At the other end of this pew.”

ABIGAIL'S BAD BARGAIN.

I hope, my sister, you have married a man as Christian and as well balanced as that. But even if you were worsted in conjugal bargain, you cannot be worse off than this Abigail in my text. Her husband was cross and ungrateful, an

inebriate, for on the very evening after her heroic achievement at the foot of the hill, where she captured a whole regiment with her genial and strategic behavior, she returned home and found her husband so drunk that she could not tell him the story, but had to postpone it until the next day. So, my sister, I do not want you to keep saying within yourself as I proceed: "That is the way to treat a perfect husband;" for you are to remember that no wife was ever worse swindled than this Abigail of my text. At the other end of her table sat a mean, selfish, snarling, contemptible sot, and if she could do so well for a dastard, how ought you to do with that princely and splendid man with whom you are to walk the path of life?

First, I counsel the wife to remember in what a severe and terrific battle of life her husband is engaged. Whether in professional, or commercial, or artistic, or mechanical life, your husband from morning to night is in a Solferino, if not a Sedan. It is a wonder that your husband has any nerves or patience or suavity left. To get a living in this next to the last decade of the nineteenth century is a struggle. If he come home and sit down preoccupied, you ought to excuse him. If he do not feel like going out that night for a walk or entertainment, remember he has been out all day. You say he ought to leave at his place of business his annoyances, and come home cheery. But if a man has been betrayed by a business partner, or a customer has cheated him out of a large bill of goods, or a protested

note has been flung on his desk, or somebody has called him a liar, and everything has gone wrong from morning to night, he must have great genius at forgetfulness if he do not bring some of the perplexity home with him. When you tell me he ought to leave it all at the store, or bank, or shop, you might as well tell a storm on the Atlantic to stay out there and not touch the coast or ripple the harbor.

RESPECT SELF-SACRIFICE.

Remember, he is not overworking so much for himself as he is overworking for you and the children. It is the effect of his success or defeat on the homestead that causes him the agitation. The most of men after forty-five years of age live not for themselves, but for their families. They begin to ask themselves anxiously the question: "How if I should give out; what would become of the folks at home? Would my children ever get their education? Would my wife have to go out into the world to earn bread for herself and our little ones? My eyesight troubles me; how if my eyes should fail; my head gets dizzy; how if I should drop under apoplexy?" The high pressure of business life and mechanical life and agricultural life is home pressure.

Some time ago a large London firm decided that if any of their clerks married on a salary less than £150—that is, \$750 a year—he should be discharged, the supposition being that the temptation might be too great for misappropriation. The large majority of families in America live by

utmost dint of economy, and to be honest and yet meet one's family expenses, is the appalling question that turns the life of tens of thousands of men into martyrdom. Let the wife of the overborne and exhausted husband remember this, and do not nag him about that, and say you *might as well have no husband*, when the fact is he is dying by inches that the home may be kept up.

BE LOVABLE.

I charge also the wife to keep herself as attractive after marriage as she was before marriage. The reason that so often a man ceases to love his wife is because the wife ceases to be lovable. In many cases what elaboration of toilet before marriage, and what recklessness of appearance after! *The most disgusting thing on earth* is a slatternly woman—I mean a woman who never combs her hair until she goes out, or looks like a fright until somebody calls. That a man married to one of these creatures stays at home as little as possible is no wonder. It is a wonder that such a man does not go on a whaling voyage of three years, and in a leaky ship. Costly wardrobe is not required; but, O woman! if you are not willing, by all that ingenuity of refinement can effect, to make yourself attractive to your husband, you ought not to complain if he seek in other society those pleasant surroundings which you deny him.

DO NOT COMPLAIN.

Again I charge you never talk to others about

the frailties of your husband.* Some people have a way, in banter, of elaborately describing to others the shortcomings or unhappy eccentricities of a husband or wife. Ah, the world will find out soon enough all the defects of your companion. No need of your advertising them. Better imitate those women who, having made mistake in affiance, always have a veil to hide imperfections and alleviations of conduct to mention. We must admit that there are rare cases where a wife cannot live longer with her husband, and his cruelties and outrages are the precursor of divorcement or separation. But until that day comes, keep the awful secret to yourself—keep it from every being in the universe except the God to whom you do well to tell your trouble. Trouble only a few years at most, and then you can go up on the other side of the grave, and say: “O Lord, I kept the marital secret. Thou knowest how well I kept it, and I thank Thee that the release has come at last. Give me some place where I can sit down and rest awhile from the horrors of an embruted earthly alliance, before I begin the full raptures of heaven.” And orders will be sent out to the usher angels, saying: “Take this Abigail right up to the softest seat in the best room of the palace, and let twenty of the brightest angels wait on her for the next thousand years.

AVOID MEDDLERS.

Further, I charge you, let there be no outside

*As Abigail did (1 Sam. xxv. 25).

interference with the conjugal relation. Neither neighbor nor confidential friend, nor brother nor sister, nor father nor mother, have a right to come in here. The married gossip will come around, and by the hour tell you how she manages her husband. You tell her plainly that if she will attend to the affairs of her household you will attend to yours. What damage some people do with their tongues. Nature indicates that the tongue is a dangerous thing, by the fact that it is shut in, first by a barricade of teeth, and then by the door of the lips. One insidious talker can keep a whole neighborhood badly stirred up. The Apostle Peter excoriated these busybodies in other people's matters, and St. Paul, in his letter to the Thessalonians and to Timothy, gives them a sharp dig, and the good housewife will be on the lookout for them, and never return their calls and treat them with coldest frigidity. For this reason better keep house as soon as possible. Some people are opposed to them, but I thank God for what are called flats in these cities. They put a separate home within the means of nearly all the population. In your married relations you do not need any advice. If you and your husband have not skill enough to get along well alone, with all the advice you can import you will get along worse. What you want for your craft on this voyage is plenty of sea-room.

BE INTELLIGENT.

I charge you, also, make yourself the intelligent companion of your husband. What with these

floods of newspapers and books there is no excuse for the wife's ignorance, either about the present or the past. If you have no more than a half-hour every day to yourself you may fill your mind with entertaining and useful knowledge. Let the merchant's wife read up on all mercantile questions, and mechanic's wife on all that pertains to his style of work, and the professional man's wife on all the legal, or medical, or theological, or political discussions of the day. It is very stupid for a man, after having been amid active minds all day to find his wife without information or opinions on anything. If the wife knows nothing about what is going on in the world, after the tea hour has passed, and the husband has read the newspaper, he will have an engagement, and must "go and see a man." In nine cases out of ten when a man does not stay at home in the evening, unless positive duty calls him away, it is because there is nothing to stay for. He would rather talk with his wife than any one else if she could talk as well.

ADORN THE HOME.

I charge you, my sister, in every way to make your home attractive. I have not enough of practical knowledge about house adornment to know just what makes the difference, but here is an opulent house, containing all wealth of *bric-a-brac*, and of musical instrument; and of painting, and of upholstery, and yet there is in it a chill like Nova Zembla. Another home, with one twentieth part of the outlay, and small supply of

art, and cheapest piano purchasable, and yet, as you enter it, there comes upon body, mind, and soul, a glow of welcome and satisfied and happy domesticity. The holy art of making the most comfort and brightness out of the means afforded, every wife should study.

At the seige of Argus, Pyrrhus was killed by the tile of a roof thrown by a woman, and Abimelech was slain by a stone that a woman threw from the tower of Thebes, and Earl Montfort was destroyed by a rock discharged at him by a woman from the walls of Toulouse. But without any weapon save that of her cold, cheerless household arrangement, any wife may slay all the attractions of a home circle. A wife and mother in prosperous circumstances and greatly admired was giving her chief time to social life. The husband spent his evenings away. The son, fifteen years of age, got the same habit, and there was a prospect that the other children, as they got old enough, would take the same turn. One day the wife aroused to the consideration that she had better save her husband and her boy. Interesting and stirring games were introduced into the house. The mother studied up interesting things to tell her children. One morning the son said: "Father, you ought to have been home last night. We had a grand time. Such jolly games and such interesting stories!" This went on from night to night, and after awhile the husband stayed in to see what was going on, and he finally got attracted and added some

thing of his own to the evening entertainments; and the result was that the wife and mother saved her husband and saved her boy and saved herself. Was not that an enterprise worth the attention of the greatest woman that ever lived since Abigail—at the foot of the rock—arrested the four hundred armed warriors?

THE TRUE SPHERE.

Do not, my sister, be dizzied and disturbed by the talk of those who think the home circle too insignificant for a woman's career, and who want to get you out on platforms and in conspicuous enterprises. There are women who have a special outside mission, and do not dare to interpret me as derisive of their important mission. But my opinion is that the woman who can reinforce her husband in the work of life, and rear her children for positions of usefulness, is doing more for God and the race and her own happiness than if she spoke on every great platform, and headed a hundred great enterprises. My mother never made a missionary speech in her life, and at a missionary meeting I doubt whether she could have got enough courage to vote aye or no, but she raised her son John, who has been preaching the Gospel and translating religious literature in Amoy, China, for about forty years. Was not that a better thing to do?

Compare such an one with one of these die-away, attitudinizing, frivolous, married coquettes of the modern drawing-room, her heaven an opera box on the night of Meyerbeer's "Robert

le Diable," the ten commandments an inconvenience, taking arsenic to improve the complexion, and her appearance a confused result of belladonna, bleached hair, antimony and mineral acids, until one is compelled to discuss her character, and wonder whether the line between a decent and indecent life is, like the equator, an imaginary line.

A PRESSING WANT.

What the world wants now is about fifty thousand old fashioned mothers, women who shall realize that the highest, grandest, mightiest institution on earth is the home. It is not necessary that they should have the same old time manners of the country farmhouse, or wear the old-fashioned spectacles and apron that her glorified ancestry wore; but I mean the old spirit which began with the Hannahs and the Mother Loises and the Abigail of Scripture days, and was demonstrated on the homestead where some of us was reared, though the old house long ago was pulled down and its occupants scattered, never to meet until in the higher home that awaits the families of the righteous. While there are more good and faithful wives and mothers now than there ever were, society has got a wrong twist on this subject, and there are influences abroad that would make women believe that their chief sphere is outside instead of inside the home.

A DEADLY SIN.

Hence in many households children, instead of a

blessing, are a nuisance. It is card case *versus* child's primer, carriage *versus* cradle, social popularity *versus* domestic felicity. Hence infanticide and ante-natal murder so common that all the physicians, allopathic, hydropathic, homœopathic, and eclectic are crying out in horror, and it is time that the pulpits joined with the medical profession in echoing and re-echoing the thunder of Mount Sinai, which says: "Thou shalt not kill," and the book of Revelation, which says: "All murderers shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." And the man or the woman who takes life a minute old will as certainly go straight to hell as the man or woman who destroys life forty years old. And the wildest, loudest shriek of Judgment Day will be given at the overthrow of those who moved in the high and respected circles of earthly society, yet decreed by their own act, as far as they could privately effect it, the extermination of the advancing generations, abetted in the horrid crime by a lot of infernal quacks with which modern medicine is infested. When, on the Last Day, the cryers of the Court shall with resounding "Oyez," "Oyez!" declare the "Oyer and Terminer" of the Universe opened, and the Judge, with gavel of thunderbolt, shall smite the nations into silence, and the trial of all the fratricides, and parricides, and matricides, and patricides, and uxoricides, and regicides, and deicides, and infanticides of the earth shall proceed, none of my hearers or readers can say that they knew not what they

were doing. Mighty God! arrest the evil that is overshadowing this century.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

I charge you, my sister, that you take your husband along with you to heaven. Of course this implies that you yourself are a Christian. I must take that for granted. It cannot be possible that after what Christianity has done for woman, and after taking the infinitely responsible position you have assumed as the head of the household, that you should be in a position antagonistic to Christ. It was not a slip of the tongue when I spoke of you as being at the head of the household. We men rather pride ourselves as being at the head of the household, but it is only a pleasant delusion. To whom do the children go when they have trouble? When there is a sore finger to be bound up or one of the first teeth that needs to be removed to make way for one that is crowding it out, to whom does the child go? For whom do children cry out in the night when they get frightened at a bad dream? Aye, to whom does the husband go when he has a business trouble great or too delicate for outside ears? We, the men, are heads of the household in name, but you, O wives! are the heads of the household in fact, and it is your business to take your husband with you into the kingdom of God, and see that house prepared for heaven.

You can do it! Of course God's almighty grace alone can convert him, but you are to be the instrument. Some wives keep their husbands out

of heaven, and others garner them for it. If your religion, O wife! is simply the joke of the household; if you would rather go to the theater than the prayer-meeting; if you can beat all the neighborhood in progressive euchre; if your husband never sees you kneel at the bedside in prayer before retiring; if the only thing that reminds the family of your church relations is that on communion-day you get home late to dinner, you will not be able to take your husband to heaven, for the simple reason that you will not get there yourself. But I suppose that your religion is genuine, and that the husband realizes there is in your soul a divine principle, and that, though you may be naturally quicker-tempered than he is and have many imperfections that distress you more than they can any one else, still you are destined for the skies when the brief scenes of this life are over. How will you take him with you? There are two oars to that boat—prayer and holy example.

But you say he belongs to a worldly club, or he does not believe a word of the Bible, or he is an inebriate and very loose in his habits? What you tell me shows that you don't understand that while you are at the one end of a prayer, the omnipotent God is at the other end, and it is simply a question whether Almightyness is strong enough and keeps His word. I have no doubt there will be great conventions in heaven, called for celebrative purposes, and when in some Celestial assemblage the saints shall be telling what brought

them to God, I believe that ten thousand times ten thousand will say: "My wife."

A CONTRAST.

I put beside each other two testimonies of men concerning their wives, and let you see the contrast. An aged man was asked the reason of his salvation. With tearful emotion he said: "My wife was brought to God some years before myself. I persecuted and abused her because of her religion. She, however, returned nothing but kindness constantly, maintaining an anxiety to promote my comfort and happiness; and it was her amiable conduct when suffering ill-treatment from me that first sent the arrows of conviction to my soul." The other testimony was from a dying man: "Harriet, I am a lost man. You opposed our family worship and my secret prayer. You drew me away into temptation and to neglect every religious duty. I believe my fate is sealed. Harriet, you are the cause of my everlasting ruin." How many glorious married couples in heaven—Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, Lapidoth and Deborah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachael, Zacharias and Elizabeth, Joseph and Mary, and many whom we have known as good as the most of them.

As once you stood in the village or city church or in your father's house, perhaps under a wedding-bell of flowers, to-day stand up, husband and wife, beneath the cross of a pardoning Redeemer, while I proclaim the banns of an eternal marriage. Join your right hands. I pronounce you *one forever*.

The circle is an emblem of eternity, and that is the shape of the Marriage Ring.



Hotels versus Homes.

“And brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.”—LUKE x, 34, 35.

This is the good Samaritan paying the hotel bill of a man who had been robbed and almost killed by bandits. The good Samaritan had found the unfortunate on a lonely rocky road, where, to this very day, depredations are sometimes committed upon travelers, and had put the injured man into the saddle, while this merciful and well-to-do man had walked till they got to the hotel, and the wounded man was put to bed and cared for. It must have been a very superior hotel in its accommodations, for, though in the country, the landlord was paid at the rate of what in our country would be four or five dollars a day, a penny being then a day's wages, and the two pennies paid in this case about two days' wages. Moreover, it was one of those kind-hearted landlords who are wrapped up in the happiness of their guests, because the good Samaritan leaves the

poor wounded fellow to his entire care, promising that when he came that way again he would pay all the bills until the invalid got well.

THE VALUE OF HOTELS.

Hotels and boarding-houses are necessities. In very ancient times they were unknown, because the world had comparatively few inhabitants, who were not much given to travel, and private hospitality met all the wants of sojourners, as when Abraham rushed out at Mamre to invite the three men to sit down to a dinner of veal; as when the people were positively commanded to be given to hospitality; as in many of the places in the East these ancient customs are practiced to-day. But we have now hotels presided over by good landlords, and boarding-houses presided over by excellent host or hostess, in all neighborhoods, villages, and cities, and it is our congratulation that those of our land surpass all other lands. They rightly become the permanent residences of many people, such as those who are without families, such as those whose business keeps them migratory, such as those who ought not, for various reasons of health or peculiarity of circumstances, take upon themselves the cares of housekeeping.

QUEENLY CATERERS.

Many a man falling sick in one of these boarding-houses or hotels has been kindly watched and nursed; and by the memory of her own sufferings and losses, the lady at the head of such a house has done all that a mother could do for a

sick child, and the slumberless eye of God sees and appreciates her sacrifices in behalf of the stranger. Among the most marvelous cases of patience and Christian fidelity are many of those who keep boarding-houses, enduring without resentment the unreasonable demands of their guests for expensive food and attentions for which they are not willing to pay an equivalent—a lot of cranky men and women who are not worthy to tie the shoe of their queenly caterer. The outrageous way in which boarders sometimes act to their landlords and landladies show that these critical guests had bad early rearing, and that in the making-up of their natures all that constitutes the gentleman and lady were left out. Some of the most princely men and some of the most elegant woman that I know of to-day keep hotels and boarding-houses.

But one of the great evils of this day is found in the fact that a large population of our towns and cities are giving up and have given up their homes and taken apartments, that they may have more freedom from domestic duties and more time for social life, and because they like the whirl of publicity better than the quiet and privacy of a residence they can call their own. The lawful use of these hotels and boarding-houses is for most people while they are in transitu; but as a terminus they are in many cases demoralization, utter and complete. That is the point at which families innumerable have begun to disintegrate. There never has been a time when so

many families, healthy and abundantly able to support and direct homes of their own, have struck tent and taken permanent abode in these public establishments. It is an evil wide as Christendom, and by voice and through the newspaper press, I utter warning and burning protests, and ask Almighty God to bless the word, whether in the hearing or reading.

PROMOTERS OF GOSSIP.

In these public caravansaries the demon of gossip is apt to get full sway. All the boarders run daily the gauntlet of general inspection—how they look when they come down in the morning, and when they get in at night, and what they do for a living, and who they receive as guests in their rooms, and what they wear, and what they do not wear, and how they eat, and what they eat, and how much they eat, and how little they eat. If a man proposes in such a place to be isolated and reticent and alone, they will begin to guess about him: Who is he? Where did he come from? How long is he going to stay? Has he paid his board? How much does he pay? Perhaps he has committed some crime and does not want to be known; there must be something wrong about him, or he would speak.

The whole house goes into the detective business. They must find out about him. They must find out about him right away. If he leave his door unlocked by accident, he will find that his rooms have been inspected, his trunk explored,

his letters folded differently from the way they were folded when he put them away. Who is he? is the question, asked with intenser interest, until the subject has become a monomania. The simple fact is, that he is nobody in particular, but minds his own business. The best landlords and landladies cannot sometimes hinder their places from becoming

A PANDEMONIUM

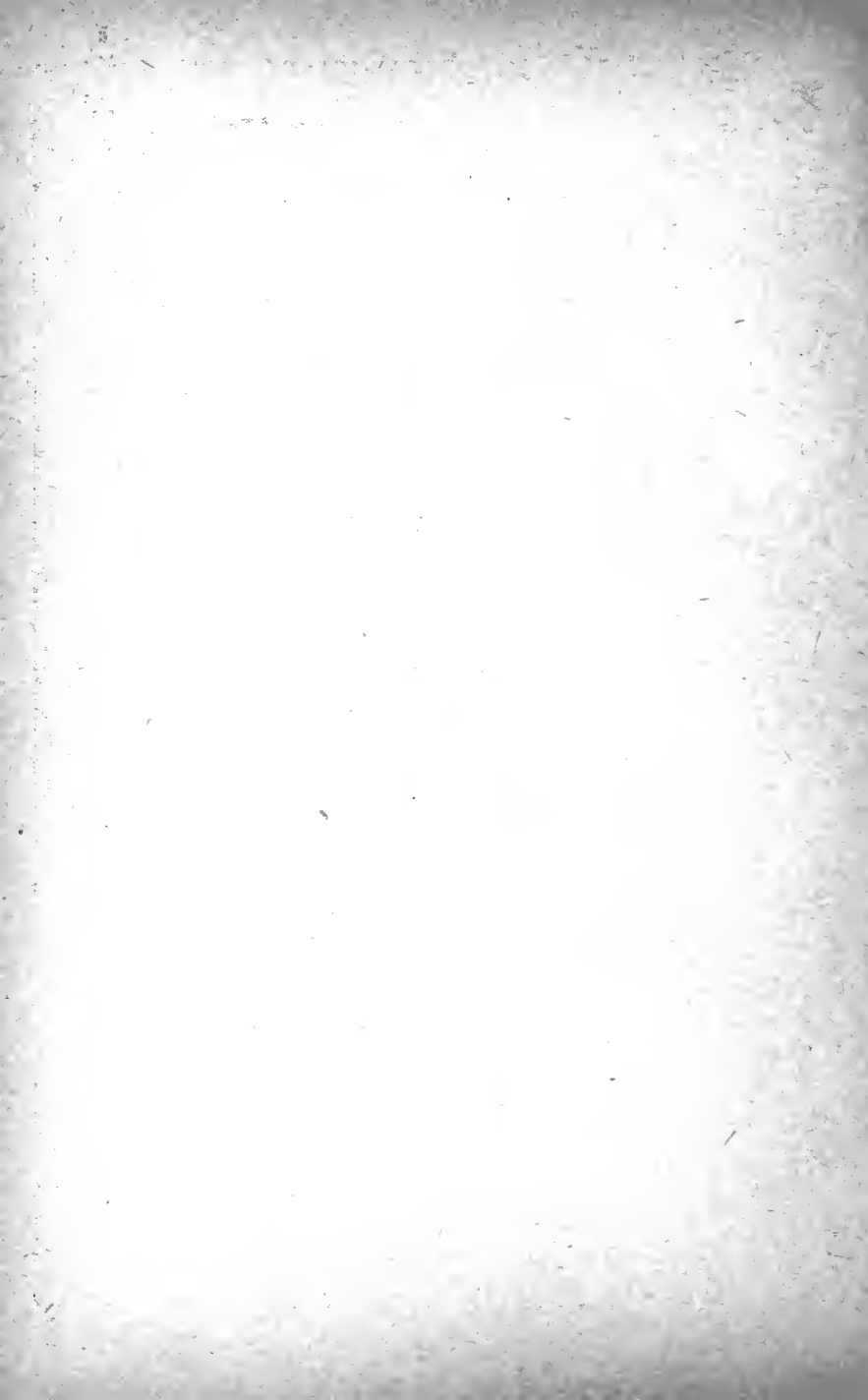
of whisperers, and reputations are torn to tatters, and evil suspicions are aroused, and scandals started, and the parliament of the family is blown to atoms by some Guy Fawkes who was not caught in time, as was his English predecessor of gunpowder reputation.

The reason is, that while in private homes families have so much to keep them busy, in these promiscuous and multitudinous residences there are so many who have nothing to do, and that always makes mischief. They gather in each other's rooms, and spend hours in consultation about others. If they had to walk a half mile before they got to the willing ear of some listener to detraction, they would get out of breath before reaching there, and not feel in full glow of animosity or slander, or might, because of the distance, not go at all. But rooms 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, are on the same corridor, and when one carrion crow goes "Caw! Caw!" all the other crows hear it, and flock together over the same carcass. "Oh. I have heard something rich! Sit down and let me tell you all about it." And the

first guffaw increases the gathering, and it has to be told all over again, and as they separate, each carries a spark from the altar of Gab to some other circle, until from the coal-heaver in the cellar to the maid in the top room of the garret, all are aware of the defamation, and that evening all who leave the house will bear it to other houses, until autumnal fires sweeping across Illinois prairies are less raging and swift than that flame of consuming reputation blazing across the village or city.

Those of us who were brought up in the country know that the old-fashioned hatching of eggs in the hay mow required four or five weeks of brooding, but there are new modes of hatching by machinery, which take less time and do the work in wholesale. So, while the private home may brood into life an occasional falsity, and take a long time to do it, many of the boarding-houses and family hotels afford a swifter and more multitudinous style of moral incubation, and one old gossip will get off the nest after one hour's brooding, clucking a flock of thirty lies after her, each one picking up its little worm of juicy regalement. It is no advantage to hear too much about your neighbors, for your time will be so much occupied in taking care of their faults that you will have no time to look after your own. And while you are pulling the chickweed out of their garden, yours will get all overgrown with horse sorrel and mullen stalks.





A WRONG TO CHILDREN.

One of the worst damages that comes from the herding of so many people into boarding-houses and family hotels is inflicted upon children. It is only another way of bringing them up on the commons. While you have your own private house you can, for the most part, control their companionship and their whereabouts; but by twelve years of age, in these public resorts, they will have picked up all the bad things that can be furnished by the prurient minds of dozens of people. They will overhear blasphemies, and see quarrels, and get precocious in sin, and what the bartender does not tell them the porter or hostler or bell-boy will.

Besides that, the children will go out into this world without the restraining, anchoring, steady-ing, and all-controlling memory of a home. From that none of us who have been blessed of such memory have escaped. It grips a man for eighty years, if he lives so long. It pulls him back from doors into which he otherwise would enter. It smites him with contrition in the very midst of his dissipations. As the fish already surrounded by

THE LONG WIDE NET

swim out to sea, thinking they can go as far as they please, and with gay toss of silvery scale they defy the sportsman on the beach, and after awhile the fishermen begin to draw in the net, hand over hand, and hand over hand, and it is a long while before the captured fins begin to feel the

net, and then they dart this way and that, hoping to get out, but find themselves approaching the shore, and are brought up to the very feet of the captors. So the memory of an early home sometimes seems to relax and let men out further and further from God, and further and further from shore—five years, ten years, twenty years, thirty years; but some day they find an irresistible mesh drawing them back, and they are compelled to retreat from their prodigality and wandering; and though they make desperate effort to escape the impression, and try to dive deeper down in sin, after a while are brought clear back and held upon the Rock of Ages.

If it be possible, O father and mother! let your sons and daughters go out into the world under the semi-omnipotent memory of a good, pure home. About your two or three rooms in a boarding-house or a family hotel you can cast no such glorious sanctity. They will think of these public caravansaries as an early stopping-place, malodorous with old victuals, coffees perpetually steaming, and meats in everlasting stew or broil, the air surcharged with carbonic acid, and corridors along which drunken boarders come staggering at one o'clock in the morning, rapping at the door till the affrighted wife lets them in. Do not be guilty of the sacrilege or blasphemy of calling such a place a home.

WHAT A HOME IS.

A home is four walls enclosing one family with identity of interest, and a privacy from outside

inspection so complete that it is a world in itself, no one entering except by permission—bolted and barred and chained against all outside inquisitiveness. The phrase so often used in law books and legal circles is mightily suggestive—every man's house is his castle. As much so as though it had drawbridge, portcullis, redoubt, bastion, and armed turret. Even the officer of the law may not enter to serve a writ, except the door be voluntarily opened unto him; burglary, or the invasion of it, a crime so offensive that the law clashes its iron jaws on any one who attempts it. Unless it be necessary to stay for longer or shorter time in family hotel or boarding house—and there are thousands of instances in which it is necessary, as I showed you at the beginning—unless in this exceptional case, let neither wife nor husband consent to such permanent residence.

HAZARDOUS TO MORALS.

The probability is that the wife will have to divide her husband's time with public smoking or reading-room, or with some coquetish spider in search of unwary flies; and if you do not entirely lose your husband it will be because he is divinely protected from the disasters that have overwhelmed thousands of husbands with as good intentions as yours. Neither should the husband, without imperative reason, consent to such a life unless he is sure his wife can withstand the temptation of social dissipation which sweeps across such places with the force of the Atlantic Ocean when driven by a September equinox. Many wives give up

their homes for these public residences so that they may give their entire time to operas, theaters, balls, receptions, and levees, and they are in a perpetual whirl, like a whip-top spinning round and round and round very prettily until it loses its equipoise, and shoots off into a tangent. But the difference is, in one case it is a top, and in the other a soul.

THE LARES AND PENATES.

Besides this there is an assiduous accumulation of little things around the private home which in the aggregate make a great attraction, while the denizen of one of these public residences is apt to say: "What is the use? I have no place to keep them if I should take them." Mementoes, bric-a-brac, curiosities, quaint chair or cosey lounge, upholsteries, pictures, and a thousand things that accrete in a home are discarded or neglected because there is no homestead in which to arrange them. And yet they are the case in which the pearl of domestic happiness is set. You can never become as attached to the appointments of a boarding-house or family hotel as to those things that you can call your own, and are associated with the different members of your household, or with scenes of thrilling import in your domestic history. Blessed is that home in which for a whole lifetime they have been gathering, until every figure in the carpet, and every panel of the door, and every casement of the window, has a chirography of its own, speaking out something about father or mother, or son or daughter, or

friend that was with us awhile. What a sacred place it becomes when one can say: "In that room such a one was born; in that bed such a one died; in that chair I sat on the night I heard such a one had received a great public honor; by that stool my child knelt for her last evening prayer; here I sat to greet my son as he came back from sea voyage; that was father's cane; that was mother's rocking-chair! What a joyful and pathetic congress of reminiscences!

HOSPITALITY CURTAILED.

The public residence of hotel and boarding house abolishes the grace of hospitality. Your guest does not want to come to such a table. No one wants to run such a gauntlet of acute and merciless hyper-criticism. Unless you have a home of your own you will not be able to exercise the best rewarded of all the graces. For exercise of this grace what blessing came to the Shunamite in the restoration of her son to life because she entertained Elisha, and to the widow of Zarephath in the perpetual oil well of the miraculous cruise because she fed a hungry prophet, and to Rahab in the preservation of her life at the demolition of Jericho because she entertained the spies, and to Laban in the formation of an interesting family relation because of his entertainment of Jacob, and to Lot in his rescue from the destroyed city because of his entertainment of the angels, and to Mary and Martha and Zaccheus in spiritual blessing because they entertained Christ, and to Publius in the island of Melita in the healing of his father be-

cause of the entertainment of Paul, drenched from the shipwreck, and of innumerable houses throughout Christendom upon which have come blessings from generation to generation because their doors swung easily open in the enlarging, ennobling, irradiating, and divine grace of hospitality. I do not know what your experience has been, but I have had men and women visiting at my house who left benedictions on every room—in the blessing they asked at the table, in the prayer they offered at the family altar, in the good advice they gave the children, in the gospelization that looked out from every lineament of their countenances; and their departure was the sword of bereavement.

The Queen of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark had a royal

CUP OF TEN CURVES,

or lips, each one having on it the name of the distinguished person who had drank from it. And that cup which we offer to others in Christian hospitality, though it be of the plainest earthenware, is a royal cup and God can read on all its sides the names of those who have taken from it refreshment. But all this is impossible unless you have a home of your own. It is the delusion as to what is necessary for a home that hinders so many from establishing one. Thirty rooms are not necessary, nor twenty, nor fifteen, nor ten, nor five, nor three. In the right way plant a table, and couch, and knife, and fork, and a cup, and a chair, and you can raise a

young paradise. Just start a home, on however small a scale, and it will grow. When King Cyrus was invited to dine with an humble friend, the king made the one condition of his coming, that the only dish be one loaf of bread, and the most imperial satisfactions have sometimes banqueted on the plainest fare.

Do not be caught in the delusion of many thousands in postponing a home until they can have an expensive one. That idea is the devil's trap that catches men and women innumerable who will never have any home at all. Capitalists of America build plain homes for the people. Let this tenement house system, in which hundreds of thousands of the people of our cities are wallowing in the mire, be broken up by small homes, where people can have their own firesides and their own altar. In this great continent there is room enough for every man and woman to have a home. Morals and civilization and religion demand it.

SMALL HOMES NEEDED.

We want done all over this land what George Peabody and Lady Burdett-Coutts did in England, and some of the large manufacturers of this country have done for the villages and cities, in building small houses at cheap rents, so that the middle classes can have separate homes. They are the only class not provided for. The rich have their palaces, and the poor have their poorhouses, and criminals have their jails; but what about the honest middle classes, who are

able and willing to work, and yet have small income? Let the capitalists, inspired of God and pure patriotism, rise and build whole streets of small residences. The laborer may have, at the close of the day, to walk or ride further than is desirable to reach it, but when he gets to his destination in the eventide, he will find something worthy of being called by that glorious and impassioned and heaven-descended word—"Home."

SOMETHING TO SAVE FOR.

Young married man, as soon as you can buy such a place, even if you have to put on it a mortgage reaching from base to capstone. The much-abused mortgage, which is ruin to a reckless man, to one prudent and provident is the beginning of a competency, and a fortune for the reason he will not be satisfied until he has paid it off, and all the household are put on stringent economies until then. Deny yourself all superfluities and all luxuries until you can say, "Everything in this house is mine, thank God! every timber, every brick, every foot of plumbing, every door-sill." Do not have your children born in a boarding-house, and do not yourself be buried from one. Have a place where your children can shout and sing and romp without being overhauled for the racket. Have a kitchen where you can do something toward the reformation of evil cookery and the lessening of this nation of dyspeptics. As Napoleon lost one of his great battles

by an attack of indigestion, so many men have such

A DAILY WRESTLE

with the food swallowed that they have no strength left for the battle of life; and though your wife may know how to play on all musical instruments and rival a prima donna, she is not well educated unless she can boil an Irish potato and broil a mutton-chop, since the diet sometimes decides the fate of families and nations.

Have a sitting-room with at least one easy-chair, even though you have to take turns at sitting in it, and books out of the public library or of your own purchase for the making of your family intelligent, and checker-boards and guessing matches, with an occasional blind man's buff, which is of all games my favorite. Rouse up your home with all styles of innocent mirth, and gather up in your children's nature a reservoir of exuberance that will pour down refreshing streams when life gets parched, and the dark days come, and the lights go out, and the laughter is smothered into a sob.

CHRIST IN THE HOME.

First, last, and all the time, have Christ in your home. Julius Cæsar calmed the fears of an affrighted boatman who was rowing him in a stream, by saying: "So long as Cæsar is with you in the same boat, no harm can happen." And whatever storm of adversity or bereavement, or poverty, may strike your home, all is well as long as you have Christ the King on board. Make

your home so far-reaching in its influence that down to the last moment of your children's life you may hold them with a heavenly charm. At seventy-six years of age the Demosthenes of the American Senate lay dying at Washington—I mean Henry Clay, of Kentucky. His pastor sat at his bed-side, and "the old man eloquent," after a long and exciting public life, trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic, was back again in the scenes of his boyhood, and he kept saying in his dream over and over again: "My mother! mother! mother!" May the parental influence we exert be not only potential but holy, and so the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather, and grandmother, and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

"One family we dwell in Him,
 One church above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream—
 The narrow stream of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now."

The Domestic Circle.

“Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.”—MARK v, 19.

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; all they want is only an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now the evangelist comes to us, and he practically says: “I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand, and beautiful, and glorious, in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle.”

EVERY MAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailer of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an

Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God; and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after a while gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: "Lord, what wilt thou have me now and here to do?"

WHAT A HOME IS.

There is one word in my text around which the most of our thoughts will this morning revolve. That word is "Home." Ask ten different men the meaning of that word, and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair. Peace hovering like wings. Joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows.

Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want, looking out of a cheerless fire-grate, kneading hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that door-sill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an un-

adding funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death agony of despair.

The word "Home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "Home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak to you this morning of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven.

And in the first place I remark, that home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is in dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage, and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public *character turned wrong side out*. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild, and courteous, and genial, and good-natured in commercial life, damning back their irritability, and their petulance, and their discontent; but at night-fall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

HOME MANNERS.

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop with myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as

bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window to a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres who, in a cowardly way, takes his anger and his petulance home, and drops them on the domestic circle.

The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest. It does not pay. Or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the right price, lest it depreciate the value. As at sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero with respect to their slippers and their gown.

AUDUBON'S GREATNESS.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript, and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and pencil, and visited

again all the great forests of America, and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten thousandth part of that loss who are utterly unreconcilable, who at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment will blow as long and sharp as a northeast storm.

Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent over-issue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation with no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

HOME A REFUGE.

Again, I remark that home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack, we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories, and the surprises, and the attacks of the day, seated by the still camp-fire of the home circle!

Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts, and torn sails, and hulk aleak, we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor. There we go for repairs in *the dry dock of quiet life*. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the "Narrows" take the hand of ships. The door-sill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen.

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances, and exasperations, and troubles. Forlorn earth pilgrim! no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter, and grander, and more glorious than this world with no tent for marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place of rest from this scene of greed, and gouge, and loss, and gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home.

A POLITICAL SAFEGUARD.

Further, I remark, that home is a political safeguard. The safety of the State must be built on the safety of the home. Why cannot France come to a placid republic? Ever and anon there is a threat of national capsize. France as a nation has not the right kind of a Christian home. The Christian hearthstone is the only corner-stone for

a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the State. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the State adhere. "No home" means the Goths and Vandals, means the Nomads of Asia, means the Numideans of Africa, changing from place to place, according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those Babels of iniquity which would overthrow and destroy the home. The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sails will sink the frigate of the constitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defense. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments of safety and triumph. No home; no republic.

AS A SCHOOL.

Further, I remark, that home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plough, and it must be harrowed and re-harrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation, all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger and every uncontrolable display of indignation will be fuel

to their disposition twenty, or thirty, or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this.

You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror. Words and deeds and example are the seed of character, and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents. Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the ancestral line; but Herod begat Archelaus, so iniquity is transmitted. What vast responsibility comes upon parents in view of this subject.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth, if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue, and rectitude, and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and the "The Children Amid Flowers," and "The Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing."

CHEERFUL HOMES.

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap, and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there was nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming-bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only a bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness, and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes of my congregation the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the Day of Judgment, with reference to your children. It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the

tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says He will pour out His fury upon the families that call not upon His name. O parents, when you are dead and gone, and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness?

CHILDREN'S CURSES.

Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal soul, on their death-bed and in their Day of Judgment they will curse you. Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved ones. Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song or turning it into a groan.

My mind runs back to one of the best of early homes. Prayer, like a roof, over it. Peace, like an atmosphere, in it. Parents, personifications of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long ago crumbled to dust. But shall I ever forget that early home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun

that warms it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar and memory has emptied his urn into forgetfulness. Then, the home of my childhood, I will forget thee! the family altar of a father's importunity and a mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the funerals of our dead father and mother, with interlocked arms like intertwining branches of trees making a perpetual arbor of love, and peace, and kindness—then I will forget them—then and only then. You know, my brother, that a hundred times you have been kept out of sin by the memory of such a scene as I have been describing. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you, a man who has had such a good home as that never gets over it, and a man who has had a bad early home never gets over it.

Again, I remark, that home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left His home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent Himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world had ever hailed ~~beaveu~~, and so far as we know heaven had never hailed any other world. I think that the win-

dows and the balconies were thronged, and that the pearl-beach was crowded with those who had come to see Him sail out the harbor of light into the ocean beyond.

THE EXILE.

Out, and out, and out, and on, and on, and on, and down, and down, and down, He sped, until one night, with only one to greet Him, He arrived, His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet, that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation that something grand and glorious had happened? Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds, I question the camel drivers, I question the angels. I have found out! He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles—Abraham an exile from Ur of the Chaldees; John an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko an exile from Poland; Mazzini an exile from Rome; Emmett an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo an exile from France; Kossuth an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even an hostler went out with his lantern to help Him in—that He is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated one of earth or heaven.

HOMESICKNESS.

It is ninety-five million miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the small wheels of

the great machinery of the universe, turning round some one great center, the center so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation, and if, as some think, that great center in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when He came here. Have you ever thought of the homesickness of Christ? Some of you know what homesickness is, when you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was thirty-three years away from home. Some of you feel homesickness when you are a hundred or a thousand miles away from the domestic circle. Christ was more millions of miles away from home than you could calculate if all your life you did nothing but calculate. You know what it is to be homesick even amid pleasurable surroundings; but Christ slept in huts, and he was athirst, and he was a-hungered, and He was on the way from being born in another man's barn to being buried in another man's grave. I have read how the Swiss, when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their national air get so homesick that they fall into melancholy, and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But, oh, the homesickness of Christ! Poverty homesick for celestial riches. Persecution homesick for hosanna. Weariness homesick for rest. Homesick for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesick to go out of the night, and the storm, and the world's execration, and all that homesickness suffered to get us home.

THE HOME-GATHERING.

At our best estate we are only pilgrims and strangers here. "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday times to gather their children home again. But I have noticed that there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our Heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in heaven! And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only through a glass darkly; now it is face to face; corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of Death while they passed through dry shod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion, do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home. Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home. Let the world die in earthquake struggle, and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home. Let everlasting ages roll irresistible sweep. Home. No sorrow, no crying, no tears, no death. But home, sweet home, home, beauti-

ful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with God.

A DREAM.

One night lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp, and hilarity, and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine or swelter at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship, and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me:

"WE HAVE NO POOR."

in this country." And then I wandered out to

find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold; but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered, and I sat down under the branches of a great tree, and I said: "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?"

And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step; and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted: "Welcome, welcome," the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. . And I looked around, and said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded: "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing "Home, home, home, home!"

Sisters and Brothers.

“And his sister stood afar off to know what would become of him.”—Ex. ii, 4.

Princess Thermutis, daughter of Pharaoh, looking out through the lattice of her bathing-house, on the banks of the Nile, saw a curious boat on the river. It had neither oar nor helm, and they would have been useless anyhow. There was only one passenger, and that a baby boy. But the Mayflower that brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America carried not so precious a load. The boat was made of the broad leaves of papyrus tightened together by bitumen. Boats were sometimes made of that material, as we learn from Pliny, and Herodotus, and Theophrastus.

MIRIAM'S VIGIL.

“Kill every Hebrew boy when he is born,” had been Pharaoh's order. To save her son, Jochebed, the mother of little Moses, had put him in that queer boat and launched him. His sister Miriam stood on the bank watching that craft with its precious burden. She was far enough off not to draw attention to the boat, but near enough to offer protection. There she stands on the bank. Miriam the poetess, Miriam the quick-witted, Miriam the faithful, though very human, for in after time she became so mad with that very

brother for marrying a woman she did not like, that she made a great family row, and was struck with leprosy.

Miriam was a splendid sister, but had her faults, like all the rest of us. How carefully she watched the boat containing her brother! A strong wind might upset it. The buffaloes often found there might, in a sudden plunge of thirst, sink it. Some ravenous water-fowl might swoop, and pick his eyes out with iron beak. Some crocodile or hippopotamus crawling through the rushes might craunch the babe. Miriam watched and watched, until Princess Thermutis, a maiden on each side of her, holding palm leaves over her head to shelter her from the sun, came down and entered her bathing-house. When from the lattice she saw that boat she ordered it brought, and when the leaves were pulled back from the face of the child and the boy looked up, he cried aloud, for he was hungry and frightened, and would not even let the princess take him. The infant would rather stay hungry than acknowledge any one of the court as mother.

AN ADROIT MAIDEN.

Now Miriam, the sister, incognito, no one suspecting her relation to the child, leaps from the bank and rushes down and offers to get a nurse to pacify the child. Consent is given, she brings Jochebed, the baby's mother, incognito, not sure of the court knowing that she was the mother, and when Jochebed arrived, the child stopped crying, for its fright was calmed and its hunger ap-

peased. You may admire Jochebed, the mother, and all the ages may admire Moses, but I clap my hands in applause at the behavior of Miriam, the faithful, brilliant, and strategic sister!

“Go home,” some one might have said to Miriam. “Why risk yourself out there alone on the banks of the Nile, breathing the miasma and in danger of being attacked of wild beast or ruffian; go home!” Nō; Miriam, the sister, most lovingly watched and bravely defended Moses, the brother. Is he worthy her care and courage? Oh, yes! the sixty centuries of the world’s history have never had so much involved in the arrival of any ship at any port as in the landing of that papyrus boat calked with bitumen. Its one passenger was to be *a non-such in history*. Lawyer, statesman, politician, legislator, organizer, conqueror, deliverer.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

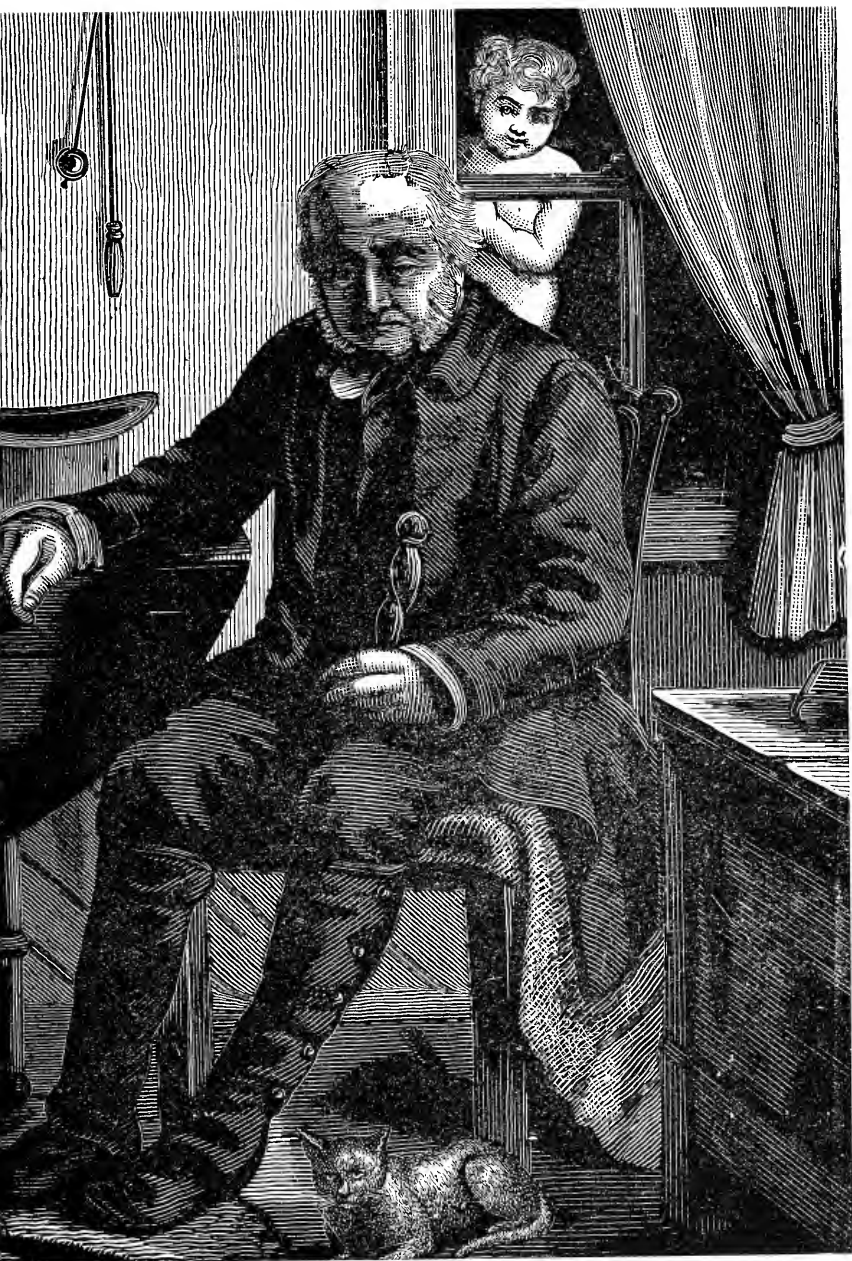
He had such remarkable beauty in childhood that Josephus says when he was carried along the road people stopped to gaze at him, and workmen would leave their work to admire him. When the king playfully put his crown upon this boy, he threw it off indignantly, and put his foot on it. The king, fearing that this might be a sign that the child might yet take down his crown, applied another test. According to the Jewish legend, the king ordered two bowls to be put before the child, one containing rubies, and the other burning coals. And if he took the coals he was to live, and if he took the rubies he was to die. For some reason the child took one

of the coals, and put it in his mouth, so that his life was spared, although it burned the tongue till he was indistinct of utterance ever after. Having come to manhood, he spread open the palms of his hands in prayer and the Red Sea parted to let two million five hundred thousand people escape. And he put the palms of his hands together in prayer, and the Red Sea closed on a strangulated host.

UNIQUE BURIAL.

His life was unutterably grand, his burial must be on the same scale. God would let neither man nor saint, nor archangel have anything to do with weaving for him a shroud or digging for him a grave. The omnipotent God left His throne in heaven one day, and if the question was asked, "Whither is the King of the Universe going?" the answer was, "I am going down to bury Moses." And the Lord took this mightiest of men to the top of a hill, and the day was clear, and Moses ran his eye over the magnificent range of country. Here, the valley of Esdraelon, where the final battle of all nations is to be fought; and yonder, the mountains Hermon, and Lebanon, and Gerizim, and hills of Judea; and the village of Bethlehem there, and the city of Jericho yonder, and the vast stretch of landscape that almost took the old lawgiver's breath away as he looked at it.

And then, without a pang, as I learn from the statement that the eye of Moses was undimmed, and his natural force unabated, God touched the



great lawgiver's eyes and they closed; and his lungs, and they ceased; and his heart, and it stopped; and commanded, saying: "To the skies, thou immortal spirit!" And then one divine hand was put against the back of Moses, and the other hand against the pulseless breast, and God laid him softly down on Mount Nebo, and then the lawgiver, lifted in the Almighty's arms, was carried to the opening of a cave and placed in crypt, and one stroke of the divine hand smoothed the features into an everlasting calm, and a rock was rolled to the door, and the only obsequies at which God did all the offices of priest, and undertaker, and grave-digger, and mourner, were ended.

THE WORLD INDEBTED.

Oh, was not Miriam, the sister of Moses, doing a good thing, an important thing, a glorious thing, when she watched the boat woven of river plants and made water-tight with asphaltum, carrying its one passenger? Did she not put all the ages of time and of a coming eternity under obligation, when she defended her helpless brother from the perils aquatic, reptilian, and ravenous? She it was who brought that wonderful babe and his mother together so that he was reared to be the deliverer of his nation, when otherwise, if saved at all from the rushes of the Nile, he would have been only one more of the God-defying Pharaohs; for, Princess Thermutis, of the bathing-house, would have inherited the crown of Egypt, and as she had no child of her own, this

adopted child would have come to coronation. Had there been no Miriam there would have been no Moses. What a garland for faithful sisterhood!

For how many a lawgiver, and how many a hero, and how many a deliverer, and how many a saint, are this world and the Church indebted to a watchful, loving, faithful, godly sister? Come up out of the farm-houses, come up out of the inconspicuous homes! Come up from the banks of the Hudson, and the Penobscot, and the Savannah, and the Mobile, and the Mississippi, and all the other Niles of America, and let us see you, the Miriams who watched and protected the leaders in law and medicine, and merchandise, and art, and agriculture, and mechanics, and religion.

If I should ask all these physicians, and attorneys, and merchants, and ministers of religion, and successful men of all professions and trades, who are indebted to an elder sister for good influences, and perhaps for an education or a prosperous start, to rise, they would rise by the hundreds. God knows how many of our Greek lexicons and how much of our schooling was paid for by money that would otherwise have gone for the replenishing of a sister's wardrobe. While the brother sailed off for a resounding sphere, the sister watched him from the banks of self-denial.

THE ELDER SISTER'S POWER.

Miriam was the oldest of the family, Moses and Aaron, her brothers, are younger. Oh, the power of the elder sister to help decide the brother's

character for usefulness and for heaven ! She can keep off from her brother more evils than Miriam could have driven back water-fowls or crocodile from the ark of bulrushes. The older sister decides the direction in which the cradle-boat shall sail. By gentleness, by good sense, by Christian principle, she can turn it toward the palace, not of a wicked Pharaoh, but of a holy God ; and a brighter princess than Thermutis shall lift him out of peril, even religion, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

HER TOILSOME LIFE.

The older sister, how much the world owes her. Born while yet the family was in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of her younger brothers. And if there is anything that excites my sympathy it is a little girl lugging round a great fat child, and getting her ears boxed because she cannot keep him quiet. By the time she gets to young womanhood she is pale and worn out, and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity, and she is consigned to celibacy, and society calls her by an ungallant name, but in heaven they call her Miriam.

In most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last, the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet. Among the grandest equipages that sweep through the streets of heaven will be those oc-

cupied by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will have the finest of the Apocalyptic white horses, and many who on earth looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass.

HELP TO MAKE MEN.

Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for six thousand years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes to-day are piloted by brothers. There are properties now well invested and yielding income for the support of sisters and younger brothers, because the older brother rose to the leadership from the day the father laid down to die. Whatever you do for your brother will come back to you again. If you set him an ill-natured, censorious, unaccommodating example, it will recoil upon you from his own irritated and despoiled nature. If you, by patience with all his infirmities and by nobility of character, dwell with him

in the few years of your companionship, you will have your counsels reflected back upon you some day by his splendor of behavior in some crisis where he would have failed but for you.

TEASING A FAMILY CURSE.

Don't snub him. Don't depreciate his ability. Don't talk discouragingly about his future. Don't let Miriam get down off the bank of the Nile, and wade out and upset the ark of bulrushes. Don't tease him. Brothers and sisters do not consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest and most devilish. There is a teasing that is pleasurable, and is only another form of innocent raillery, but that which provokes, and irritates, and makes the eye flash with anger, is to be reprehended. It would be less blameworthy to take a bunch of thorns and draw them across your sister's cheek, or to take a knife and draw its sharp edge across your brother's hand till the blood spurts, for that would damage only the body, but teasing is the thorn and the knife, scratching and lacerating the disposition and the soul. It is the curse of innumerable households that the brothers tease the sisters, and the sisters the brothers. Sometimes it is the color of the hair, or the shape of the features, or an affair of the heart. Sometimes it is by revealing a secret, or by a suggestive look, or a guffaw, or an "Ahem!" Tease! Tease! Tease! For God's sake quit it. Christ says, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Now, when you, by teasing, make your brother or

sister hate, you turn him or her into a murderer or murderess.

BEWARE OF JEALOUSY.

Don't let jealousy ever touch a sister's soul, as it so often does, because her brother gets more honor or more means. Even Miriam, the heroine of the text, was struck by that evil passion of jealousy. She had possessed unlimited influence over Moses, and now he marries, and not only so but marries a black woman from Ethiopia, and Miriam is so disgusted and outraged at Moses, first, because he had married at all, and next because he had practiced miscegenation, that she is drawn into a frenzy, and then begins to turn white, and gets white as a corpse, and then whiter than a corpse. Her complexion is like chalk: the fact is, she has the Egyptian leprosy. And now the brother whom she had defended on the Nile comes to her rescue in a prayer that brings her restoration.

Let there be no room in all your house for jealousy, either to sit or stand. It is a *leprous abomination*. Your brothers' success, oh sisters, is your success. His victories will be your victories; for, while Moses the brother led the vocal music after the crossing of the Red Sea, Miriam, the sister, with two glittering sheets of brass uplifted and glittering in the sun, led the instrumental music, clapping the cymbals till the last frightened neigh of pursuing cavalry horse was smothered in the war, and the last Egyptian helmet went under

FAMILY QUARRELS.

How strong it makes a family when all the sisters and brothers stand together, and what an awful wreck when they disintegrate, quarreling about a father's will and making the surrogate's office horrible with their wrangle. Better when you were little children in the nursery that with your playhouse mallets you had accidentally killed each other fighting across your cradle, than that, having come to the age of maturity, and having in your veins and arteries the blood of the same father and mother, you fight each other across the parental grave in the cemetery.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

If you only knew it your interests are identical. Of all the families of the earth that ever stood together, perhaps the most conspicuous is the family of the Rothschilds. As Mayer Anselm Rothschild was about to die in 1812, he gathered his children about him, Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles and James, and made them promise that they would always be united on 'Change. Obeying that injunction they have been the mightiest commercial power on earth, and at the raising or lowering of their sceptre, nations have risen or fallen. That illustrates how much on a large scale, and for selfish purposes, a united family may achieve. But suppose that, instead of a magnitude of dollars as the object, it be doing good and making salutary impression, and raising this sunken world, how much more ennobling. Sister, you do your part, and brother

will do his part. If Miriam will lovingly watch the boat on the Nile, Moses will help her when leprous disasters strike.

THE FAMILY BOND.

When father and mother are gone, and they soon will be, if they have not already made exit, the sisterly and fraternal bond will be the only ligament that will hold the family together. How many reasons for your deep and unfaltering affection for each other. Rocked in the same cradle; bent over by the same motherly tenderness; toiled for by the same father's weary arm and aching brow; with common inheritance of all the family secrets; and with names given you by parents who started you with the highest hopes for your happiness and prosperity—I charge you, be loving and kind and forgiving. If the sister see that the brother never wants a sympathizer, the brother will see that the sister never wants an escort.

Oh, if the sisters of a household knew through what terrific and damning temptations their brother goes in this city life, they would hardly sleep nights in the anxiety for his salvation. And if you would make a holy conspiracy of kind words and gentle attentions and earnest prayers, that would save his soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. But let the sister dash off in one direction in discipleship of the world, and the brother flee off in another direction in dissipation, and it will not be long before they will meet again at the iron gate of Despair, their blistered feet in the hot ashes of a consumed lifetime. Alas,

that brothers and sisters, though living together for years, very often do not know each other, and that they see only the imperfections and none of the virtues.

A RUSSIAN BANQUET.

General Bauer, of the Russian cavalry, had in early life wandered off in the army, and the family supposed he was dead. After he gained a fortune he encamped one day in Husam, his native place, and made a banquet, and among the great military men who were to dine, he invited a plain miller and his wife, who lived near by, and who, affrighted, came, fearing some harm would be done them. The miller and his wife were placed one on each side of the general at the table. The general asked the miller all about his family, and the miller said that he had two brothers and a sister. "No other brothers?" "My younger brother went off with the army many years ago, and no doubt was long ago killed." Then the general said: "Soldiers, I am this man's younger brother whom he thought was dead." And how loud was the cheer, and how warm was the embrace.

Brother and sister, you need as much of an introduction to each other as they did. You do not know each other. You think your brother is grouty and cross and queer, and he thinks you are selfish and proud and unlovely. Both wrong. That brother will be a prince in some woman's eyes, and that sister a queen in the estimation of some man. That brother is a magnificent fellow,

and that sister is a morning in June. Come, let me introduce you: "Moses, this is Miriam." "Miriam, this is Moses." Add seventy-five per cent. to your present appreciation of each other, and when you kiss good morning do not stick up your cold cheek, wet from the recent washing, as though you hated to touch each other's lips in affectionate caress. Let it have all the fondness and cordiality of a loving sister's kiss.

BE AGREEABLE.

Make yourselves as agreeable and helpful to each other as possible, remembering that soon you part. The few years of boyhood and girlhood will soon slip by, and you will go out to homes of your own, and into the battle with the world and amid ever changing vicissitudes, and on paths crossed with graves, and up steps hard to climb, and through shadowy ravines. But oh, my God and Saviour, may the terminus of the journey be the same as the start, namely, at father's and mother's knee, if they have inherited the kingdom. Then, as in boyhood and girlhood days, we rushed in after the day's absence with much to tell of exciting adventure, and father and mother enjoyed the recital as much as we who made it, so we shall on the hillside of heaven rehearse to them all the scenes of our earthly expedition, and they shall welcome us home, as we say: "Father and mother, we have come, and brought our children with us." The old revival hymn described it with glorious repetition,

“Brothers and sisters there will meet,
Brothers and sisters there will meet,
Brothers and sisters there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.”

I read of a child in the country who was detained at a neighbor's house on a stormy night by some fascinating stories that were being told him, and then looked out and saw it was so dark he did not dare go home. The incident impressed me the more because in my childhood I had much the same experience. The boy asked his comrades to go with him, but they dared not. It got later and later—seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock. “Oh,” he said, “I wish I were home!” As he opened the door the last time a blinding flash of the storm and a deafening roar overcame him. But after a while he saw in the distance a lantern, and lo! his brother was coming to fetch him home, and the lad stepped out and with swift feet hastened on to his brother who took him home, where they were so glad to greet him, and for a long time supper had been waiting. So may it be when the night of death comes and our earthly friends cannot go with us, and we dare not go alone; may our Brother, our Elder Brother, our Friend, closer than a brother, come out to meet us with the light of the promises, which shall be a lantern to our feet, and then we will go in to join our loved ones waiting for us, supper all ready, the marriage supper of the Lamb.

The Children's Patrimony.

"Whose son art thou, thou young man?"—1 Sam. xvii, 58.

Never was there a more unequal fight than that between David and Goliath. David five feet high; Goliath ten. David a shepherd boy, brought up amid rural scenes; Goliath a warrior by profession. Goliath a mountain of braggadocia; David a marvel of humility. Goliath armed with an iron spear, David armed with a sling with smooth stones from the brook. But you are not to despise these latter weapons. There was a regiment of slingers in the Assyrian army and a regiment of slingers in the Egyptian army, and they made terrible execution, and they could cast a stone with as much precision and force as now can be hurled shot or shell. The Greeks in their army had slingers who would throw leaden plummetts inscribed with the irritating words, "Take this!" So it was a mighty weapon David employed in that famous combat.

A Jewish rabbi says that the probability is that Goliath was in such contempt for David, that in a paroxysm of laughter he threw his head back, and his helmet fell off, and David saw the uncovered forehead, and his opportunity had come, and taking this sling and swinging it around his head two or three times, and aiming at that un-

covered forehead, he crushed it in like an egg-shell. The battle over,

BEHOLD A TABLEAU :

King Saul sitting, little David standing, his fingers clutched into the hair of decapitated Goliath. As Saul sees David standing there holding in his hand the ghastly, reeking, staring trophy, evidence of the complete victory over God's enemies, the king wonders what parentage was honored by such heroism, and in my text he asks David his pedigree : "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

The king saw what you and I see, that this question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more

I BELIEVE IN BLOOD

—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference.

ROYAL RASCALS.

The large lip of the House of Austria is seen in

all the generations, and is called the Hapsburg lip. The House of Stuart always means in all generations cruelty and bigotry and sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I and Charles II. Witness James I and James II, and all *the other scoundrels of that imperial line.*

Scottish blood means persistence, English blood means reverence for the ancient, Welsh blood means religiosity, Danish blood means fondness for the sea, Indian blood means roaming disposition, Celtic blood means fervidity, Roman blood means conquest.

The Jewish facility for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says, "he was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same

FAMILY CHARACTERISTICS.

Some families are characterized by longevity, and they have a tenacity of life positively Methuselahish. Others are characterized by Goliathian stature, and you can see it for one generation, two generations, five generations, in all the generations. Vigorous theology runs on in the line of the Alexanders. Tragedy runs on in the family of the Kembles. Literature runs on in the line of the Trollopes. Philanthropy runs on in the line of the Wilberforces. Statesmanship runs on in the line of the Adamses. Henry and Catharine of Navarre religious, all their families religious. The celebrated family of the Casini, all mathematicians. The celebrated family of the Medici—grandfather, son and Catharine—all remarkable

for keen intellect. The celebrated family of Gustavus Adolphus, all warriors.

This law of heredity asserts itself without reference to social or political condition, for you sometimes find the ignoble in high place and the honorable in obscure place. A descendant of Edward I a toll-gatherer. A descendant of Edward III a door-keeper. A descendant of the Duke of Northumberland a trunk-maker. Some of the mightiest families of England are extinct, while some of those most honored in the peerage go back to an ancestry of hard knuckles and rough exterior. This law of heredity entirely independent of social or political condition.

Then you find avarice and jealousy and sensuality and fraud having full swing in some families. The violent temper of Frederick William is the inheritance of Frederick the Great. It is not a theory to be set forth by worldly philosophy only, but by divine authority. Do you not remember how the Bible speaks of "a chosen generation," of "the generation of the righteous," of "the generation of vipers," of an "untoward generation," of "a stubborn generation," of "the iniquity of the past visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation?" So that the text comes to-day with the force of a projectile hurled from mightiest catapult, "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

"Well," says some one, "that theory discharges me from all responsibility. Born of sanctified parents we are bound to be good and we cannot

help ourselves. Born of unrighteous parentage we are bound to be evil and we cannot help ourselves."

TWO INACCURACIES.

As much as if you should say, "the centripetal force in nature has a tendency to bring everything to the center, and therefore all things come to the center. The centrifugal force in nature has a tendency to throw out everything to the periphery, and therefore everything will go out to the periphery." You know as well as I know that you can make the centripetal overcome the centrifugal, and you can make the centrifugal overcome the centripetal. As when there is a mighty tide of good in a family that may be overcome by determination to evil, as in the case of Aaron Burr, the libertine, who had for father President Burr, the consecrated; as in the case of Pierrepont Edwards, the scourge of New York society seventy years ago, who had a Christian ancestry; while on the other hand some of the best men and women of this day are those who have come of an ancestry of which it would not be courteous to speak in their presence.

YOUR DUTY.

The practical and useful object of this sermon is to show to you that if you have come of a Christian ancestry, then you are solemnly bound to preserve and develop the glorious inheritance; or if you have come of a depraved ancestry, then it is your duty to brace yourself against the evil tendency by all prayer and Christian determination,

and you are to find out what are the family frailties, and in arming the castle put the strongest guard at the weakest gate. With these smooth stones from the brook I hope to strike you, not where David struck Goliath, in the head, but where Nathan struck David, in the heart. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?"

There is something in the periodical holidays to bring up

THE OLD FOLKS.

Sometime in the winter holiday, when we are accustomed to gather our families together, old times have come back again, and our thoughts have been set to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The old folks were so busy at such times in making us happy, and perhaps on less resource made their sons and daughters happier than you on larger resource are able to make your sons and daughters happy. The snow lay two feet above their graves, but they shook off the white blankets and mingled in the holiday festivities—the same wrinkles, the same stoop of shoulder under the weight of age, the same old style of dress or coat, the same smile, the same tones of voice. I hope you remember them before they went away. If not, I hope there are those who have recited to you what they were, and that there may be in your house some article of dress or furniture with which you associate their memories. I want to arouse the most sacred memories of your heart while I make the impassioned interrogatory in

regard to your pedigree : " Whose son art thou, thou young man ?"

I. First, I accost all those who are descended of a

CHRISTIAN ANCESTRY.

I do not ask if your parents were perfect. There are *no perfect people now*, and I do not suppose there were any perfect people then. Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved, and perhaps a little more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to acknowledge, I think, that they wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversations and from what you saw at the family altar and at neighborhood obsequies, you know that they had invited God into their heart and life. There was something that sustained those old people supernaturally. You have no doubt about their destiny. You expect if you ever get to heaven to meet them as certainly as you expect to meet the Lord Jesus Christ.

That early association has been a charm for you. There was a time when you got right up from a house of iniquity and walked out into the fresh air because you thought your mother was looking at you. You have never been very happy in sin because of a sweet old face that would present itself. Tremulous voices from the past accosted you until they were seemingly audible, and you looked around to see who spoke. There

was an estate not mentioned in the last will and testament, a vast estate of prayer and holy example and Christian entreaty and glorious memory. The survivors of the family gathered to hear the will read, and this was to be kept, and that was to be sold, and it was share and share alike. But there was

AN UNWRITTEN WILL

that read something like this: "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, bequeath to my children all my prayers for their salvation; I bequeath to them all the results of a lifetime's toil; I bequeath to them the Christian religion which has been so much comfort to me, and I hope may be solace for them; I bequeath to them a hope of re-union when the partings of life are over; share and share alike may they have in eternal riches. I bequeath to them the wish that they may avoid my errors and copy anything that may have been worthy. In the name of God who made me, and the Christ who redeemed me, and the Holy Ghost who sanctified me, I make this my last will and testament. Witness, all ye hosts of heaven. Witness, time; witness, eternity. Signed, sealed, and delivered in this our dying hour. Father and Mother."

You did not get that will proved at the surrogate's office; but I take it out to-day and I read it to you; I take it out of the alcoves of your heart; I shake the dust off it; I ask you will you accept that inheritance, or will you break the will? O ye of Christian ancestry, you have a re-

sponsibility vast beyond all measurement! God will not let you off with just being as good as ordinary people when you had such extraordinary advantage. Ought not a flower planted in a hot-house be more thrifty than a flower planted outside in the storm? Ought not a factory turned by the Housatonic do more work than a factory turned by a thin and shallow mountain stream? Ought not you of great early opportunity be better than those who had a cradle unblessed?

THE CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

A father sets his son up in business. He keeps an account of all the expenditures. So much for store fixtures, so much for rent, so much for this, so much for that, and all the items aggregated, and the father expects the son to give an account. Your heavenly Father charges against you all the advantages of a pious ancestry—so many prayers, so much Christian example, so many kind entreaties—all these gracious influences one tremendous aggregate, and He asks you for an account of it.

Ought not you to be better than those who had no such advantages? Better have been a foundling picked up off the city commons than with such magnificent inheritance of consecration to turn out indifferently.

Ought not you, my brother, to be better, having had Christian nurture, than that man who can truly say this morning: "The first word I remember my father speaking to me was an oath; the first time I remember my father taking hold

of me was in wrath; I never saw a Bible till I was ten years of age, and then I was told it was a pack of lies. The first twenty years of my life I was associated with the vicious. I seemed to be walled in by sin and death." Now, my brother, ought you not—I leave it as a matter of fairness with you—ought you not to be far better than those who had no early Christian influence?

Standing as you do between the generation that is past and the generation that is to come, are you going to pass the blessing on, or are you going to have your life the gulf in which that tide of blessing shall drop out of sight forever? You are

THE TRUSTEE OF PIETY

in that ancestral line, and are you going to augment or squander that solemn trust fund? Are you going to disinherit your sons and daughters of the heirloom which your parents left you? Ah! that cannot be possible, that cannot be possible that you are going to take such a position as that. You are very careful about the life insurances, and careful about the deeds, and careful about the mortgages, and careful about the title of your property, because when you step off the stage you want your children to get it all. Are you making no provision that they shall get grandfather and grandmother's religion? Oh, what a last will and testament you are making, my brother! "In the name of God, Amen. I, being of sound mind, make this my

last will and testament. I bequeath to my children all the money I ever made and all the houses I own; but I disinherit them, I rob them of the ancestral grace and the Christian influence that I inherited. I have squandered that on my own worldliness. Share and share alike must they in the misfortune and the everlasting outrage. Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of God and men and angels and devils and all the generations of earth and heaven and hell, March, 1886."

O ye of highly favored ancestry, wake up this morning to a sense of your opportunity and your responsibility. I think there must be

AN OLD CRADLE,

or a fragment of a cradle somewhere that could tell a story of midnight supplication in your behalf. Where is the old rocking-chair in which you were sung to sleep with the holy nursery rhyme? Where is the old clock that ticked away the moments of that sickness on that awful night when there were but three of you awake—you and God and mother? Is there not an old staff in some closet? is there not an old family Bible on some shelf that seems to address you, saying: "My son, my daughter, how can you reject that God who so kindly dealt with us all our lives and to whom we commended you in our prayers living and dying! By the memory of the old homestead, by the family altar, by our dying pillow, by the graves in which our bodies sleep while our spirits hover, we beg you to turn

over a new leaf for the new year." Oh, the power of ancestral piety, well illustrated by a young man of New York who attended a prayer-meeting one night and asked for prayer, and then went home and wrote down these words:

AN ENTRY IN A DIARY.

"Twenty-five years ago to-night my mother went to heaven, my beautiful, blessed mother, and I have been alone, tossed up and down upon the billows of life's tempestuous ocean. Shall I ever go to heaven? She told me I must meet her in heaven. When she took her boy's hand in hers and turned her gentle, loving eyes on me, and gazed earnestly and long into my face, and then lifted them to heaven in that last prayer, she prayed that I might meet her in heaven. I wonder if I ever shall?

"*My mother's prayers!* Oh, my sweet, blessed mother's prayers! Did ever boy have such a mother as I had? For twenty-five years I have not heard her pray until to-night. I have heard all her prayers over again. They have had, in fact, a terrible resurrection. Oh, how she was wont to pray! She prayed as they prayed to-night, so earnest, so importunate, so believing. Shall I ever be a Christian? She was a Christian. Oh, how bright and pure and happy was her life! She was a cheerful and happy Christian. There is

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

I have not opened it for years. Did she believe I could ever neglect her precious Bible? She

surely thought I would read it much and often. How often has she read it to me. Blessed mother, did you pray in vain for your boy? It shall not be in vain. Ah! no, no, it shall not be in vain. I will pray for myself. Who has sinned against so much instructions as I have? against so many precious prayers put up to heaven for me by one of the most lovely, tender, pious, confiding, trusting of mother's in her heavenly Father's care and grace? She never doubted. She believed. She always prayed as if she did. My Bible, my mother's Bible and my conscience teach what I am and what I have made myself. Oh, the bitter pangs of an accusing conscience. I need a Saviour mighty to save. I must seek him. I will. I am on the sea of existence, and I can never get off from it. I am afloat. No anchor, no rudder, no compass, no book of instructions, for I have put them all away from me. Saviour of the perishing, save or I perish."

Do you wonder that the next day he arose in a prayer-meeting and said: "My brethren, I stand before you a monument of God's amazing mercy and goodness, forever blessed be His holy name; all I have and all I am I consecrate to Jesus, my Saviour and my God." Oh, the power of ancestral prayer. Hear it! Hear it!

II. But I turn for a moment to those who had

EVIL PARENTAGE,

and I want to tell you that the highest thrones in heaven, and the mightiest triumphs, and the brightest crowns will be for those who had evil

parentage, but who by the grace of God conquered. As useful, as splendid a gentleman as I know of to-day, had for father a man who died blaspheming God until the neighbors had to put their fingers in their ears to shut out the horror. One of the most consecrated and useful Christian ministers of to-day, was born of a drunken horse-jockey. Tide of evil tremendous in some families. It is like Niagara Rapids, and yet men have clung to a rock and been rescued.

There is a family in New York whose wealth has rolled up into many millions that was founded by a man who, after he had vast estate, sent back a paper of tacks because they were two cents more than he expected. Grip and grind and gouge in the fourth generation—I suppose it will be grip and grind and gouge in the twentieth generation. The thirst for intoxicants has burned down through the arteries of a hundred and fifty years. Pugnacity or combativeness characterize other families. Sometimes one form of evil, sometimes another form of evil. But

IT MAY BE RESISTED.

it has been resisted. If the family frailty be avarice, cultivate unselfishness and charity, and teach your children never to eat an apple without offering somebody else half of it. Is the family frailty combativeness, keep out of the company of quick-tempered people, and never answer an impertinent question until you have counted a hundred both ways, and after you have written an

angry letter keep it a week before you send it, and then burn it up. Is the family frailty timidity and cowardice, cultivate backbone, read the biography of brave men like Joshua or Paul, and see if you cannot get a little iron in your blood. Find out what the family frailty is, and set body, mind, and soul in battle array.

CONQUER YOUR WILL.

I think the genealogical table was put in the first chapter of the New Testament, not only to show our Lord's pedigree, but to show that a man may rise up in an ancestral line and beat back successfully all the influences of bad heredity. See in that genealogical table that good King Asa came of vile King Abia. See in that genealogical table that Joseph and Mary and the most illustrious Being that ever touched our world, or ever will touch it, had in their ancestral line scandalous Rehoboam and Tamar and Bathsheba. If this world is ever to be Edenized—and it will be—all the infected families of the earth are to be regenerated, and there will some one arise in each family line and open a new genealogical table. There will be some Joseph in the line to reverse the evil influence of Rehoboam, and there will be some Mary in the line to reverse the evil influence of Bathsheba. Perhaps the star of hope may point down to your manger. Perhaps you are to be the hero or the heroine that is to put down the brakes and stop that long train of genealogical tendencies and switch it off on another track from that on which it has been running for a century. You

do that, and I will promise you as fine a palace as the architects of heaven can build, the archway inscribed with the words: "More than conqueror."

ADOPTED CHILDREN.

But whatever your heredity, let me say, you may be sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Estranged children from the homestead come back through the open gate of adoption. There is royal blood in our veins. There are crowns in our escutcheon. Our Father is King. Our Brother is King. We may be kings and queens unto God forever. Come and sit down on the ivory bench of the palace. Come and wash in the fountains that fall into the basins of crystal and alabaster. Come and look out of the upholstered window upon gardens of azalea and amaranth. Hear the full burst of the orchestra while you banquet with potentates and victors. Oh, when the text sweeps backward, let it not stop at the cradle that rocked your infancy, but at the cradle that rocked the first world, and when the text sweeps forward, let it not stop at your grave, but at the throne on which you may reign forever and ever. "Whose son art thou, thou young man?" Son of God! Heir of mortality! Take your inheritance!

"Motherhood."

Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.'—1 Sam. ii, 19.

The stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself, "It is impossible that I ever can achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try;" as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just now named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in the ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come, the model Christian mother.

Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah.

The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birth-place, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet.

As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart, but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh and took three bullocks, and an ephah of flour, and a bottle of wine, and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him; for there he was to stay all the days of his life, and minister in the Temple.

Years rolled on, and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel, and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the Temple; but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

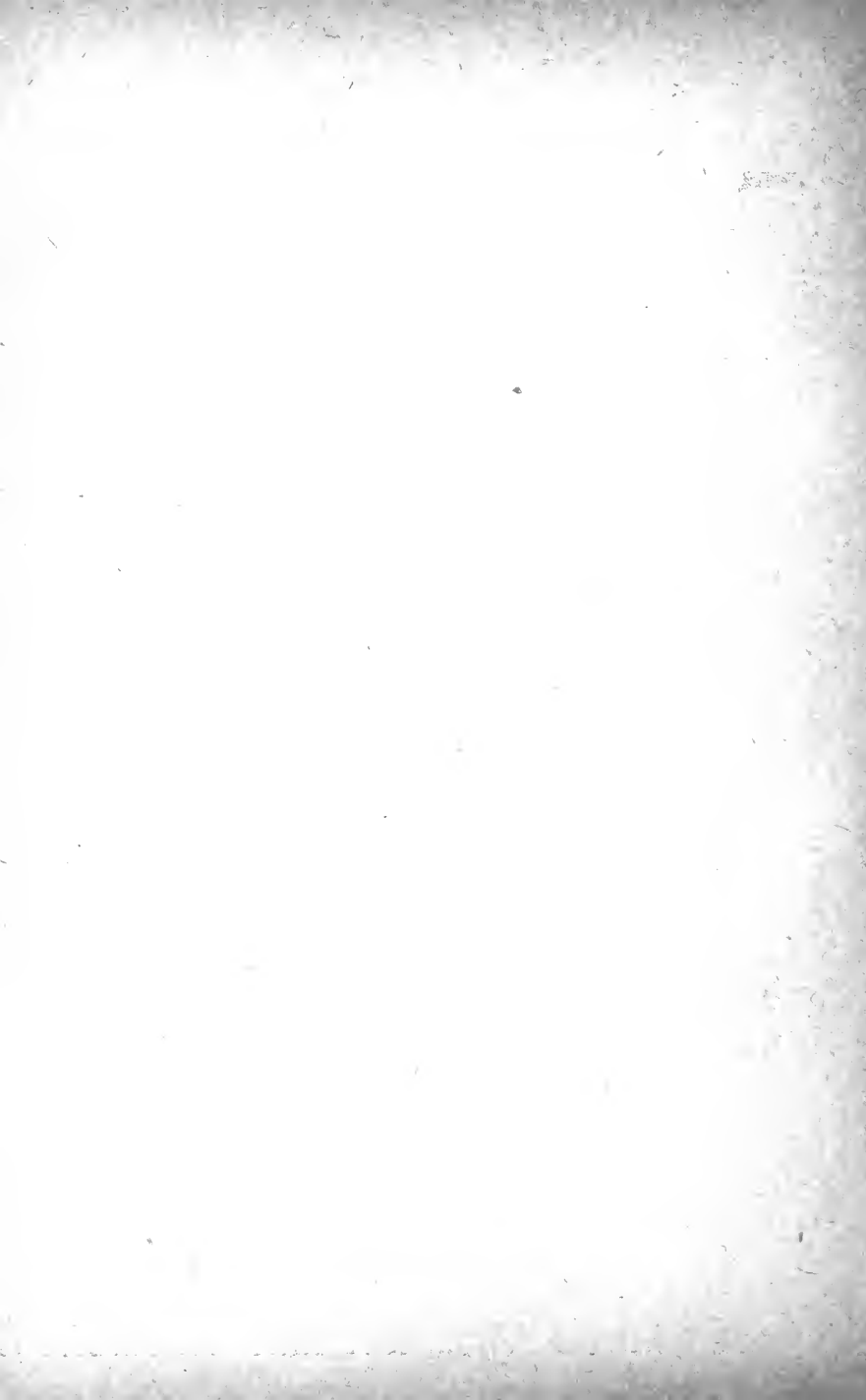
I.—Hannah stands before you, then, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need for her to work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family; for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroboam, the son of Elihu, the son of John, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?" you say. I do not know; but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned.

Hannah might have seated herself with her family, and, with folded arms and dishevelled hair, read novels from year to year, if there had been any to read; but when I see her making that garment, and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; He would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel.

Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in their maternal duties. The bloom and the brightness, and the vivacity of girlhood, have given place for the grander dignity and usefulness, and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals, and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity, or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls.

From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out





from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, there has come a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside-downnateness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle.

Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake, and heave, and roar, and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own door-mats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun.

And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the

tavern-lounging, the store-infesting, the men of low wink and filthy chuckle, and brass breast-pins, and rotten associations? For the most part they came from mothers idle and disgusting—the scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house, attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches, and ghosts, and horse shoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part, were industrious, hardworking mothers.

Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's books, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought, every year, at least, make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on a man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother!

Again. Hannah stands before you as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter, and from the way she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well-informed as mothers.

Oh, this work of culture in children for this

world and the next! This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activity. This child is forward, and he must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George, will ruin John? The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed.

Oh, how much care and intelligence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on the subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs, and weak nerves, and incompetent livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology there would not be so many curved spines and cramped chests, and inflamed throats, and diseased lungs, as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practiced more of His religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph.

The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantages over the eaglets of a thousand years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert; but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of cultivating children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

III. Again, Hannah stands before you as a Christian mother. From her prayers and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know that she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings; but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well-read libraries in the house, and exquisite music in the parlor, and the canvas of the best artists adorning the walls, and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel, and the children be wonderful for their attainments, and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth; but there is something woe-ful-looking in that house, if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother.

I bless God there are not many prayerless mothers—not many of them. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a Divine hand to help, and a Divine voice to comfort, and a Divine heart to sympathize.

Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There were hundreds of mothers who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of their little ones. Standing some day in the nursery they bethought themselves, “This child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself, how can I ever expect him to become a Christian? Lord help me!”

Are their anxious mothers, who know nothing of the infinite help of religion? Then I commend to them Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel. Do not think it is absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows, and bright eyes, and soft hands, and innocent hearts, crime gets its victims—extirpating purity from the heart, and rubbing out the smoothness from the brow, and quenching the luster of the eye, and shriveling up, and poisoning, and putrefying, and scathing, and scalding, and blasting, and burning with shame and woe.

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities; and whether that child shall come forth to life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth go to a life of joy in heaven; or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrongdoing on earth it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson, and evening prayer, and walk, and

ride, and look, and frown, and smile. Oh! how many children in glory, crowding all the battlements, and lifting a million-voiced hosanna, brought to God through Christian parentage.

One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the one hundred and twenty clergymen, how many of them, do you suppose, assigned as the means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the one hundred and twenty! Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tiles of a chimney fireplace. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the fate of nations, rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift the child up may press a child down.

A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying. I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I'll give you a dress that will cost five hundred dollars, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay, that night; and sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost five hundred dollars." The mother

thought it a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed," and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother, and then pointed to the dress, and said, "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother.

IV. Again, and lastly, Hannah stands before you the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, for the discipline exerted over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety, and the usefulness, and the popularity of her son Samuel; and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life; that man prominent in a profession; that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be a Christian, and heroic and earnest.

The story of what you have done, or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is some one always ready to carry good tidings and that story makes the needle in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker, and the flail in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good

news from their children. Do you send them good news always?

Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as "the governor," the "squire," or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor," or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians. But oh! the pang of that mother who, after a life of street-gadding and gossip-retailing, hanging on the children the fripperies and follies of this world, sees those children tossed out on the sea of life like foam on the wave, or nonentities in a world where only bravery and stalwart character can stand the shock. But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

Oh! the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar; of Mother Eunice in seeing her Timothy learned in the Scriptures. That is the mother's recompense: to see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be ointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude, and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset.

There she sits, the old Christian mother, ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the Celestial City kindle up her vision. The gray light of Heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there, all the past comes back, and the children that forty years ago tripped around her arm-chair with their griefs, and joys, and sorrows—those children are gone now. Some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, testing the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace; and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let in the worn-out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache, and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.

Trials of Housekeeping.

“Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me.” Luke x, 40.

Yonder is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead, and his widow is taking charge of the premises. This is the widow Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. This is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and her face having no appearance of anxiety or perturbation, Company has come. Christ stands outside the door, and, of course, there is a good deal excitement inside the door. The disarranged furniture is hastily put aside, and the hair is brushed back, and the dresses are adjusted as well as, in so short a time, Mary and Martha can attend to these matters. They did not keep Christ standing at the door until they were newly appareled, or until they had elaborately arranged their tresses, then coming out with their affected surprise as though they had not heard the two or three previous knockings, saying: “Why, is that you?” No. They were ladies, and were always presentable, although they may not have always had on their best, for none of us always have on our best; if we did, our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door and greet Christ. They

say: "Good morning, Master; come in, and be seated." Christ did not come alone; He had a group of friends with him, and such an influx of city visitors would throw any country home into perturbation. I suppose also the walk from the city had been a good appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I suppose that Martha had no sooner greeted the guests than she fled to that room. Mary had no anxiety about household affairs. She had full confidence that Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany. She seems to say: "Now let us have a division of labor. Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and be good." So you have often seen a great difference between two sisters. There is Martha, hard-working, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, or discovering something in the art of cooking and housekeeping. There is Mary, also, fond of conversation, literary, so engaged in deep questions of ethics she has no time to attend to the questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor with Christ. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better if they had divided the work, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Jesus; but Mary monopolizes Christ while Martha swelters at the fire. It was a very important thing that they should have a good dinner that day. Christ was hungry, and He did not often have a luxurious entertainment. Alas, me! if the duty had devolved upon Mary, what a repast that would have been.

But something went wrong in the kitchen. Perhaps the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or Martha scalded her hand, or something was burned black that ought only to have been made brown; and Martha lost her patience, and forgetting the proprieties of the occasion, with besweated brow, and, perhaps with pitcher in one hand and tongs in the other, she rushes out of the kitchen into the presence of Christ, saying: "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" Christ scolded not a word. If it were scolding, I should rather have His scolding than anybody else's blessing. There was nothing acerb. He knew Martha had almost worked herself to death to get Him something to eat, and so He throws a world of tenderness into His intonation as He seems to say: "My dear woman, do not worry; let the dinner go; sit down on this ottoman beside Mary, your younger sister. Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful." As Martha throws open that kitchen door, I look in and see a great many household perplexities and anxieties.

First, there is the trial of non-appreciation. That is what made Martha so mad with Mary. The younger sister had no estimate of her older sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store, and office, and shop, or coming from the Stock Exchange, they say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a little while; you ought to have to man-

age eight, or ten, or twenty subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are." Oh, sir, the wife and the mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, police, and president of her realm. She must do a thousand things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly, and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost. I know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in an arm-chair in the library, or lie on the belated pillow, and throw off all the care upon subordinates who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all of the affairs of the household. Those are the exception. I am speaking this morning of the great mass of housekeepers—the women to whom life is a struggle, and who, at thirty years of age, look as though they were forty, and at forty look as though they were fifty, and at fifty look as though they were sixty. The fallen at Chalons, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburgh, and Waterloo, are a small number compared with the slain in the great Armageddon of the kitchen. You go out to the cemetery, and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic, but if those tombstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending, and sewing, and baking, and scrubbing, and scouring; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom, or a sewing machine, or a ladle." You think, oh! man

of the world, that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week, you would be a fit candidate for Bloomingdale—I mean insane asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light; what if the marketing did not come; what if the clock has stopped—no matter, she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn; what if they do not know their lessons; what if they have lost a hat or sash—they must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan; but what if the butcher has sent meat unpalatable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated, and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur—you must be ready. Spring weather comes, and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast; but what if the moth has preceded you to the chest; what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year; what if the fashions have changed. Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicine, for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen the croup—something to cool the burn—something to poultice

the inflammation—something to silence the jumping tooth—something to soothe the earache. You must be in half-a-dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing room, be patient, be lenient. O, woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard to your household toils, let me assure you, from the kindness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that he appreciates all your work from garret to cellar; and that the God of Deborah, and Hannah, and Abigail, and grandmother Lois, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah Moore, is the God of the housekeeper. Jesus was never married, that He might be the especial friend and confidante of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blunder; Christ was married. The Bible says that the Church is the Lamb's wife, and that makes me know that all Christian women have a right to go to Christ and tell Him of their annoyances and troubles, since by His oath of conjugal fidelity He is sworn to sympathize. George Herbert, the Christian poet, wrote two or three verses on this subject :

“ The servant by this clause
 Makes drudgery Divine;
 Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
 Makes this and the action fine.”

Again; there is the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of the thousand are subjected to it—some under

more, and some under less stress of circumstances. Especially if a man smoke very expensive cigars, and take very costly dinners at the restaurants, he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. This is what kills tens of thousands of women—attempting to make five dollars do the work of seven. How the bills come in. The woman is the banker of the household: she is the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and there is a panic every few weeks. This thirty years' war against high prices, this perpetual study of economies, this life-long attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income, exhausts millions of housekeepers. Oh, my sister, this is a part of the Divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be to open the front windows and the ravens would fly in with food; and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, the barrel, like the one of Zarepath, would be full; and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years. Besides that, this is going to make heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, and consequently there will be none of the nuisances of catering for appetites. And in the land of the white robe they never have to mend anything, and the air in that hill-country makes everybody well. There are no rents to pay; every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that. It will not be so great a change for you to have a chariot in heaven if you have been

in the habit of riding in this world. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down on the banks of the river of life, if in this world you had a country seat; but if you have walked with tired feet in this world, what a glorious change to mount celestial equipage; and if your life on earth was domestic martyrdom, oh, the joy of an eternity in which you shall have nothing to do except what you choose to do. Martha has had no drudgery for eighteen centuries. I quarrel with the theologians who want to distribute all the thrones of heaven among the John Knoxes, and the Hugh Latimers, and the Theban Legion. Some of the brightest thrones of heaven will be kept for Christian housekeepers. Oh, what a change from here to there—from the time when they put down the rolling-pin to when they take up the scepter. If Chatsworth Park and the Vanderbilt Mansion on Fifth Avenue were to be lifted into the Celestial City, they would be considered uninhabitable rookeries, and glorified Lazarus would be ashamed to be going in and out of either of them.

There are many housekeepers who could get along with their toils if it were not for sickness and trouble. The fact is, one-half of the women of the land are more or less invalids. The mountain lass, who has never had an ache or pain, may consider household toil inconsiderable, and toward evening she may skip away miles to the fields and drive home the cattle, and she may, until ten o'clock at night, fill the house with

laughing racket; but oh, to do the work of life with worn-out constitution, when whooping-cough has been raging for six weeks in the household, making the night as sleepless as the day—that is not so easy. Perhaps this comes after the nerves have been shattered by some bereavement that has left desolation in every room of the house, and set the crib in the garret, because the occupant has been hushed into a slumber which needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, she could provide for the whole group a great deal better than she can for a part of the group, now the rest are gone. Though you may tell her God is taking care of those who are gone, it is mother-like to brood both flocks; and one wing she puts over the flock in the house, the other wing she puts over the flock in the grave.

There is nothing but the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ that will take a woman through the trials of home life. At first there may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go. The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merriment—the loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen; the slushy custards; the jaundiced or measly biscuits. It is a very bright sunlight

that falls on the cutlery and the mantel ornaments of a new home.

But after awhile the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called "Cookery Taught in Twelve Lessons" will not teach. The receipt for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that, and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments, or flavored with ordinary flavors, or baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness; and all the ingredients come down from heaven, and the fruits are plucked from the tree of life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. Solomon wrote out of his own experience. He had a wretched home. A man cannot be happy with two wives, much less six hundred; and he says, writing out of his own experience: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

How great are the responsibilities of housekeepers. Sometimes an indigestible article of food, by its effect upon a commander or king, has defeated an army or overthrown an empire. Housekeepers, by the food they provide, by the couches they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influence they bring around their home, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, eternal destiny of the race. You say your life is one of sacrifice. I know it. But, my sisters, that is the only life worth living. That was Florence

Nightingale's life ; that was Payson's life ; that was Christ's life. We admire it in others ; but how very hard it is for us to cultivate ourselves. When in this city, young Doctor Hutchison, having spent a whole night in a diphtheretic-room for the relief of a patient, became saturated with the poison and died, we all felt as if we would like to put garlands on his grave ; everybody appreciates that. When in the burning hotel at St. Louis, a young man on the fifth story broke open the door of the room where his mother was sleeping, and plunged in amid smoke and fire, crying : " Mother ! where are you ? " and never came out, our hearts applauded that young man. But how few of us have the Christian-like spirit—a willingness to suffer for others. A rough teacher in a school called upon a poor, half-starved lad, who had offended against the laws of the school, and said : " Take off your coat directly, sir. " The boy refused to take it off. Whereupon the teacher said again : " Take off your coat, sir, " as he swung the whip through the air. The boy refused ; it was not because he was afraid of the lash—he was used to that at home—but it was from shame ; he had no undergarment, and as at the third command he pulled slowly off his coat, there went a sob through the school. They saw then why he did not want to remove his coat, and they saw the shoulder blades had almost cut through the skin, and a stout healthy boy rose up and went to the teacher of the school, and said : " Oh, sir, please don't hurt this poor fellow ; whip me ; see,

he's nothing but a poor chap; don't you hurt him, he's poor; whip me." "Well," said the teacher, "It's going to be a severe whipping; I am willing to take you as a substitute." "Well," said the boy, "I don't care; you whip me, if you will let this poor fellow go." The stout healthy boy took the scouring without an outcry. "Bravo!" says every man; "Bravo!" How many of us are willing to take the scuring, and the suffering, and the toil, and the anxiety for other people. Beautiful thing to admire, but how little we have of that spirit. God give us that self-denying spirit, so that whether we are in humble spheres or in conspicuous spheres, we may perform our whole duty—for this struggle will soon be over.

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play, and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair, and how some times she would sit down at the table, and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say: "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others, she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago, in an express train, I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window, and tried to peer

through the darkness. While I was doing so, one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder, and said: "DeWitt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "O, yes," I replied, "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died." That night, in the cars, the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noonday table. There were the children on either side of the table—most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table, my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an eighty-six years' smile—not the smile of inanimation, but of Christian courage and Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard-working, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

WOMAN AND HER POWER.

Women Who Fight the Battle of Life Alone.

“Every wise woman buildeth her house.”—PROV. 14: 1.

Woman a mere adjunct to man, an appendix to the masculine volume, an appendage, a sort of after-thought, something thrown in to make things even—that is the heresy entertained and implied by some men. This is evident to them: Woman’s insignificance, as compared to man, is evident to them, because Adam was first created, and then Eve. They don’t read the whole story, or they would find that the porpoise and the bear and the hawk were created before Adam, so that this argument, drawn from priority of creation, might prove that the sheep and the dog were greater than man. No. Woman was an independent creation, and was intended, if she chose, to live alone, to walk alone, act alone, think alone, and fight her battles alone. The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, but never says it is not good for woman to be alone; and the simple fact is, that many women who are harnessed for life in the marriage relation would be a thousand fold better off if they were alone.

Who are these men who, year after year, hang around hotels and engine-houses and theatre doors, and come in and out to bother busy clerks and merchants and mechanics, doing nothing when there is plenty to do? They are

MEN SUPPORTED BY THEIR WIVES

and mothers. If the statistics of any of our cities could be taken on this subject, you would find that a vast multitude of women not only support themselves, but masculines. A great legion of men amount to nothing, and a woman by marriage, manacled to one of these nonentities, needs condolence. A woman standing outside the marriage relation is several hundred thousand times better off than a woman badly married. Many a bride, instead of a wreath of orange blossoms, might more properly wear a bunch of nettles and nightshade, and, instead of the Wedding March, a more appropriate tune would be the Dead March in Saul, and, instead of a banquet of confectionery and ices, there might be more appropriately spread a table covered with apples of Sodom.

THE DOVE AND THE VULTURE.

Many an attractive woman, of good sound sense in other things, has married one of these men to reform him. What was the result? Like when a dove, noticing that a vulture was rapacious and cruel, set about to reform it, and said, "I have a mild disposition, and I like peace, and was

brought up in the quiet of a dove-cote, and I will bring the vulture to the same liking by marrying him." So, one day, after the vulture declared he would give up his carnivorous habits and cease longing for blood of flock and herd, at an altar of rock covered with moss and lichen, the twain were married, a bald-headed eagle officiating, the vulture saying, "With all my dominion of earth and sky, I thee endow, and promise to love and cherish till death do us part." But one day the dove in her fright, saw the vulture busy at a carcass, and cried, "Stop that! did you not promise me that you would quit your carnivorous and filthy habits if I married you?" "Yes," said the vulture, "but if you don't like my way, you can leave," and with one angry stroke of beak, and another fierce clutch of claw, the vulture left the dove eyeless and wingless and lifeless. And a flock of robins flying past, cried to each other and said, "See there! that comes from a dove's marrying a vulture to reform him."

Many a woman who has had the hand of a young inebriate offered, but declined it, or who was asked to chain her life to a man selfish, or of bad temper, and refused the shackles, will bless God throughout all eternity that she escaped that earthly Pandemonium.

ENFORCED CELIBACY.

Besides all this, in our country about one million men were sacrificed in our Civil War, and that decreed a million women to celibacy. Be-

sides that, since the war, several armies of men as large as the Federal and Confederate armies put together, have fallen under malt liquors and distilled spirits, so full of poisoned ingredients that the work was done more rapidly, and the victims fell while yet young. And if fifty thousand men are destroyed every year by strong drink before marriage, that makes in the twenty-three years since the war one million one hundred and fifty thousand men slain, and decrees one million one hundred and fifty thousand women to celibacy. Take, then, the fact that so many women are unhappy in their marriage, and the fact that the slaughter of two million one hundred and fifty thousand men, by war and rum combined, decides that at least that number of women shall be unaffianced for life, my text comes in with a cheer and a potency and appropriateness that I never saw in it before when it says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house;" that is, let woman be her own architect, lay out her own plans, be her own supervisor, achieve her own destiny.

In addressing these women who will have to fight the battle alone, I congratulate you on

YOUR HAPPY ESCAPE.

Rejoice forever that you will not have to navigate the faults of the other sex, when you have faults enough of your own. Think of the bereavements you avoid, of the risks of unassimilated temper which you will not have to run, of the cares you will never have to carry, and of the opportunity of

outside usefulness from which marital life would have partially debarred you, and that you are free to go and come as one who has the responsibilities of a household can seldom be. God has not given you a hard lot, as compared with your sisters. When young women shall make up their minds at the start that masculine companionship is not a necessity in order to happiness, and that there is a strong probability that they will have to fight the battle of life alone, they will be getting the timber ready for their own fortune, and their saw and axe and plane sharpened for its construction, since "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

As no boy ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning

THE SCIENCE OF SELF-SUPPORT.

The difficulty is that many a family goes sailing on the high tides of success, and the husband and father depends on his own health and acumen for the welfare of his household, but one day he gets his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life, and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical that they can do. The friends come in and hold consultation.

"Give music lessons," says an outsider. Yes, that is a useful calling, and if you have great genius for it, go on in that direction. But there

are enough music teachers now starving to death in all our towns and cities, to occupy all the piano stools and sofas and chairs and front-door steps of the city. Besides that, the daughter has been playing only for amusement, and is only at the foot of the ladder, to the top of which a great multitude of masters on piano and harp and flute and organ have climbed.

“Put the bereft daughters as saleswomen in stores,” says another adviser. But there they must compete with salesmen of long experience, or with men who have served an apprenticeship in commerce and who began as shop boys at ten years of age. Some kind-hearted dry goods man, having known the father, now gone, says, “We are not in need of any more help just now, but send your daughters to my store, and I will do as well by them as possible. Very soon the question comes up, Why do not the female employes of that establishment get as much wages as the male employes? For the simple reason, in many cases, the females were suddenly flung by misfortune behind that counter, while the males have from the day they left the public school been learning the business.

How is this evil to be cured? Start clear back in the homestead and

TEACH YOUR DAUGHTERS

that life is an earnest thing, and that there is a possibility, if not a strong probability, that they will have to fight the battle of life alone. Let

every father and mother say to their daughters, "Now, what would you do for a livelihood if what I now own were swept away by financial disaster, or old age, or death should end my career?"

"Well, I could paint on pottery and do such decorative work." Yes, that is beautiful, and if you have genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough busy at that now to make a line of hardware from here to the East River and across the bridge.

"Well, I could make recitations in public and earn my living as a dramatist; I could render King Lear or Macbeth till your hair would rise on end, or give you Sheridan's Ride or Dickens' Pickwick." Yes, that is a beautiful art, but ever and anon, as now, there is an epidemic of dramatization that makes hundreds of households nervous with the cries and shrieks and groans of young tragediennes dying in the fifth act, and the trouble is that while your friends would like to hear you, and really think that you could surpass Ristori and Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Kemble of the past, to say nothing of the present, you could not, in the way of living, in ten years earn ten cents.

My advice to all girls and all unmarried women, whether in affluent homes or in homes where most stringent economies are grinding, is to learn to do some kind of work that the world must have while the world stands. I am glad to see a marvelous change for the better, and that women

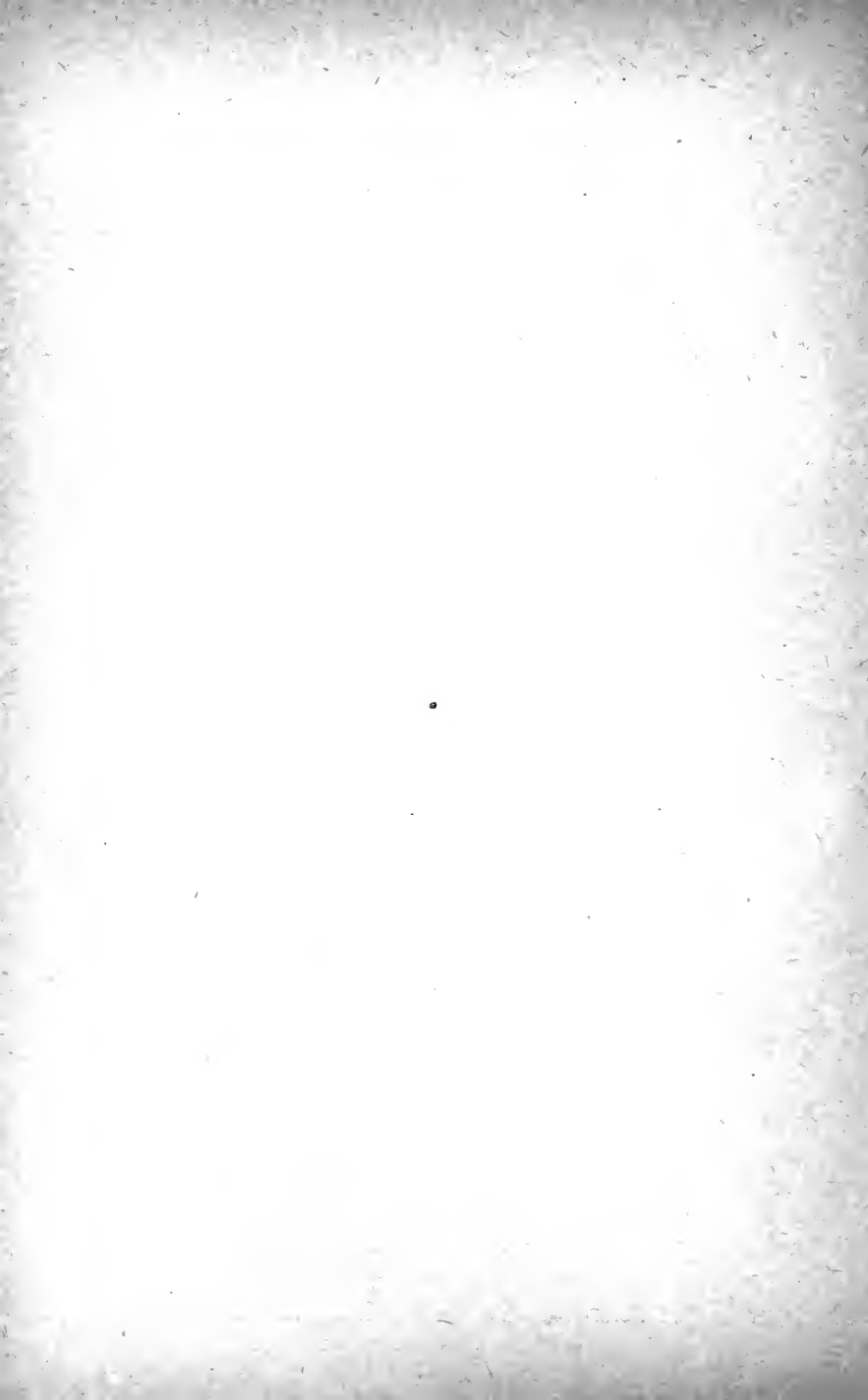
have found out that there are hundreds of practical

THINGS THAT A WOMAN CAN DO

for a living if she begins soon enough, and that men have been compelled to admit it. You and I can remember when the majority of occupations were thought inappropriate for women ; but our Civil War came, and the hosts of men went forth from North and South ; and to conduct the business of our cities during the patriotic absence, women were demanded by the tens of thousands to take the vacant places ; and multitudes of women, who had been hitherto supported by fathers and brothers and sons, were compelled from that time to take care of themselves. From that time a mighty change took place favorable to female employment.

Among the occupations appropriate for woman I place the following, into many of which she has already entered, and all the others she will enter : Stenography, and you may find her at nearly all the reportorial stands in our educational, political and religious meetings. Savings banks, the work clean and honorable, and who so great a right to toil there, for a woman founded the first savings bank—Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield? Copyists, and there is hardly a professional man that does not need the service of her penmanship ; and, as amanuensis, many of the greatest books of our day have been dictated for her writing. There they are as florists and confectioners and music





teachers and book-keepers, for which they are specially

QUALIFIED BY PATIENCE AND ACCURACY ;

and wood-engraving, in which the Cooper Institute has turned out so many qualified ; and telegraphy, for which she is specially prepared, as thousands of the telegraphic offices will testify. Photography, and in nearly all our establishments they may be found there at cheerful work. As workers in ivory and gutta-percha and gum elastic and tortoise-shell and gilding, and in chemicals, in porcelain, in terra cotta. As post-mistresses, and the President is given them appointments all over the land.

As proof-readers, as translators, as modelers, as designers, as draughtwomen, as lithographers, as teachers in schools and seminaries, for which they are especially endowed,

THE FIRST TEACHER.

of every child, by Divine arrangement, being a woman. As physicians, having graduated after a regular course of study from the female colleges of our large cities, where they get as scientific and thorough preparation as any doctors ever had, and go forth to a work which no one but women could so appropriately and delicately do. On the lecturing platform ; for you know the brilliant success of Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hallowell and Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Lathrop. As physiological lecturers to their own sex, for which ser

vice there is a demand appalling and terrific. As preachers of the Gospel, and all the protests of ecclesiastical courts cannot hinder them, for they have a pathos and a power in their religious utterances that men can never reach. Witness all those who have heard their mother pray.

O, young women of America ! as many of you will have to fight your own battles alone, do not wait until you are flung of disaster, and your father is dead, and all the resources of your family have been scattered ; but now, while in a good house and environed by all prosperities, learn how to do some kind of

WORK THAT THE WORLD MUST HAVE.

as long as the world stands. Turn your attention from the embroidery of fine slippers, of which there is a surplus, and make a useful shoe. Expend the time in which you adorn a cigar-case in learning how to make a good, honest loaf of bread. Turn your attention from the making of flimsy nothings to the manufacturing of important some-things.

Much of the time spent in young ladies' seminaries in studying what are called the "higher branches," might better be expended in teaching them something by which they could support themselves. If you are going to be teachers, or if you have so much assured wealth that you can always dwell in those high regions, trigonometry of course, metaphysics of course, Latin and Greek

and German and French and Italian of course, and a hundred other things of course; but if you are not expecting to teach, and your wealth is not established beyond misfortune, after you have learned the ordinary branches, take hold of that kind of study that will pay in dollars and cents in case you are thrown on your own resources. Learn to do something better than anybody else.

Buy Virginia Penny's book, entitled "The Employments of Women," and learn there are five hundred ways in which a woman may earn a living.

"No, no!" says some young woman, "I will not undertake anything so

UNROMANTIC AND COMMONPLACE

as that." An excellent author writes that after he had, in a book, argued for efficiency in womanly work in order to success, and positive apprenticeship by way of preparation, a prominent chemist advertised that he would teach a class of women to become druggists and apothecaries if they would go through an apprenticeship as men do; and a printer advertised that he would take a class of women to learn the printer's trade if they would go through an apprenticeship as men do, and how many, according to the account of the authoress, do you suppose applied to become skilled in the druggist business and printing business? Not one!

“But,” you ask, “what would my father and mother say if they saw I was doing such

UNFASHIONABLE WORK?”

Throw the whole responsibility upon the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, who is constantly hearing of young women in all these cities, who, unqualified by their previous luxurious surroundings for the awful struggle of life into which they have been suddenly hurled, seemed to have nothing left them but a choice between starvation and damnation. There they go along the street seven o'clock in the wintry mornings, through the slush and storm, to the place where they shall earn only half enough for subsistence, the daughters of once prosperous merchants, lawyers, clergymen, artists, bankers and capitalists, who brought up their children under the infernal delusion that it was not high-tone for women to learn a profitable calling. Young women! take this affair in your own hand, and let there be an insurrection in all prosperous families of Brooklyn and New York and Christendom on the part of the daughters of this day, demanding knowledge in occupations and styles of business by which they may be their own defence and their own support if all fatherly and husbandly and brotherly hands forever fail them. I have seen

TWO SAD SIGHTS,

the one a woman in all the glory of her young life, stricken by disease, and in a week lifeless in a

home of which she had been the pride. As her hands were folded over the still heart and her eyes closed for the last slumber, and she was taken out amid the lamentations of kindred and friends, I thought that was a sadness immeasurable. But I have seen something compared with which that scene was bright and songful. It was a young woman who had been all her days amid wealthy surroundings, by the visit of death and bankruptcy to the household turned out on a cold world without one lesson about how to get food or shelter, and into the awful whirlpool of city life, where strong ships have gone down, and for twenty years not one word has been heard from her.

Vessels last week went out on the Atlantic Ocean looking for a shipwrecked craft that was left alone and forsaken on the sea a few weeks ago, with the idea of bringing it into port. But who shall ever bring again into the harbor of peace and hope and heaven that lost womanly immortal, driven in what tempest, aflame in what conflagration, sinking into what abyss? O God, help! O Christ, rescue!

My sisters, give not your time to learning fancy work which the world may dispense with in hard times, but connect your skill with

THE INDISPENSABLES OF LIFE.

The world will always want something to wear and something to eat, and shelter and fuel for the body, and knowledge for the mind, and religion

for the soul. And all these things will continue to be the necessities, and if you fasten your energies upon occupations and professions thus related, the world will be unable to do without you. Remember, that in proportion as you are skillful in anything, your rivalries become less. For unskilled toil, women by the millions. But you may rise to where there are only a thousand ; and still higher, till there are only a hundred ; and still higher, till there are only ten ; and still higher, in some particular department, till there is only a unit, and that yourself. For a while you may keep wages and a place through the kindly sympathy of an employer, but you will eventually get no more compensation than you can make yourself worth.

Let me say to all women who have already entered upon the battle of life, that the time is coming when woman shall not only get as much salary and wages as men get, but for certain styles of employment women will have higher salary and more wages, for the reason that for some styles of work they have more adaptation. But this

JUSTICE WILL COME TO WOMAN

not through any sentiment of gallantry, not because woman is physically weaker than man, and, therefore, ought to have more consideration shown her, but because through her finer natural taste and more grace of manner, and quicker perception, and more delicate touch, and more educated

adroitness, she will, in certain callings, be to her employer worth ten per cent more, or twenty per cent more than the other sex. She will not get it by asking for it, but by earning it, and it shall be hers by lawful conquest.

Now, men of America, be fair, and

GIVE THE WOMEN A CHANCE.

Are you afraid that they will do some of your work, and hence harm your prosperities? Remember that there are scores of thousands of men doing women's work. Do not be afraid! God knows the end from the beginning, and He knows how many people this world can feed and shelter, and when it gets too full He will end the world, and, if need be, start another. God will halt the inventive faculty, which, by producing a machine that will do the work of ten or twenty or a hundred men and women, will leave that number of people without work. I hope that there will not be invented another sewing machine, or reaping machine, or corn thresher, or any other new machine, for the next five hundred years. We want no more wooden hands and iron hands and steel hands and electric hands substituted for men and women, who would otherwise do the work and get the pay and earn the livelihood.

But God will arrange all, and all we have to do is to do our best and trust Him for the rest. Let me cheer all women fighting the battle of life alone, with the fact of thousands of

WOMEN WHO HAVE WON

the day. Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, fought the battle alone; Adelaide Newton, the tract distributor, alone; Fidelity Fisk, the consecrated missionary, alone; Dorothea Dix, the angel of the insane asylums, alone; Caroline Herschel, the indispensable reinforcement of her brother, alone; Maria Takrzeska, the heroine of the Berlin hospital, alone; Helen Chalmers, patron of the sewing-schools for the poor of Edinburgh, alone. And thousands and tens of thousands of women, of whose bravery and self-sacrifice and glory of character the world has made no record, but whose deeds are in the heavenly archives of martyrs who fought the battle alone, and, though unrecognized for the short thirty or fifty or eighty years of their earthly existence, shall through the quintillion ages of the higher world be pointed out with the admiring cry, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Let me also say, for the encouragement of all women fighting the battle of life alone, that their conflict will soon end. There is one word written over the faces of many of them, and that word is Despair. My sister, you need

APPEAL TO CHRIST,

who comforted the sisters of Bethany in their domestic trouble, and who in His last hours forgot

all the pangs of His own hands and feet and heart, as he looked into the face of maternal anguish, and called a friend's attention to it, in substance saying, "John, I cannot take care of her any longer. Do for her as I would have done, if I had lived. Behold thy mother!" If, under the pressure of unrewarded and unappreciated work, your hair is whitening and the wrinkles come, rejoice that you are nearing the hour of escape from your very last fatigue, and may your departure be as pleasant as that of Isabella Graham, who closed her life with a smile and the word "Peace."

The daughter of a regiment in any army is all surrounded by bayonets of defence, and, in the battle, whoever falls, she is kept safe. And you are the daughter of the regiment commanded by the Lord of Hosts. After all, you are not fighting the battle of life alone. All heaven is on your side. You will be wise to appropriate to yourself the words of sacred rhythm :

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the roaring of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me ; when the billows smite
I shall not fall.
If short, 'tis sharp ; if long, 'tis light ;
He tempers all.

Worldly Marriages.

“And there was a man in Maon whose possessions were in Carmel, and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats.”—1 SAM. 25 : 2.

My text introduces us to a drunken bloot of large property. Before the day of safety deposits and government bonds and national banks, people had their investment in flocks and herds, and this man, Nabal, of the text, had much of his possessions in live-stock. He came also of a distinguished family, and had glorious Caleb for an ancestor. But this descendant was a sneak, a churl,

A SOT AND A FOOL.

One instance to illustrate : It was a wool-raising country, and at the time of shearing a great feast was prepared for the shearers ; and David and his warriors, who had in other days saved from destruction the threshing-floors of Nabal, sent to him, asking, in this time of plenty, for some bread for their starving men. And Nabal cried out : “Who is David ?” As though an Englishman had said, “Who is Wellington ?” or a German should say, “Who is Von Moltke ?” or an American should say, “Who is Washington ?” Nothing did Nabal give to the starving men, and that night the scoundrel lay dead drunk at home ; and

the Bible gives us a full-length picture of him, sprawling and maudlin and helpless.

Now that was the man whom Abigail, the lovely and gracious and good woman, married—a tuberose planted beside a thistle, a palm-branch twined into a wreath of deadly nightshade. Surely that was not one of the matches made in heaven! We throw up our hands in horror at that wedding. How did she ever consent to link her destinies with such a creature? Well, she no doubt thought that it would be an honor to be associated with an aristocratic family; and no one can despise a great name. Beside this, wealth would come, and with it

CHAINS OF GOLD

and mansions lighted by swinging lamps of aromatic oil, and resounding with the cheer of banqueters, seated at tables laden with wines from the richest vineyards, and fruits from ripest orchards, and nuts threshed from foreign woods, and meats smoking in platters of gold, set on by slaves in bright uniform.

Before she plighted her troth with this dissipated man, she sometimes said to herself: “How can I endure him? To be associated for life with such a debauchee I cannot and will not!” But then again she said to herself: “It is time I was married, and this is a cold world to depend on, and perhaps I might do worse, and maybe I will make a sober man out of him, and marriage is a lottery, anyhow.” And when, one day, this rep-

representative of a great house presented himself in a parenthesis of sobriety, and with an assumed gentility and gallantry of manner, and with promises of fidelity and kindness and self-abnegation, a June morning smiled on a March squall, and the great-souled woman surrendered her happiness to the keeping of this infamous son of fortune, whose possessions were in Carmel; "and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats."

Behold here a domestic tragedy repeated every hour of every day, all over Christendom—marriage for worldly success, without regard to character; so Marie Jeanne Philipon, the daughter of the humble engraver, became

THE FAMOUS MADAME ROLAND

of history, the vivacious and brilliant girl, united with the cold, formal, monotonous man, because he came of an affluent family of Amiens, and had lordly blood in his veins. The day when, through political revolutions, this patriotic woman was led to the scaffold, around which lay piles of human heads that had fallen from the axe, and she said to an aged man whom she had comforted as they ascended the scaffold, "Go first, that you may not witness my death," and then, undaunted, took her turn to die—that day was to her only the last act of a tragedy of which her marriage day was the first.

Good and genial character in a man is

THE VERY FIRST REQUISITE

for a woman's happy marriage. Mistake me not as depreciative of worldly prosperities. There is a religious cant that would seem to represent poverty as a virtue, and wealth as a crime. I can take you through a thousand mansions, where God is as much worshipped as He ever was in a cabin. The Gospel inculcates the virtues which tend toward wealth. In the millennium we will all dwell in palaces, and ride in chariots, and sit at sumptuous banquets, and sleep under rich embroideries, and live four or five hundred years, for, if according to the Bible, in those times a child shall die a hundred years old, the average of human life will be at least five centuries.

The whole tendency of sin is toward poverty, and the whole tendency of righteousness is toward wealth. Godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come. No inventory can be made of the picture-galleries consecrated to God, and of sculpture and of libraries, and pillared magnificence, and of parks and fountains and gardens in the ownership of good men and women. The two most lordly residences in which I was ever a guest, had morning and evening prayers, all the employes present, and all day long there was an air of cheerful piety in the conversation and behavior. Lord Radstock carried the Gospel to the Russian nobility. Lord Cavan and Lord Cairns spent their vacation in evangelis-

tic services. Lord Congleton became missionary to Bagdad. And the Christ who was born in an Eastern caravansary has lived in a palace.

WHAT RICHES CAN DO.

It is a grand thing to have plenty of money; and horses that don't compel you to take the dust of every lumbering and lazy vehicle; and books of history that give you a glimpse of all the past; and shelves of poetry to which you may go and ask Milton or Tennyson or Spencer or Tom Moore or Robert Burns to step down and spend an evening with you; and other shelves to which you may go while you feel disgusted with the shams of the world, and ask Thackeray to express your chagrin, or Charles Dickens to expose Pecksniffianism, or Thomas Carlyle to thunder your indignation; or the other shelves where the old Gospel writers stand ready to warn and cheer us, while they open doors into that City which is so bright the noonday sun is abolished.

There is no virtue in owning a horse that takes four minutes to go a mile, if you can own one that can go in a little over two minutes and a half; no virtue in running into the teeth of a northeast wind with thin apparel if you can afford furs;

NO VIRTUE IN BEING POOR

when you can honestly be rich. There are names of men and women that I have only to mention, and they suggest not only wealth, but religion and generosity and philanthropy, such as Amos

Lawrence, James Lenox, Peter Cooper, William E. Dodge, Lord Shaftesbury, Miss Catherine Wolf and Mrs. Astor. A recent writer says, that of fifty leading business men in one of our Eastern cities, and of the fifty leading business men of one of our Western cities, three-fourths of them are Christians.

The fact is, that about all the brain and the business genius is on the side of religion. Infidelity is incipient insanity. All infidels are cranks. Many of them talk brightly, but you soon find that in their mental machinery there is a screw loose. When they are not lecturing against Christianity they are sitting in bar-rooms, squirting tobacco juice, and when they get mad swear till the place is sulphurous. They only talk to keep their courage up, and at best will feel like the infidel who begged to be buried with his Christian wife and daughter, and when asked why he wanted such burial, replied: "If there be a resurrection of the good, as some folks say there will be, my Christian wife and daughter will somehow get me up and take me along with them."

Men may pretend to despise religion, but they are rank hypocrites. The sea-captain was right when he came up to the village on the seacoast, and insisted on paying ten dollars to the church, although he did not attend himself. When asked his reason, he said that he had been in the habit of carrying cargoes of oysters and clams from that place, and he found, since that church was built, the people were more honest than they used to be

for before the church was built, he often found the load, when he came to count it, a thousand clams short. Yes, godliness is profitable for both worlds. Most of the great, honest,

PERMANENT WORLDLY SUCCESSES

are by those who reverence God and the Bible. But what I do say is that if a man have nothing but social position and financial resources, a woman who puts her happiness by marriage in his hands, re-enacts the folly of Abigail when she accepted disagreeable Nabal, "whose possessions were in Carmel; and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep, and a thousand goats."

If there be good moral character accompanied by affluent circumstances, I congratulate you. If not, let the morning lark fly clear of the Rocky Mountain eagle.

THE SACRIFICE OF WOMAN

on the altar of social and financial expectation is cruel and stupendous. I sketch you a scene you have more than once witnessed. A comfortable home, with nothing more than ordinary surroundings; but an attractive daughter carefully and Christianly reared. From the outside world comes in a man with nothing but money, unless you count profanity and selfishness and fondness for champagne and general recklessness as a part of his possessions. He has his coat collar turned up when

there is no chill in the air, but because it gives him an air of abandon ; and eyeglass, not because he is near-sighted, but because it gives a classical appearance ; and with an attire somewhat loud, a cane thick enough to be the club of Hercules and clutched at the middle, his conversation interlarded with French phrases inaccurately pronounced, and a sweep of manner indicating that he was not born like most folks, but terrestrially landed. By

ARTS LEARNED OF THE DEVIL

he insinuates himself into the affections of the daughter of that Christian home. All the kindred congratulate her on the almost supernatural prospects. Reports come in that the young man is fast in his habits, that he has broken several young hearts, and that he is mean and selfish and cruel. But all this is covered up with the fact that he has several houses in his own name, and has large deposits at the bank, and, more than all, has a father worth many hundred thousand dollars and very feeble in health, and may any day drop off, and this is the only son ; and a round dollar held close to one's eye is large enough to shut out a great desert, and how much more will several bushels of dollars shut out !

The marriage day comes and goes. The wedding ring was costly enough, and the orange blossoms fragrant enough, and the benediction solemn enough, and the wedding march stirring enough. And the audience shed tears of sympathetic gladness, supposing that the craft con-

taining the two has sailed off on a placid lake, although God knows that they are

LAUNCHED ON A DEAD SEA,

its waters brackish with tears, and ghastly with ghastly faces of despair, floating to the surface and then going down. There they are, the newly married pair, in their new home. He turns out to be a tyrant. Her will is nothing, his will everything. Lavish of money for his own pleasure, he begrudges her the pennies he pinches out into her trembling palm. Instead of the kind words she left behind in her former home, now there are complaints and fault-findings. He is the master, and she the slave.

The worst villain on earth is the man who, having captured a woman from her father's house, and after the oath of the marriage altar has been pronounced, says, by his manner if not his words: "I have you now in my power. What can you do? My arm is stronger than yours. My voice is louder than yours. My fortune is greater than yours. My name is mightier than yours. Now crouch before me like a dog. Now crawl away from me like a reptile. You are nothing but a woman, anyhow. Down, you miserable wretch!" Can halls of mosaic, can long lines of Etruscan bronze, or statuary by Palmer and Powers and Crawford and Chantry and Canova, can galleries rich from the pencil of Bierstadt and Church and Kenset and Cole and Cropsey, could flutes played on by an Ole Bull, or pianos fingered by a Gotts

chalk, or solos warbled by a Sonntag, could wardrobes like that of a Marie Antoinette, could jewels like those of a Eugenie, make a wife in such a companionship happy ?

IMPRISONED IN A CASTLE !

Her gold bracelets are the chains of a lifelong servitude. There is a sword over her every feast, not like that of Damocles staying suspended, but dropping through her lacerated heart. Her wardrobe is full of shrouds for deaths which she dies daily, and she is buried alive, though buried under gorgeous upholstery. There is one word that sounds under the arches, and rolls along the corridors, and weeps in the falling fountains, and echoes in the shutting of every door, and groans in every note of stringed and wind instrument: "Woe! Woe!" The oxen and sheep, in olden times, brought to a temple of Jupiter to be sacrificed, used to be covered with ribbons and flowers—ribbons on the horns and flowers on the neck.

But the floral and ribboned decoration did not make the stab of the butcher's knife less deathful, and all the chandeliers you hang over such a woman, and all the robes with which you enwrap her, and all the ribbons with which you adorn her, and all the bewitching charms with which you embank her footsteps, are the ribbons and flowers of a horrible butchery.

As if to show how wretched a good woman may

be in splendid surroundings, we have two recent illustrations,

TWO DUCAL PALACES

in Great Britain. They are the focus of the best things that are possible in art, in literature, in architecture, the accumulation of other estates, until their wealth is beyond calculation, and their grandeur beyond description. One of the castles has a cabinet set with gems that cost two million five hundred thousand dollars, and the walls of it bloom with Rembrandts and Claudes and Poussins and Guidos and Raphaels, and there are Southdown flocks in summer grazing on its lawns, and Arab steeds prancing at the doorways on the "first open day at the kennels." From the one castle the duchess has removed with her children, because she can no longer endure the orgies of her husband, the duke, and in the other castle the duchess remains, confronted by insults and abominations, in the presence of which I do not think God or decent society requires a good woman to remain.

Alas for those ducal country-seats! They on a large scale illustrate what on a smaller scale may be seen in many places, that without moral character in a husband, all the accessories of wealth are to a wife's soul tantalization and mockery. When Abigail finds Nabal, her husband, beastly drunk, as she comes home from interceding for his fortune and life, it was no alleviation that the old brute had in possessions

Carmel, and “was very great, and had three thousand sheep, and one thousand goats,” and he the worst goat among them. The animal in his nature seized the soul and ran off with it. Before things are right in this world

GENTEEL VILLAINS

are to be expurgated. Instead of being welcomed into respectable society because of the amount of stars and garters and medals and estates they represent, they ought to be fumigated two or three years before they are allowed, without peril to themselves, to put their hands on the door-knob of a moral house. The time must come when a masculine estray will be as repugnant to good society as a feminine estray, and no coat-of-arms or family emblazonry or epaulet can pass a Lothario unchallenged among the sanctities of home life.

By what law of God or common sense, is Absalom better than a Delilah, a Don Juan better than a Messalina? The brush that paints the one black must paint the other black.

But what a spectacle it was when last summer much of “watering-place” society went wild with enthusiasm over an unclean foreign dignitary, whose name in both hemispheres is a synonym for profligacy, and princesses of American society from all parts of the land had him ride in their carriages and sit at their tables, though they knew him to be a portable lazaretto, a charnel house of moral putrefaction, his breath a typhoid air fast

that of a Satyr and his touch death ! Here is an evil that men cannot stop, but women may.

KEEP ALL SUCH OUT

of your parlors, have no recognition for them in the street, and no more think of allying your life and destiny with theirs than "gales from Arabia" would consent to pass the honeymoon with an Egyptian plague. All that money or social position a bad man brings to a woman in marriage is a splendid despair, a gilded horror, a brilliant agony, a prolonged death; and the longer the marital union lasts, the more evident will be the fact, that she might better have never been born. Yet you and I have been at brilliant weddings, where, before the feast was over, the bridegroom's tongue was thick, and his eyes glassy, and his step a stagger, as he clicked glasses with jolly comrades, all going, with lightning express train, to the fatal crash over the embankment of a ruined life and a lost eternity.

Woman, join not your right hand with such a right hand. Accept from such a one no jewel for finger or ear, lest that sparkle of precious stone turns out to be the eye of a basilisk; and let not the ring come on the finger of your right hand, lest that ring turns out to be one link of a chain that shall bind you in never-ending captivity. In the name of God and heaven and home, in the name of all time and all eternity, I forbid the banns ! Consent not to join one of the many regiments of

women who have married for worldly success without regard to moral character.

If you are ambitious, O woman, for noble affiancing, why not

MARRY A KING ?

And to that honor you are invited by the Monarch of heaven and earth, and this day a voice from the sky sounds forth : “ As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.” Let Him put upon thee the ring of this royal marriage. Here is an honor worth reaching after. By repentance and faith you may come into a marriage with the Emperor of universal dominion, and you may be an Empress unto God forever, and reign with Him in palaces that the centuries cannot crumble, or cannonades demolish.

High, worldly marriage is not necessary for woman, or marriage of any kind, in order to your happiness. Celibacy has been honored by the best Being that ever lived and His greatest apostles—Christ and Paul. What higher honor could single life on earth have ? But what you need, O woman, is to be affianced forever and forever, and the banns of that marriage I am this moment here and now ready to publish. Let the angels of heaven bend from their galleries of light to witness, while I pronounce you one—a loving God and a forgiven soul.

One of the most stirring passages in history with which I am acquainted, tells us how Cleopatra, the exiled Queen of Egypt, won the sympathies of

Julius Cæsar, the conqueror, until he became the bridegroom, and she the bride. Driven from her throne, she sailed away on the Mediterranean Sea in a storm, and when the large ship anchored, she put out with one womanly friend in a small boat, until she arrived at Alexandria, where was Cæsar, the great general. Knowing that she would not be permitted to land or pass the guards on the way to Cæsar's palace, she laid upon the bottom of the boat some shawls and scarfs and richly dyed upholstery, and then lay down upon them, and her friend wrapped her in them, and she was admitted ashore in this wrapping of goods, which was announced as

A PRESENT FOR CÆSAR.

This bundle was permitted to pass the guards of the gates of the palace, and was put down at the feet of the Roman general. When the bundle was unrolled, there rose before Cæsar one whose courage and beauty and brilliancy are the astonishment of the ages. This exiled Queen of Egypt told the story of her sorrows, and he promised her that she should get back her throne in Egypt and take the throne of wifely dominion in his own heart. Afterward they made a triumphal tour in a barge that the pictures of many art galleries have called "Cleopatra's Barge," and that barge was covered with silken awning, and its deck was soft with luxuriant carpets, and the oars were silver-tipped, and the prow was gold-mounted, and the air was redolent with the spicery of tropical

gardens, and resonant with the music that made the night glad as the day.

You may rejoice, O woman, that you are not a Cleopatra, and that the One to whom you may be affianced had none of the sins of Cæsar, the Conqueror. But it suggests to me how you, a soul exiled from happiness and peace, may find your way to the feet of the Conqueror of earth and sky. Though it may be a dark night of spiritual agitation in which you put out into the harbor of peace, you may sail, and when all the wrappings of fear and doubt and sin shall be removed you will be found at the feet of Him who will put you on a throne to be acknowledged as His in the day when all the silver trumpets of the sky shall proclaim : "Behold the Bridegroom cometh ;" and in a barge of light you sail with Him the river whose source is the foot of the throne, and whose mouth is at the sea of glass mingled with fire.

Broken Promises of Marriage.

“I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.”—JUDGES 11 : 35.

General Jephthah, the Commander-in-chief of the Israelitish forces, is buckling on the sword for the extermination of the pestiferous Ammonites, and looking up to the sky, he promises that if God will give him the victory, he will put to death and sacrifice as a burnt offering the first thing that comes out from the door of his homestead when he goes back. The hurraing of triumph soon runs along the line of all the companies, regiments and divisions of Jephthah's army. A worse beaten enemy than those Ammonites never strewed any plain with their carcasses. General Jephthah, fresh from his victory, is now on his way home. As he comes over the hills and through the valleys, the whole march for his men is a cheer, but for him

A GREAT ANXIETY,

for he remembers his vow to slay and burn the first thing that comes forth from his house to greet him after his victory. Perhaps it may be the old watch-dog that shall first come out ; and who could get heart to beat out the life of a faith-

ful creature like that, as he comes fawning and barking and frisking, and putting up his paw against his master in merry welcome after long absence? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah. Perhaps it may be a young dove let out from its cage in the General's home, which, gaining its liberty, may seem to rejoice in public gladness and flutter on the shoulder of the familiar head of the household. But who could have the heart to slay such a winged innocent? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah. Or it may be some good neighbor that will rush out to greet him after having first been in to tell the family of the near approach of the General. But who could slay a neighbor who had come on the scene to rejoice over the reunited household? No; it was not that which came forth to meet Jephthah.

As he advances upon his home the door opens, and out of it comes one whose appearance under other circumstances would have been an indescribable joy, but under

THE PLEDGE OF A SACRIFICE

becomes a horror which blanches his cheek and paralyzes his form and almost hurls him flat to the earth. His child, his only child, his daughter comes skipping out to greet him, her step keeping time to a timbrel which she shakes and smites. Did ever a conqueror's cheer end in such a bitter groan?

All the glories of victorious war are blotted out

from Jephthah's memory, and his banner is folded in grief, and his sword goes back into the scabbard with a dolorous clang, and the muffled drum takes the place of the cymbals, and the "tremolo" the place of the trumpet, and he cries out: "Alas, my daughter, thou has brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me; for I have opened my mouth to the Lord, and I cannot go back." During two months, amid the mountains, without shelter, the maidens who would have been at her wedding, ranged with Jephthah's daughter up and down, bewailing her coming sacrifice.

Commentators and theologians are in dispute as to whether that girl was slain or not, and as to whether, if she were slain, it was right or wrong in Jephthah to be the executioner, a discussion into which I shall not be diverted from

THE OVERMASTERING CONSIDERATION

that we had better look out what we promise, better be cautious what engagements we make, better that in regard to all matters of betrothal and plighted vow we feel the responsibility, lest we have either to sacrifice the truth or sacrifice an immortal being, and we be led to cry out with the paroxysm of a Jephthah: "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back."

There is one ward in almost all the insane asylums, and a large region in almost every ceme-

tery, that you need to visit. They are occupied by the men and women who are the

VICTIMS OF BROKEN PROMISES

of marriage. The women in those wards and in those mortuary receptacles are in the majority, because woman lives more in her affections than does man, and laceration of them, in her case, is more apt to be a dementia and a fatality. In some regions of this land the promise of marriage is considered to have no solemnity or binding force. It was only made in fun. They may change their mind. The engagement may stand until some one more attractive in person, or opulent in estate, appears on the scene ; then the rings are returned, and the amatory letters, and all relationship ceases. And so there are ten thousand Jephthah's daughters sacrificed as burnt offerings. The whole subject needs to be taken out of the realm of comedy into tragedy, and men and women need to understand that, while there are exceptions to the rule, once having solemnly pledged to each other heart and hand, the forfeiture and abandonment of that pledge makes the transgressor in the sight of God a perjurer, and so the Day of Judgment will reveal it. The one has lied to the other ; and all liars shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. If a man or woman make

A PROMISE IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

is there any moral obligation to fulfill it ? If a

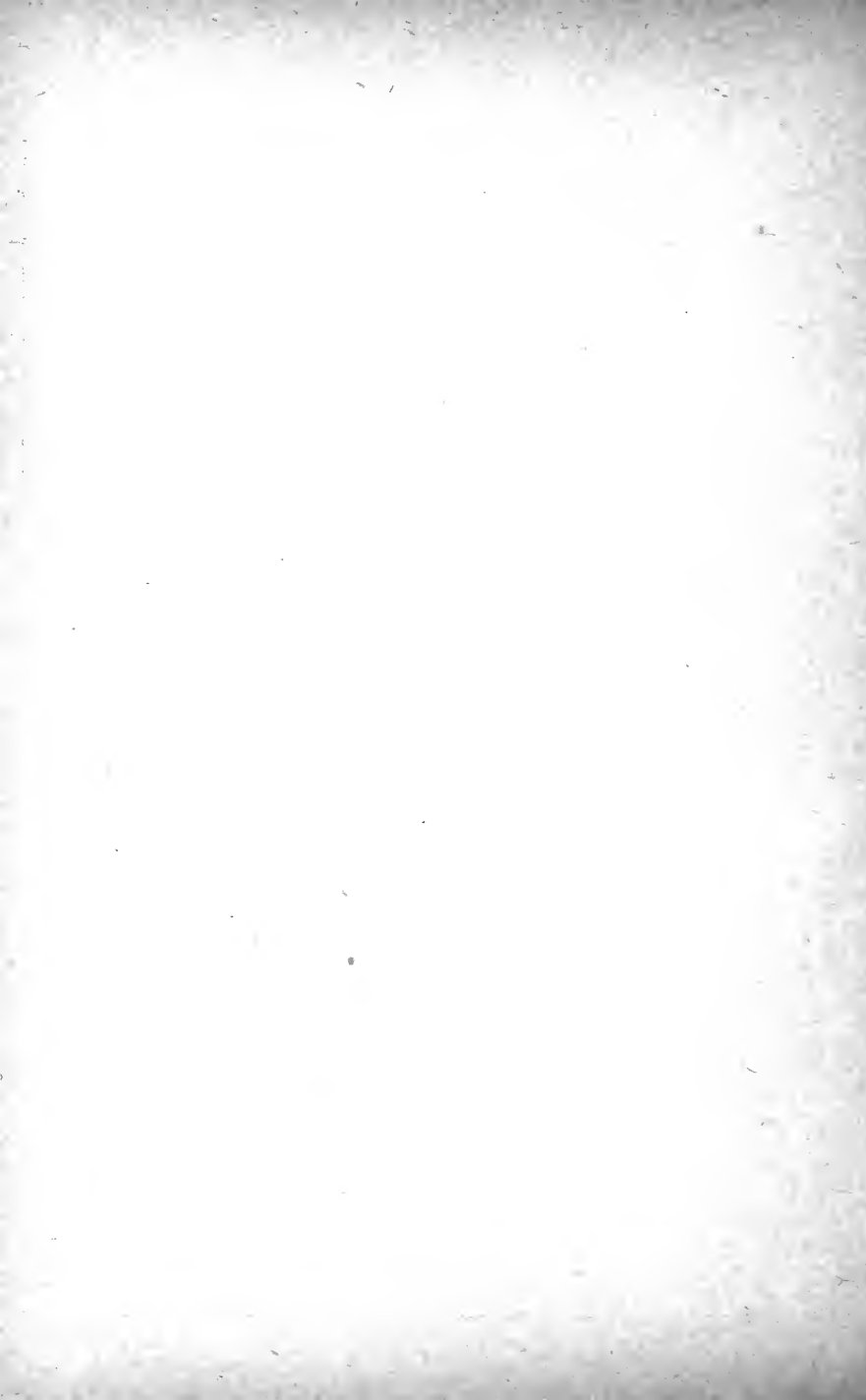
man sign a note for five hundred dollars, ought he to pay it? If a contract be signed involving the building of a house, or the furnishing of a bill of goods, ought they to stand by that contract? "Oh, yes," always answered. Then I ask the further question: Is the heart, the happiness, the welfare, the temporal and eternal destiny of a man or woman worth as much as the house, worth five hundred dollars, worth anything? The realm of profligacy is filled with men and women as a result of the wrong answer to that question. The most aggravating, stupendous and God-defying lie is a lie in the shape of a broken espousal.

But suppose a man changes his mind, ought he not back out? Not one in ten thousand.

WHAT IF I CHANGE MY MIND

about a promissory note, and decline to pay it, and suddenly put my property in such shape that you could not collect your note? How would you like that? That, you say, would be a fraud. So is the other a fraud, and punish it God will certainly, as you live, and just as certainly if you do not live. I have known men, betrothed to loving and good womanhood, resigning their engagement, and the victim went down in hasty consumption, while suddenly the recreant man would go up the aisle of a church in brilliant bridal party, and the two promised "I will," with a solemnity that seemed ensurance of a lifetime happiness. But the simple fact was, that was the first act of a Shakesperian play entitled "Taming the





Shrew." He found out, when too late, that he had not married into the family of the "Graces," but into the family of the "Furies." To the day of his death the murder of his first betrothal followed him.

The Bible extols one who "swaereth to his own hurt and changeth not." That is, when you make a promise, keep it at all hazards. There may be cases where deception has been used at the time of engagement, and extraordinary circumstances where the promise is not binding, but in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, engagement is

AS BINDING AS MARRIAGE.

Robert Burns, with all his faults, well knew the force of a marital engagement. In obedience to some rustic idea, he standing on one side of the brook Ayr, and Mary Campbell on the other, they bathed their hands in the water and then put them on the boards of a Bible, making their pledge of fidelity. On the cover of the Old Testament of that book, to this day in Robert Burns' handwriting may be found the words, "Lev. 19: 12. 'Ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord.'" And on the cover of the New Testament in his own handwriting: "Matt. 5: 33: 'Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths.'"

Suppose a ship-captain offers his services to take a ship out to sea. After he gets a little way he comes alongside of a vessel with a more beautiful

flag, and which has perhaps a richer cargo, and is bound for a more attractive port. Suppose he rings a bell for the engineer to slow up, and the screw stops. Now I see the captain being lowered over the side of the vessel into a small boat, and he crosses to the

GAYER AND WEALTHIER CRAFT,

and climbs up the sides, and is seen walking the bridge of the other ship. I pick up his resigned speaking-trumpet and I shout through it: "Captain, what does this mean? Did you not promise to take this ship to Southampton, England?" "Yes," says the captain, "but I have changed my mind, and I have found I can do better, and I am going to take charge here. I shall send back to you all the letters I got while managing that ship, and everything I got from your ship, and it will be all right." You tell me that the worst fate for such a captain as that is too good for him. But it is just what a man or woman does who promises to take one through the voyage of life, across the ocean of existence, and then breaks the promise.

What American society needs to be taught is that betrothal is an act so solemn and tremendous that all men and women must stand back from it until they are sure it is right, and sure that it is best, and sure that no retreat will be desired. Before that promise of lifetime companionship, any amount of romance that you wish, any ardor of friendship, any coming or going. But

ESPOUSAL IS A GATE,

a golden gate, which one should not pass, unless he or she expects never to return. Engagement is the porch of which marriage is the castle, and you have no right in the porch if you do not mean to pass into the castle. The trouble has always been that this whole subject of affiance has been relegated to the realm of frivolity and joke, and considered not worth a sermon, or even a serious paragraph. And so the massacre of human lives has gone on, and the devil has had it his own cruel way, and what is mightily needed is that pulpit and platform and printing-press all speak a word of unmistakable and thunderous protest on this subject of infinite importance.

We put clear out into thin poesy and light reading the marital engagements of Petrarch and his Laura, Dante and his Beatrice, Chaucer and his Philippa, Lorenzo de Medici and his Lucretia, Spencer and his Rosalind, Waller and his Saccharissa, not realizing that it was the style of their engagement that

DECIDED THEIR HAPPINESS

or wretchedness, their virtue or their profligacy. All the literary and military and religious glory of Queen Elizabeth's reign cannot blot out from one of the most conspicuous pages of history her infamous behavior toward Seymour and Philip and Melville and Leicester and others. All the ecclesiastical robes that Dean Swift ever rustled

through consecrated places cannot hide from intelligent people of all ages the fact that by promises of marriage, which he never fulfilled, he broke the heart of Jane Waring after an engagement of seven years, and the heart of Stella after an engagement of fourteen years, and the poetic stanzas he dedicated to their excellences only make the more immortal his own perfidy.

“But suppose I should make a mistake,” says some man or woman, “and I find it out after the engagement and before marriage?” My answer is, you have

NO EXCUSE FOR A MISTAKE

on this subject. There are so many ways of finding out all about the character and preferences and dislikes and habits of a man or woman, that if you have not brain enough to form a right judgment in regard to him or her, you are not so fit a candidate for the matrimonial altar as you are for an idiot asylum. Notice what society your especial friend prefers, whether he is industrious or lazy, whether she is neat or slatternly, what books are read, what was the style of ancestry, noble or depraved; and if there be any unsolved mystery about the person under consideration, postpone all promise until the mystery is solved.

Jackson's Hollow, Brooklyn, was part of the city not built on for many years, and every time I crossed it I said to myself or to others, why is not this land built on? I found out afterward

that the title to the land was in controversy, and no one wanted to build there until that question was decided. Afterward I understood the title was settled, and now buildings are going up all over it. Do not build your happiness for this world on a character, masculine or feminine, that has not a settled and undisputed title to honor and truth and sobriety and righteousness.

O woman, you have more need to pause before making such an important promise than man, because if you make a mistake it is worse for you. If a man blunder about promise of marriage or go on to an unfortunate marriage, he can spend his evenings away, and can go to the club or the Republican or Democratic headquarters, and absorb his mind in city or state or national elections, smoke himself stupid or drink himself drunk. But there is no place of regular retreat for you, O woman, and you could not take narcotics or intoxicants and keep your respectability. Before you promise, pray and think and study and advise. There will never again in your earthly history be a time when you so much need God.

It seems to me that the world ought to cast out from business credits and from good neighborhood those who boast of the number of hearts they have won, as the Indian boasts of the number of scalps he has taken. If a man will lie to a woman and a woman will lie to a man about so important a matter as that of a lifetime's welfare, they will lie about a bill of goods and lie

about finances and lie about anything. Society to-day is brim full of gallants and man-milliners and

CARPET KNIGHTS AND COQUETTES,

and those most God-forsaken of all wretches—flirts. And they go about drawing-rooms and the parlors of watering-places, simpering and bowing and scraping and whispering, and then return to the club-rooms, if they be men, or to their special gatherings, if they be women, to chatter and giggle over what was said to them in confidence. Condign punishment is apt to come upon them, and they get paid in their own coin. I could point you to a score whom society has let drop very hard, in return for their base traffic in human hearts.

And here my idea widens, and I have to say, not only to those who have made a mistake in solemn promise of marriage, but to those who have already at the altar been pronounced one when they are two, or in diversity of tastes and likes and dislikes are neither one nor two, but a dozen—make the best you can of an awful mistake. And here let me answer letters that come from every State of the American Union, and from across the sea, and are coming year after year from men and women who are terrifically allied and tied together in a hard knot—a very hard knot. The letters run something like this: “What ought I to do? my husband is a drunkard.” “My wife is a gad about

and will not stay at home." "My companion is ignorant, and hates books, and I revel in them." "I like music, and a piano sets my husband crazy." "I am fond of social life, and my husband is a recluse." "I am trying to be good, and my life-long associate is very bad; what shall I do?" My answer is, there are certain good reasons for divorcement. The Bible recognizes them; but it must be

THE VERY LAST RESORT,

and only after all reasonable attempts at reclamation and adjustment have proved a dead failure. When such attempts fail, it is generally because of meddlesome outsiders; and women tell the wronged wife how she ought to stand on her rights, and men tell the wronged husband how he ought to stand on his rights. And let husband and wife, in an unhappy marriage relation, stand punctiliously on their rights, and there will be no readjustment, and only one thing will be sure to them, and that is a hell on earth.

If you are unhappily married, in most cases I advise you to make the best you can of an awfully bad bargain. Do not project your peculiarities more than is necessary. Perhaps you may have some faults of your own, which the other party in the marital alliance may have to suffer. You are in the same yoke. If you pull aside, the yoke will only twist your neck. Better pull ahead. The world is full of

PEOPLE WHO MADE MISTAKES

about many things, and among other things about betrothal and marriage, and yet have been tolerably happy and very useful in the strength of God, and by the grace promised in every time of need, if those who seek it conquer the disadvantageous circumstances. I am acquainted with lovely women, married to contemptible men, and genial men yoked with termagants inspired of the devil. And yet, under these disadvantages my friends are useful and happy. God helps people in other kinds of martyrdom and to sing in the flame, and He will help you in your lifelong misfortune.

Remember the patience of Job. What a wife he had! At a time when he was one great blotch of eruptions, and his property was destroyed by a tornado, and, more than all, bereavement had come and the poor man needed all-wise counsel, she advised him to go to cursing and swearing. She wanted him to poultice his boils with blasphemy. But he lived right on through his

MARITAL DISADVANTAGES,

recovered his health and his fortune, and raised a splendid family, and the closing paragraph of the Book of Job has such a jubilation that I wonder people do not oftener read it: "So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."

Now, my badly married friend of either sex, if Job could stand it by the help of God, then

YOU CAN STAND IT

by the same divine reinforcement. You have other relations, O woman, beside the wifely relation. If you are a mother, train up your children for God and heaven. If you are a member of a church, help move on its enterprises. You can get so much of the grace of God in your heart, that all your home trials will seem insignificant. How little difference does it make what your unrighteous husband calls you, if God calls you His child, and you are an heiress of whole kingdoms beyond the sky?

Immerse yourself in some kind of outside usefulness, something that will enlist your prayers, your sympathies, your hand, your needle, your voice. Get your heart on fire with love to God and the disenthralment of the human race, and the troubles of your home will be blotted out in the glory of your consecrated life. I cry out to you, O woman, as Paul exclaims in his letter to the Corinthians: "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?" And if you cannot save him, you can help in the grander, mightier enterprise of helping save the world. Out of the awful mistake of your marriage rise into the sublimest life of self-sacrifice for God and suffering humanity. Instead of settling down to mope over your domestic

woes, enlist your energies for the world's redemption.

Some parts of Holland keep out the ocean **only** by dykes or walls of stout masonry.

THE DUTCH ENGINEER

having these dykes in charge was soon to be married to a maiden living in one of the villages, the existence of which depended on the strength of these dykes. And there was to be a great feast in one of the villages that approaching evening, in honor of the coming bridegroom. That day a great storm threatened the destruction of the dykes, and hence the destruction of thousands of lives in the villages sheltered by that stone wall. The ocean was in full wrath, beating against the dykes, and the tides and the terror were still rising. "Shall I go to the feast," says the engineer, "or shall I go and help my workmen take care of the dykes?" "Take care of the dykes," he said to himself, "I must and will." As he appeared on the wall, the men working there were exhausted, and shouted: "Here comes the engineer. Thank God! Thank God!"

The walls was giving way, stone by stone, and the engineer had a rope fastened around his body, and some of the workmen had ropes fastened around their bodies, and were let down amid the wild surges that beat the wall. Everything was giving way. "More stones!" cried the men. "More mortar!" But the answer came: "There is no more!" "Then," cried the engineer, "take

off your clothes and with them stop the holes in the wall." And so in the chill and darkness and surf it was done, and with the workmen's apparel the openings in the wall were partially filled. But still the tide rose, and still the ocean reared itself for more awful stroke and for the overwhelming of thousands of lives in the villages.

"Now we have done all we can," said the engineer, "down on your knees, my men, and pray to God for help." And on the trembling and parting dykes they prayed till the wind changed and the sea subsided, and the villages below, which, knowing nothing of the peril, were full of romp and dance and hilarity, were gloriously saved.

WHAT WE WANT

in this work of walling back the ocean of poverty and drunkenness and impurity and sin is the help of more womanly and manly hands. O, how the tides come in! Atlantic surge of sorrow after Atlantic surge of sorrow, and the tempests of human hate and Satanic fury are in full cry. O woman of many troubles, what are all the feasts of worldly delight, if they were offered you, compared with the opportunity of helping build and support barriers which sometimes seem giving way through man's treachery and the world's assault?

O WOMAN, TO THE DYKES!

Bring prayer, bring tears, bring cheering words!
Help! Help! And having done all, kneel with

us on the quaking wall until the God of the wind and the sea shall hush the one and silence the other. To the dykes! Sisters, mothers, wives, daughters, of America, to the dykes! The mightiest catholicon for all the wounds and wrongs of woman or man is complete absorption in the work to rescue others. Save some man, some woman, some child! In that effort you will forget or be helped to bear your own trials, and in a little while God will take you up out of your disturbed and harrowing conjugal relation of earth into a heaven all the happier because of preceding distress. When Queen Elizabeth of England was expiring it was arranged that the exact moment of her death should be signalled to the people by the dropping of a sapphire ring from a window into the hands of an officer, who carried it at the top of his speed to King James of Scotland. But your departure from the scene of your earthly woes, if you are ready to go, will not be the dropping of a sapphire to the ground, but the setting of a jewel in the King's coronet. Blessed be His glorious name forever!

Dominion of Fashion.

“The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth to a man, neither shall a man put on a woman’s garment : for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God.”—DEUT. 22 : 5.

God thought womanly attire of enough importance to have it discussed in the Bible. Paul the Apostle, by no means a sentimentalist, and accustomed to dwell on the great themes of God and the resurrection, writes about the arrangement of woman’s hair and the style of her jewelry ; and in my text, Moses, his ear yet filled with the thunder at Mount Sinai, declares that womanly attire must be in marked contrast with masculine attire, and infraction of that law excites the indignation of high heaven. Just in proportion as the morals of a country or an age are depressed is that law defied. Show me the fashion plates of any century from the time of the Deluge to this, and I will tell you the exact state of public morals.

BLOOMERISM

in this country years ago seemed about to break down this divine law, but there was enough of good in American society to beat back the indecency. Yet ever and anon we have imported from France, or perhaps invented on this side the sea, a

style that proposes as far as possible to make women dress like men ; and thousands of young women catch the mode, until some one goes a little too far in imitation of masculinity, and the whole custom, by the good sense of American womanhood, is obliterated.

The costumes of the countries are different, and in the same country may change, but there is a divinely ordered dissimilarity which must be forever observed. Any divergence from this is administrative of vice and runs against the keen thrust of the text, which says : "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God."

Many years ago a French authoress, signing herself George Sand, by her corrupt but brilliant writings depraved homes and libraries innumerable, and was a literary grandmother of all the present French and American authors, who have written things so much worse that they have made her putrefaction quite presentable. That French authoress put on masculine attire. She was consistent. Her writings and her behavior were perfectly accordant.

My text abhors masculine women and

WOMANISH MEN.

What a sickening thing it is to see a man copying the speech, the walk, the manner of a woman. The trouble is that they do not imitate a sensible

woman, but some female imbecile. And they simper, and they go with mincing step, and lisp, and scream at nothing, and take on a languishing look, and bang their hair, and are the nauseation of honest folks of both sexes. O man, be a man ! You belong to quite a respectable sex. Do not try to cross over, and so become a hybrid ; neither one nor the other, but a failure, half-way between.

Alike repugnant are

MASCULINE WOMEN.

They copy a man's stalking gait and go down the street with the stride of a walking-beam. They wish they could smoke cigarettes, and some of them do. They talk boisterously, and try to sing bass. They do not laugh, they roar. They cannot quite manage the broad profanity of the sex they rival, but their conversation is often a half-swear ; and if they said " O Lord " in earnest prayer as often as they say it in lightness they would be high up in sainthood. Withal there is an assumed rugosity of apparel, and they wear a man's hat, only changed by being in two or three places smashed in and a dead canary clinging to the general wreck, and a man's coat tucked in here and there according to an unaccountable æsthetics. O woman, stay a woman ! You also belong to a very respectable sex. Do not try to cross over. If you do you will be a failure as a woman, and only a nondescript of a man. We already have enough intellectual and moral

bankrupts in our sex without your coming over to make worse the deficit.

My text also sanctions fashion. Indeed, it sets a fashion. There is a great deal of senseless

CANT ABOUT FASHION.

A woman or man who does not regard it is unfit for a good neighborhood. The only question is what is right fashion and what is wrong fashion. Before I stop I want to show you that fashion has been one of the most potent of reformers and one of the vilest of usurpers. Sometimes it has been an angel from heaven, and at others it has been the mother of abominations. As the world grows better there will be as much fashion as now, but it will be a righteous fashion. In the future life white robes always have been and always will be in the fashion.

There is a great outcry against this submission to social custom, as though any consultation of the tastes and feelings of others were deplorable; but without it the world would have neither law, order, civilization nor common decency. There has been

A CANONIZATION OF BLUNTNESS.

There are men and women who boast that they can tell you all they know and hear about you, especially if it be unpleasant. Some have mistaken rough behavior for frankness, when the two qualities do not belong to the same family. You have no right, with your eccentricities, to

crash in upon the sensitiveness of others. There is no virtue in walking with hoofs over fine carpets. The most jagged rock is covered with blossoming moss. The storm that comes jarring down in thunder strews rainbow colors upon the sky and silvery drops on the orchard.

There are men who pride themselves on their capacity to "stick" others. They say, "I have brought him down ; didn't I make him squirm !" Others pride themselves on their outlandish apparel. They boast of being out of the fashion. They wear a queer hat. They ride in an odd carriage. By dint of perpetual application they would persuade the world that they are perfectly indifferent to public opinion. They are more proud of being "out of fashion" than others are of being in. They are utterly and universally disagreeable. Their rough corners have never been worn off. They prefer a hedgehog to a lamb.

The accomplishments of life are in no wise productive of effeminacy or enervation. Good manners and a respect for the tastes of others are indispensable. The Good Book speaks favorably of those who are a "peculiar" people ; but that does not sanction the behavior of queer people. There is no excuse, under any circumstances, for not being the lady or gentleman.

RUDENESS IS SIN.

We have no words too ardent to express our admiration for the refinements of society. There is no law, moral or divine, to forbid elegance of

demeanor, or ornaments of gold, or gems for the person, artistic display in the dwelling, gracefulness of gait and bearing, polite salutation or honest compliments; and he who is shocked or offended by these had better, like the old Scythians, wear tiger-skins and take one wild leap back into midnight barbarism. As Christianity advances there will be better apparel, higher styles of architecture, more exquisite adornments, sweeter music, more correct behavior and more thorough ladies and gentlemen.

But there is another story to be told. Wrong fashion is to be charged with many of the worst evils of society, and its path has often been strewn with the bodies of the slain. It has set up

A FALSE STANDARD

by which people are to be judged. Our common sense, as well as all the divine intimations on the subject, teach us that people ought to be esteemed according to their individual and moral attainments. The man who has the most nobility of soul should be first, and he who has the least of such qualities should stand last. No crest or shield or escutcheon can indicate one's moral peerage. Titles of Duke, Lord, Esquire, Earl, Viscount or Patrician ought not to raise one into the first rank. Some of the meanest men I have ever known had at the end of their name D.D., LL.D. and F.R.S. Truth, honor, charity, heroism, self-sacrifice, should win highest favor; but inordinate fashion says: "Count not a woman's

virtues ; count her adornments." "Look not at the contour of the head, but see the way she combs her hair." "Ask not what noble deeds have been accomplished by that man's hand; but is it white and soft?" Ask not what good sense is in her conversation, but "In what was she dressed?" Ask not whether there was hospitality and cheerfulness in the house, but "In what style do they live?"

As a consequence, some of the most ignorant and vicious men are at the top, and some of the most virtuous and intelligent at the bottom. During the last war we suddenly saw men hurled up into the highest social positions. Had they suddenly reformed from evil habits, or graduated in science, or achieved some good work for society? No: they simply had obtained a Government contract! This accounts for the utter chagrin which people feel at the treatment they receive when they lose their property. Hold up your head

AMID FINANCIAL DISASTER

like a Christian! Fifty thousand subtracted from a good man leaves how much? Honor; truth; faith in God; triumphant hope; and a kingdom of ineffable glory, over which he is to reign forever and ever. If the owner of millions should lose a penny out of his pocket would he sit down on a curbstone and cry? And shall a man possessed of everlasting fortunes wear himself out with grief because he has lost worldly treasure? You

have only lost that in which hundreds of wretched misers surpass you ; and you have saved that which the Cæsars and the Pharaohs and the Alexanders could never afford. And yet society thinks differently, and you see the most intimate friendships broken up as the consequence of financial embarrassments.

Proclamation has gone forth : "Velvets must go up and plain apparel must come down," and the question is : "How does the coat fit?" not "Who wears it?" The power that bears the tides of excited population up and down our streets, and rocks the world of commerce, and thrills all nations, transatlantic and cisatlantic, is clothes. It decides the last offices of respect ; and how long the dress shall be totally black ; and when it may subside into spots of grief on silk, calico or gingham. Men die in good circumstances, but by reason of extravagant funeral expenses are well-nigh insolvent before they get buried.

Wrong fashion is productive of a most

RUINOUS RIVALRY.

The expenditure of many households is adjusted by what their neighbors have, not by what they themselves can afford to have ; and the great anxiety is as to who shall have the finest house and the most costly equipage. The weapons used in the warfare of social life are not Minie rifles, and Dahlgren guns, and Hotchkiss shells, but chairs and mirrors and vases, and Gobelins and Axminsters. Many household establishments

are like a racing steamboat, propelled at the utmost strain and risk, and just coming to a terrific explosion. "Who cares," say they, "if we only come out ahead?" There is no one cause to-day of more financial embarrassment and of more dishonesty than this determination at all hazards to live as well as or better than other people. There are persons who will risk their eternity upon one pier mirror, or who will dash out the splendors of heaven to get another trinket.

There are scores of men in the dungeons of the penitentiary who risked honor, business, everything, in the effort to shine like others. Though the heavens fall they must be "in the fashion." The most famous frauds of the day have resulted from this feeling. It keeps hundreds of men struggling for their commercial existence. The trouble is that some are caught and incarcerated if their larceny be small. If it be great they escape and build their castle on the Rhine.

Again: Wrong fashion makes people unnatural and untrue. It is a factory from which has come forth more hollow and unmeaning

FLATTERIES AND HYPOCRISIES

than the Lowell mills ever turned out shawls and garments. Fashion is the greatest of all liars. It has made society insincere. You know not what to believe. When people ask you to come, you do not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart, or an

external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent, "Not at home," when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say: "The furnace has just gone out," when in truth they have had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table, when they never live any better. They decry their most luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master-painter. "It was an heir-loom, and once hung on the walls of a castle; and a duke gave it to their grandfather." People who will not lie about anything else will lie about a picture. On a small income we must make the world believe that we are affluent, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit and a sham.

Few people are really natural and unaffected. When I say this I do not mean to slur cultured manners. It is right that we should have more admiration for the sculptured marble than for the unhewn block of the quarry. From many circles in life fashion has driven out vivacity.

A FROZEN DIGNITY

instead floats about the room, and iceberg grinds against iceberg. You must not laugh outright; it is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash rapidly across the room; you must glide. There

is a round of bows and grins and flatteries, and oh's and ah's and simpering, nambypambyism—a world of which is not worth one good, round, honest peal of laughter. From such a hollow round the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening, and assures his host that he has enjoyed himself.

Thus social life has been contorted and deformed, until, in some mountain cabin, where rustics gather to the quilting or the apple-paring, there is more good cheer than in all the frescoed icehouses of the metropolis. We want in all the higher circles of society more warmth of heart and naturalness of behavior, and not so many refrigerators.

Again : Wrong fashion is

INCOMPATIBLE WITH HAPPINESS.

Those who depend for their comfort upon the admiration of others are subject to frequent disappointment. Somebody will criticise their appearance, or surpass them in brilliancy, or will receive more attention. Oh, the jealousy and detraction and heart-burnings of those who move in this bewildered maze ! Poor butterflies ? Bright wings do not always bring happiness. “ She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.” The revelations of high life that come to the challenge and the fight are only the occasional croppings out of disquietudes that are, underneath, like the stars of heaven for multitude, but like the demons of the pit for

hate. The misery that will to-night in the cellar cuddle up in the straw is not so utter as the princely disquietude which stalks through splendid drawing-rooms, brooding over the sights and offences of luxurious life. The bitterness of life seems not so unfitting when drunk out of a pewter mug as when it pours from the chased lips of a golden chalice. In the sharp crack of the voluptuary's pistol, putting an end to his earthly misery, I hear the confirmation that in a hollow, fastidious life there is no peace.

Again : Devotion to wrong fashion is

PRODUCTIVE OF PHYSICAL DISEASE,

mental imbecility and spiritual withering. Apparel insufficient to keep out the cold and the rain, or so fitted upon the person that the functions of life are restrained ; late hours filled with excitement and feasting ; free draughts of wine that make one not beastly intoxicated, but only fashionably drunk ; and luxurious indolence—are the instruments by which this unreal life pushes its disciples into valetudinarianism and the grave. Along the walks of prosperous life death goes a-mowing—and such harvests as are reaped ! *Materia Medica* has been exhausted to find curatives for these physiological devastations. Dropsies, cancers, consumptions, gout and almost every infirmity in all the realm of pathology have been the penalties paid. To counteract the damage, Pharmacy has gone forth with medicament, panacea, elixir, embrocation, salve and cataplasm.

To-night, with swollen feet upon cushioned ottoman, and groaning with aches innumerable, will be the votary of luxurious living, not half so happy as his groom or coal-heaver. Wrong fashion is the world's undertaker, and drives thousands of hearses to Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn.

But, worse than that, this folly is an

INTELLECTUAL DEPLETION.

This endless study of proprieties and etiquette patterns and styles, is bedwarring to the intellect. I never knew a woman or a man of extreme fashion that knew much. How belittling the study of the cut of a coat, or the tie of a cravat, or the wrinkle in a sleeve, or the color of a ribbon! How they are worried if something gets untied, or hangs awry, or is not nicely adjusted! With a mind capable of measuring the height and depth of great subjects; able to unravel mysteries, to walk through the universe, to soar up into the infinity of God's attributes—hovering perpetually over a new style of cloak. I have known men, reckless as to their character and regardless of interests momentous and eternal, exasperated by the shape of a vest-button.

Worse than all—this folly is not satisfied until it extirpates every moral sentiment and

BLASTS THE SOUL.

A wardrobe is the rock upon which many a soul has been riven. The excitement of a luxurious

life has been the vortex that has swallowed up more souls than the Maelstrom off Norway ever destroyed ships. What room for elevating themes in a heart filled with the trivial and unreal! Who can wonder that in this haste for sun-gilded baubles and winged thistle-down men and women should tumble into ruin? The travelers to destruction are not all clothed in rags. In the wild tumult of the Last Day—the mountains falling, the heavens flying, the thrones uprising, the universe assembling; amid the boom of the last great thunder-peal, and under the crackling of a burning world—what will become of the disciple of fashion?

THE WORLDLING'S CAREER.

But watch the career of one thoroughly artificial. Through inheritance, or, perhaps, his own skill, having obtained enough for purposes of display, he feels himself thoroughly established. He sits aloof from the common herd, and looks out of his window upon the poor man and says: "Put that dirty wretch off my steps immediately!" On Sabbath days he finds the church, but mourns the fact that he must worship with so many of the inelegant, and says: "They are perfectly awful! That man that you put in my pew had a coat on his back that did not cost five dollars." He struts through life unsympathetic with trouble, and says: "I cannot be bothered." Is delighted with some doubtful story of Parisian life, but thinks there are some very indecent

things in the Bible. Walks arm in arm with the successful man of the world, but does not know his own brother. Loves to be praised for his splendid house, and when told that he looks younger, says: "Well, really, do you think so?"

But the brief strut of his life is about over. Up-stairs he dies. No angel wings hovering about him. No Gospel promises kindling up the darkness; but exquisite embroidery, elegant pictures, and a bust of Shakspeare on the mantel. The pulses stop. The minister comes in to read of the Resurrection, that day when the dead shall come up—both he that died on the floor and he that expired under princely upholstery. He is carried out to burial. Only a few mourners, but a great array of carriages. Not one common man at the funeral. No befriended orphan to weep a tear on his grave. No child of want pressing through the ranks of the weeping, saying: "He is the last friend I have."

What now? He was a great man. Shall not chariots of salvation come down to the other side of the Jordan and escort him up to the palace? Shall not the angels exclaim: "Turn out! A prince is coming?" Will the bells chime? Will there be harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets?

No! No! No! There will be a shudder, as though a calamity had happened. Standing on heaven's battlement, a watchman will see something shoot past, with fiery downfall, and shriek:

“Wandering star—for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness!” But sadder yet is the

CLOSING OF A WOMAN'S LIFE

that has been worshipful of worldliness, all the wealth of a lifetime's opportunity wasted. What a tragedy! A woman on her dying pillow, thinking of what she might have done for God and humanity, and yet having done nothing! Compare her demise with that of a Harriet Newell, going down to peacefully die in the Isle of France, reviewing her lifetime sacrifices for the redemption of India; or the last hours of Elizabeth Hervey, having exchanged her bright New England home for a life at Bombay amid stolid heathenism, that she might illumine it, saying in her last moments: “If this is the dark valley, it has not a dark spot in it; all is light, light!” or the exit of Mrs. Lennox, falling under sudden disease at Smyrna, breathing out her soul with the last words, “Oh, how happy!” or the departure of Mrs. Sarah D. Comstock, spending her life for the salvation of Burmah, giving up her children that they might come home to America to be educated, and saying as she kissed them good-by, never to see them again, “O Jesus! I do this for Thee!” or the going of ten thousand good women, who in less resounding spheres have lived not for themselves, but for God and the alleviation of human suffering.

That was a brilliant scene when, in 1485, in the campaign for the capture of Ronda,

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF CASTILE,

on horseback, side by side with King Ferdinand, rode out to review the troops. As she, in bright armor, rode along the lines of the Spanish host, and waved her jewelled hand to the warriors, and ever and anon uttered words of cheer to the worn veterans who, far away from their homes, were risking their lives for the kingdom, it was a spectacle that illumines history. But more glorious will be the scene when that consecrated Christian woman, crowned in heaven, shall review the souls that on earth she clothed and fed and medicined and evangelized, and then introduced into the ranks celestial. As on the white horse of victory, side by side with the king, this queen unto God forever shall ride past the lines of those in whose salvation she bore a part, the scene will surpass anything ever witnessed on earth in the life of Joan of Arc, or Penelope, or Semiramis, or Aspasia, or Marianne, or Margaret of Anjou. Ride on, victor!

The Veil of Modesty.

“The Queen Vashti refused to come.”—ESTHER 1:12.

If you will accept my arm I will escort you into a throne-room. In this fifth sermon of the series of sermons there are certain womanly excellencies which I wish to commend, but instead of putting them in dry abstraction, I present you their impersonation in one who seldom gets sermonic recognition. We stand amid

THE PALACES OF SHUSHAN.

The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work, in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass, and the whiteness of the sea-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which



wearily limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. Amazing spectacle! It seems as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlements upon this metropolis of Persia.

In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are

SEATED AT A BANQUET.

Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. The waters of Eulæus filling the urns, and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards. In another part of the palace,

QUEEN VASHTI

is entertaining the princess of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants: "You go out and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public

without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness, holiness and

MODESTY OF HER NATURE

rises up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Of course Ahasuerus was infuriated; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin, to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed, and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God, and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent.

In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated

HER QUEENLY POSITION.

It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet, my friends, it is not necessary to have palace and regal robes in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation; and whether she come up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with a shout! "All hail! Queen Vashti!" What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory?—or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor old, helpless Naomi?—or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah?—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throb, and curfew's knell, at the dying day?—and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to

the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lane, and in Government hospital, and in almshouse corridor, and by prison gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospital and plague-blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: “Hail, Queen Vashti.” Among the

QUEENS WHOM I HONOR

are the female day-school teachers of this land. I put upon their brow the coronet. They are the sisters and the daughters of our towns and cities, selected out of a vast number of applicants, because of their especial intellectual and moral endowments. There are in none of your homes women more worthy. These persons, some of them, come out from affluent homes, choosing teaching as a useful profession; others, finding that father is older than he used to be, and that his eyesight and strength are not as good as once, go to teaching to lighten his load. But I tell you the history of the majority of the female teachers in the public schools when I say: “Father is dead.” After the estate was settled, the family, that were comfortable before, are thrown on their own resources.

It is hard for men to earn a living in this day, but it is harder for women—their health not so rugged, their arms not so strong, their opportunities fewer. These persons after tremblingly

going through the ordeal of an examination as to their qualifications to teach, half-bewildered step over the sill of the public school to do two things— instruct the young and earn their own bread.

HER WORK IS WEARING

to the last degree. The management of forty or fifty fidgety and intractable children, the suppression of their vices and the development of their excellencies, the management of rewards and punishments, the sending of so many bars of soap and fine-tooth combs on benignant ministry, the breaking of so many wild colts for the harness of life, sends her home at night weak, neuralgic, unstrung, so that of all the weary people in your cities for five nights of the week, there are none more weary than the public-school teachers. Now, for God's sake, give them a fair chance. Throw no obstacles in the way. If they come out ahead in the race, cheer them. If you want to smite any, smite the male teachers; they can take up the cudgels for themselves. But keep your hands off of defenceless women. Father may be dead but there are enough brothers left to demand and see that they get justice.

Within a stone's throw of this building there died years ago one of the principals of our public schools. She had been twenty-five years at that post. She had left the touch of refinement on a multitude of the young. She had, out of her slender purse, given literally thousands of dollars for the destitute who came under her observation

as a school teacher. A deceased sister's children were thrown upon her hands, and she took care of them. She was a kind mother to them, while she mothered a whole school. Worn out with nursing in the sick and dying room of one of the household, she herself came to die. She closed the school-book and at the same time the volume of her Christian fidelity.

QUEENS ARE ALL SUCH,

and whether the world acknowledges them or not, heaven acknowledges them. When Scarron, the wit and ecclesiastic, as poor as he was brilliant, was about to marry Madame de Maintenon, he was asked by the notary what he proposed to settle upon Mademoiselle. The reply was: "Immortality! the names of the wives of kings die with them: the name of the wife of Scarron will live always." In a higher and better sense, upon all women who do their duty God will settle Immortality! Not the immortality of earthly fame, which is mortal, but the immortality celestial. And they shall reign for ever and ever! Oh, the opportunity which every woman has of being a queen! The longer I live the more I admire good womanhood. And I have come to form my opinion of the character of a man by his appreciation or non-appreciation of woman. If a man have a depressed idea of womanly character he is a bad man, and there is no exception to the rule.

The writings of Goethe can never have any

such attractions for me as Shakespeare, because nearly all the womanly characters of the great German have some kind of turpitude. There is his Mariana, with her clandestine scheming ; and his Mignon, of evil parentage, yet worse than her ancestors ; and his Theresa, the brazen ; and his Aurelia, of many intrigues ; and his Philina, the termagant ; and his Melina, the tarnished ; and his baroness ; and his countess ; and there is seldom a womanly character in all his voluminous writings that would be worthy of residence in a respectable coal cellar, yet pictured and dramatized, and emblazoned till all the literary world is compelled to see. No ! No ! Give me William Shakespeare's idea of woman ; and I see it in Desdemona, and Cordelia, and Rosalind, and Imogen, and Helena, and Hermione, and Viola, and Isabella, and Sylvia, and Perdita, all of them with enough faults to prove them human, but enough kindly characteristics to give us the author's idea of womanhood ; his Lady Macbeth only a dark background to bring out the supreme loveliness of his other female characters.

Again, I want you to consider

VASHTI THE VEILED.

Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day, with her face uncovered, she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As

some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out: "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands." And when women are called to such out-door work, and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their soul, and lightnings in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm.

But these are exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough for the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phœbe would rather carry a letter for the inspired Apostle; Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty—with cheerful dignity presiding at the table; with kind and gentle, but firm, discipline presiding in the nursery; going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, follow-

ing in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good—I say: “This is Vashti with a veil on.”
But when I see

WOMAN OF UNBLUSHING BOLDNESS,

loud-voiced, with a tongue of infinite clitter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the street with a masculine swing, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out, “Vashti has lost her veil.” When I see a woman struggling for political preferment, and rejecting the duties of home as insignificant, and thinking the offices of wife, mother and daughter of no importance, and trying to force her way on up into conspicuity, I say: “Ah, what a pity: Vashti has lost her veil.” When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for one, and of high social position, yet moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infinitessimals of sense, the terror of dry-goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badness and innuendo—I say: “Vashti has lost her veil.”

But do not misinterpret what I say into a depreciation of the work of those glorious and

DIVINELY CALLED WOMEN,

who will not be understood till after they are dead, women like Susan B. Anthony, who are giving their life for the betterment of the condition of their sex. Those of you who think that women have, under the laws of this country, an equal chance with men, are ignorant of the laws. A gentleman writes me from Maryland, saying: "Take the laws of this State. A man and wife start out in life, full of hope in every respect, by their joint efforts, and, as is frequently the case, through the economic ideas of the wife, succeed in accumulating a fortune, but they have no children; they reach old age together, and then the husband dies. What does the law of this State do then? It says to the widow, 'Hands off your late husband's property; do not touch it; the State will find others to whom it will give that, but you, the widow, must not touch it, only so much as will keep life within your aged body, that you may live to see those others enjoy what rightfully should be your own.' And the State seeks the relatives of the deceased husband, whether they be near or far, whether they were ever heard of before or not, and transfers to them, singly or collectively, the estate of the deceased husband and living widow."

Now, that is a specimen of unjust laws in all the States concerning womanhood. Instead of flying off to the discussion as to whether or not the giving of the right of voting to women will

correct these laws, let me say to men, be gallant enough, and fair enough, and honest enough and righteous enough, and God-loving enough to correct these wrongs against women by your own masculine vote. Do not wait for woman suffrage to come, if it ever does come, but, so far as you can touch ballot boxes and legislatures, and congresses, begin the reformation. But until justice is done to your sex by the laws of all the States, and women of America take the platforms and the pulpits, no honorable man will charge Vashti with having lost her veil.

Again: I want you this morning to consider

VASHTI THE SACRIFICE.

Who is this that I see coming out of that palace gate of Shnshan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh, what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago approved and sought for; now none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice. Ah, you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home empalaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Ahasuerus, the husband and the father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After a while he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net—further away from God, further

away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs

BREAKING UP THE MARRIAGE

feast of Lapithae. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children. There are homes represented in this house this morning that are in danger of such a breaking up. O, Ahasuerus, that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people point their finger at them as they pass down the street, and say: "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness. God forbid that any evil spirit, born of the wine-cup or the brandy-flask, should come forth and uproot that garden, and, with a blasting, blistering, all-consuming curse, shut for ever the palace gate against Vashti and the children.

Oh, the women and the men of sacrifice are going to take the brightest coronals of heaven! This woman of the text gave up palatial residence, gave up all for what she considered right. Sacrifice! Is there anything more sublime? A steamer called the *Prairie Belle*, burning on the

Mississippi River. Bludso, the engineer, declared he would keep the bow of the boat to the shore till all were off, and he kept his promise. At his post, scorched and blackened, he perished, but he saved all the passengers. Two verses of pathetic poetry describe the scene, but the verses are a little rough, and so I change a word or two :

“Through the hot, black breath of the burning
 Jim Bludso’s voice was heard.
 And they all had trust in his stubbornness,
 And knew he would keep his word.
 And sure’s you’re born they all got off
 Afore the smoke-stacks fell ;
 And Bludso’s ghost went up above,
 In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

“He weren’t no saint, but at Judgment
 I’d run my chance with Jim,
 Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn’t shake hands with him.
 He’d seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
 And went for it there and then,
 And Christ is not going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.”

Once more : I want you to look at *Vashti the silent*. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waited for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that the men

should laugh at the lightning-rod and cotton-gin and steamboat—waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and

MAGNIFICENT SILENCE.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians and monks and cardinals, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in their complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave.

The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing-press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction, enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up His dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence, and answering not a word, drinking the gall,

bearing the Cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when

“Angels throng His chariot wheel,
And bore Him to His throne :
Then swept their golden harps and sung,
The glorious work is done.”

An Arctic explorer found *a ship floating helplessly about among the icebergs*, and going on board he found that the captain was frozen at his logbook, and the helmsman was frozen at the wheel, and the men on the lookout were frozen in their places. That was awful, but magnificent. All the Arctic blasts and all the icebergs could not drive them from their duty. Theirs was

A SILENCE LOUDER THAN THUNDER.

And this old ship of a world has many at their posts in the awful chill of neglect, and frozen of the world's scorn, and their silence shall be the eulogy of the skies and be rewarded long after this weather-beaten craft of a planet shall have made its last voyage.

THE PALACE GATE OF HEAVEN !

You can endure the hardships and the privations and the cruelties and the misfortunes of this life, if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant, you go through those gates, or never go at all. When Rome was besieged, the daughter of its ruler saw the golden bracelets on the left arm of the enemy,

and she sent word to them that she would betray her city and surrender it to them, if they would only give her those bracelets on their left arms. They accepted the proffer, and by night this daughter of the ruler of the city opened one of the gates. The army entered, and, keeping their promise, threw upon her their bracelets, and also their shields, until under the weight she died. Alas, that all through the ages the same folly has been repeated, and for the trinkets and glittering treasures of this world men and women swing open the portals of their immortal soul for an everlasting surrender, and die under the shining submergement.

Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel and Hannah and Abigail and Deborah and Mary and Vashti. Amen!

Wifely Ambition, Good and Bad.

“Arise and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth.”—1 KINGS 21:7.

One day King Ahab, looking out of the window of his palace at Jezreel, said to his wife, Jezebel: “We ought to have these royal gardens enlarged. If we could only get that fellow, Naboth, who owns that vineyard out there, to trade or sell, we could make it a kitchen garden for our palace.”

“Fetch in Naboth,” says the king to one of his servants.

The plain gardener, wondering why he should be called into the presence of his majesty, comes in, a little downcast in his modesty, and with very obsequious manner, bows to the king.

The king says: “Naboth, I want to trade vineyards with you.

I WANT YOUR VINEYARD

for a kitchen garden, and I will give a great deal better vineyard in place of it; or, if you prefer money for it, I will give you cash.”

“Oh, no,” says Naboth, “I cannot trade off my little place, nor can I sell it. It is the old homestead; I got it of my father, and he of his father, and I cannot let the old place go out of my hands.”

In a great state of petulancy, King Ahab went into the house and flung himself on the bed, and turned his face to the wall, in a great pout.

His wife, Jezebel, comes in, and she says: "What is the matter with you? Are you sick?"

"Oh," he says, "I feel very blue. I have set my heart on getting that kitchen garden, and Naboth will neither trade nor sell, and to be defeated by a common gardener is more than I can stand."

"Oh, pshaw!" says Jezebel, "don't go on in that way. Get up and eat your dinner, and stop moping. I will get for you that kitchen garden."

Then Jezebel borrowed her husband's signet, or seal—for then, as now, in those lands, kings never signed their names, but had a ring with the royal name engraved on it, and that impressed on a royal letter or document, was the signature. She stamped her husband's name on a proclamation, which resulted in getting

NABOTH TRIED FOR TREASON

against the king, and two perjured witnesses swore their souls away with the life of Naboth, and he was stoned to death, and his property came to the crown, and so Jezebel got for her husband and herself the kitchen garden. But while the wild street dogs were rending the dead body of poor Naboth, Elijah, the prophet, tells them of other canines that will, after a while, have a free banquet, saying: "Where dogs lick

the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

And sure enough, three years after, Ahab, wounded in battle, his chariot dripping with the carnage, dogs stood under it lapping his life's blood. And a little afterward his wife, Jezebel, who had been his chief adviser in crime, stands at her palace window and sees Jehu, the enemy, approaching to take possession of the palace. And to make herself look as attractive as possible, and queenly to the very last, she decorated her person, and according to Oriental custom closed her eyes and ran a brush dipped in a black powder along the long eyelashes, and then from the window she glared her indignation upon Jehu. As he rode to the gates in his chariot he shouted to the slaves in her room: "Throw her down!" But no doubt the slaves halted a moment from such

WORK OF ASSASSINATION,

yet, knowing Queen Jezebel could be no more to them, and the conqueror Jehu would be everything, as he shouted again, "Throw her down," they seized her and bore her struggling and cursing to the window casement, and hurled her forth till she came tumbling to the earth, striking it just in time to let Jehu's horses trample her and the chariot wheels roll over her. While Jehu is inside at the table refreshing himself after the excitement, he ordered his servants to go out and bury the dead queen. But the wild street dogs

had for the third time appeared on the scene, and they had removed all her body except those parts which in all ages dogs are by a strange instinct of brutal superstition kept from touching after death—the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet.

All this appalling scene of ancient history was the result of

A WIFE'S BAD ADVICE

to a husband, of a wife's struggle to advance her husband's interests by unlawful means. Ahab and Jezebel got the kitchen garden of Naboth, but the dogs got them. The trouble all began when this mistaken wife aroused her husband out of his melancholy by the word of the text: "Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard."

The influence suggested by this subject is an influence you never before heard discoursed on and may never hear again, but a most potent and semi-omnipotent influence, and decides the course of individuals, families, nations, centuries, and eternities. I speak of wifely ambition, good and bad. How important that every wife have her ambition—an elevated, righteous and divinely approved ambition.

And here let me say, what I am most anxious for is that woman, not waiting for the rights denied her or postponed, promptly and decisively employ the rights she already has in possession.

Some say she will be in fair way to get all her rights when she gets the

RIGHT TO THE BALLOT-BOX.

I wish that the experiment might be tried and settled. I would like to see all women vote, and then watch the result. I do not know that it would change anything for the better. Most wives and daughters and sisters would vote as their husbands and fathers and brothers voted. Nearly all the families that I know are solidly Republican or Democratic or Prohibition. Those families all voting would make more votes but no difference in the results. Besides that, as now, at the polls men are brought up by the thousands, women would be brought up by the thousands. The more voters the more opportunities for political corruption. We have several million more voters now than are for the public good.

We are told that female suffrage would correct

TWO EVILS,

the rum business, and the insufficiency of woman's wages. About the rum business I have to say that multitudes of women drink, and it is no unusual thing to see them in the restaurants so overpowered with wine and beer that they can hardly sit up, while there are so many so-called respectable restaurants where they can go and take their champagne and hot toddy all alone. Mighty temperance voters those women would make! Besides that, the wives of the rum-sellers would

have to vote in the interest of their husband's business, or have a time the inverse of felicitous. Besides that, millions of respectable and refined women in America would probably not vote at all, because they do not want to go to the polls, and, on the other hand, womanly roughs would all go to the polls, and that might make woman's vote on the wrong side. There is not much prospect of the expulsion of drunkenness by female suffrage.

As to woman's wages to be corrected by woman's vote, I have not much faith in that.

WOMEN ARE HARDER ON WOMEN

than men are. Masculine employers are mean enough in treatment of women, but if you want to hear beating down of prices and wages in perfection, listen how some women treat washerwomen and dressmakers and female servants. Mrs. Shylock is more merciless than Mr. Shylock. Women, I fear, will never get righteous wages through woman's vote, and as to unfortunate womanhood, women are far more cruel and unforgiving than men are. After a woman has made shipwreck of her character, men generally drop her, but women do not so much drop her as hurl her with the force of a catapult clear out and off and down and under.

I have not much faith that woman will ever get merciful consideration and justice through woman suffrage, yet I like experiments, and some of my friends, in whose judgment I have

confidence, are so certain that alleviation would come by such process that I would, if I had the power, put in every woman's hand the vote. I cannot see what right you have to make a woman pay taxes on her property to help support city, State and national Government, and yet deny her the opportunity of helping decide who shall be Mayor, Governor or President. But let every wife, not waiting for the vote she may never get, or, getting it, find it outbalanced by some other vote not fit to be cast, arise now in the might of the eternal God and wield the power of a sanctified wifely ambition for a good approximating the infinite.

No one can so inspire a man to noble purposes as a noble woman, and no one so thoroughly degrade a man as a wife of unworthy tendencies. While in my text we have illustration of wifely ambition employed in the wrong direction, in society and history are instances of

WIFELY AMBITION TRIUMPHANT

in right directions. All that was worth admiration in the character of Henry VI. was a reflection of the heroics of his wife Margaret. William, Prince of Orange, was restored to the right path by the grand qualities of his wife Mary. Justinian, the Roman emperor, confesses that his wise laws were the suggestion of his wife Theodora. Andrew Jackson, the warrior and President, had his mightiest reinforcement in his plain wife, whose inartistic attire was the amusement of the

elegant circles in which she was invited. Washington who broke the chain that held America in foreign vassalage, wore for forty years a chain around his own neck, that chain holding the miniature likeness of her who had been his greatest inspiration, whether among the snows at Valley Forge or the honors of the Presidential chair.

Pliny's pen was driven through all its poetic and historical dominions by his wife, Calpurnia, who sang his stanzas to the sound of flute, and sat among audiences enraptured at her husband's genius, herself the most enraptured. Pericles said he got all his eloquence and statesmanship from his wife. When the wife of Grotius rescued him from long imprisonment at Lovestein by means of a bookcase that went in and out, carrying his books to and fro, he was one day transported, hidden amid the folios; and the women of besieged Weinsberg getting permission from the victorious army to take with them so much of their valuables as they could carry, under cover of the promise shouldered and took with them as the most important valuables, their husbands—both achievements in a literal way illustrated what thousands of times has been done in a figurative way, that wifely ambition has been the salvation of men.

De Tocqueville, whose writings will be potential and quoted while the world lasts, ascribes his successes to his wife and says: "Of all the blessings which God has given to me, the greatest of all in my eyes is to have lighted on Maria

Motley." Martin Luther says of his wife: "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Croesus without her." Isabella of Spain, by her superior faith in Columbus, put into the hand of Ferdinand, her husband, America. John Adams, President of the United States, said of his wife: "She never by word or look discouraged me from running all hazards for the salvation of my country's liberties."

THOMAS CARLYLE

spent the last twenty years of his life in trying by his pen to atone for the fact that during his wife's life he never appreciated her influence on his career and destiny. Alas, that having taken her from a beautiful home and a brilliant career, he should have buried her in the home of a recluse and scolded her in such language as only a dyspeptic genius could manage, until one day while in her invalidism riding in Hyde Park, her pet dog got run over, and under the excitement the coachman found her dead. Then the literary giant woke from his conjugal injustice, and wrote the lamentations of Craigen-Puttock and Cheyne Row. The elegant and fullsome epitaphs that husbands put upon their wives' tombstones are often an attempt to make up for lack of appreciative words that should have been uttered in the ears of the living. A whole Greenwood of monumental inscriptions will not do a wife so much good after she has quit the world as one plain sentence like that which Tom Hood wrote to his

living wife when he said : "I never was anything till I knew you."

O woman, what is your wifely ambition, noble or ignoble ? Is it

HIGH SOCIAL POSITION ?

That will then probably direct your husband, and he will climb and scramble and slip and fall and rise and tumble, and on what level or in what depth, or on what height he will, after a while, be found, I cannot even guess. The contest for social position is the most unsatisfactory contest in all the world, because it is so uncertain about your getting it, and so insecure a possession after you have obtained it, and so unsatisfactory even if you keep it. The whisk of a lady's fan may blow it out. The growl of one bear, or the bellying of one bull on Wall Street, may scatter it.

Is the wife's ambition the political preferment of her husband ? Then that will probably direct him. What

A GOD-FORSAKEN REALM

is American politics, those best know who have dabbled in them. After they have assessed a man who is a candidate for office, which he does not get, or assessed him for some office attained, and he has been whirled round and round and round and round among the drinking, smoking, swearing crowd, who often get control of public affairs, all that is left of his self-respect or moral stamina would find plenty of room on a geomet-

rical point, which is said to have neither length, breadth or thickness. Many a wife has not been satisfied till her husband went into politics, but would afterward have given all she possessed to get him out.

I knew a highly moral man, useful in the church and possessor of a bright home. He had a useful and prosperous business, but his wife did not think it genteel. There were

ODORS ABOUT THE BUSINESS,

and sometimes they would adhere to his garments when he returned at night. She insisted on his doing something more elegant, although he was qualified for no business except that in which he was engaged. To please her he changed his business, and, in order to get on faster, abandoned church attendance, saying, after he had made a certain number of hundreds of thousands of dollars he would return to the church and its services. Where is that family to-day? Obliterated. Although succeeding in business for which he was qualified, he undertook a style of merchandise for which he had no qualification, and soon went into bankruptcy. His new style of business put him into evil association. He lost his morals as well as his money. He broke up not only his own home, but broke up another man's home, and from being a kind, pure, generous, moral man as any of you who sit here to-day, has become a homeless, penniless libertine. His wife's

ambition for a more genteel business destroyed him, disgraced her, and blighted their child.

But suppose, now, there be in our homes, as thank God there are in hundreds of homes here represented, on

THE WIFE'S THRONE

one who says not only by her words, but more powerfully by her actions: "My husband, our destinies are united; let us see where industry, honesty, and common sense and faith in God will put us. I am with you in all your enterprises. I cannot be with you in person as you go to your daily business, but I will be with you in my prayers. Let us see what we can achieve by having God in our hearts, and God in our lives, and God in our home. Be on the side of everything good. Go ahead and do your best, and though everything should turn out different from what we have calculated, you may always count on two who are going to help you, and God is one and I am the other." That man may have feeble health, and may meet with many obstacles and business trials, but he is coming gloriously through, for he is reinforced and inspired and spurred on by a woman's voice.

Some of us could tell of what influence upon us has been a wifely ambition consecrated to righteousness. As

MY WIFE

is out of town, and will not shake her head be

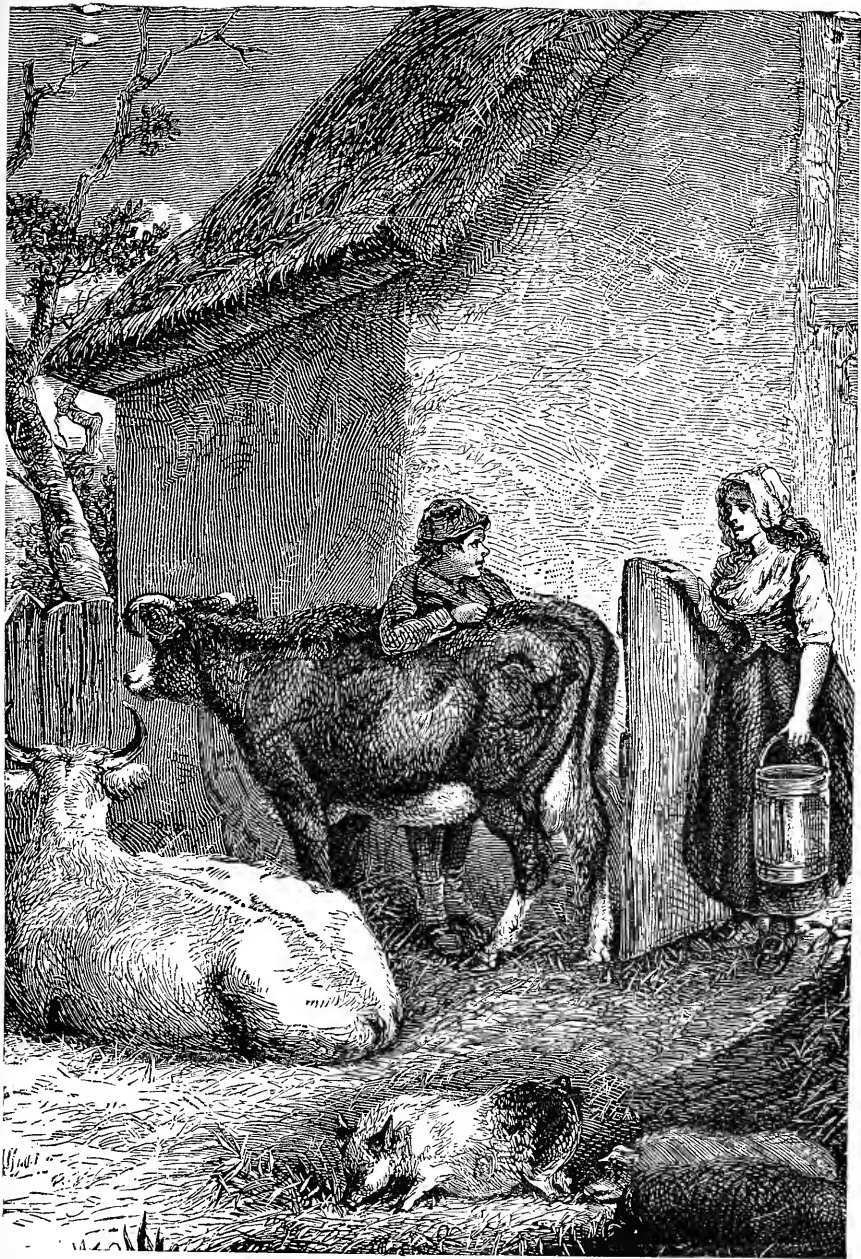
cause I say it in public, I will state that in my own professional life I have often been called of God as I thought, to run into the very teeth of public opinion, and all outsiders with whom I advised told me I had better not, it would ruin me and ruin my church, and at the same time I was receiving nice little letters threatening me with dirk and pistol and poison if I persisted in attacking certain evils of the day, until the Commissioner of Police considered it his duty to take his place in our Sabbath services with forty officers scattered through the house for the preservation of order ; but in my home there has always been one voice to say : "Go ahead, and diverge not an inch from the straight line. Who cares, if only God is on our side ?" And though sometimes it seemed as if I was going out against nine hundred iron chariots, I went ahead cheered by the domestic voice : "Up ! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hands."

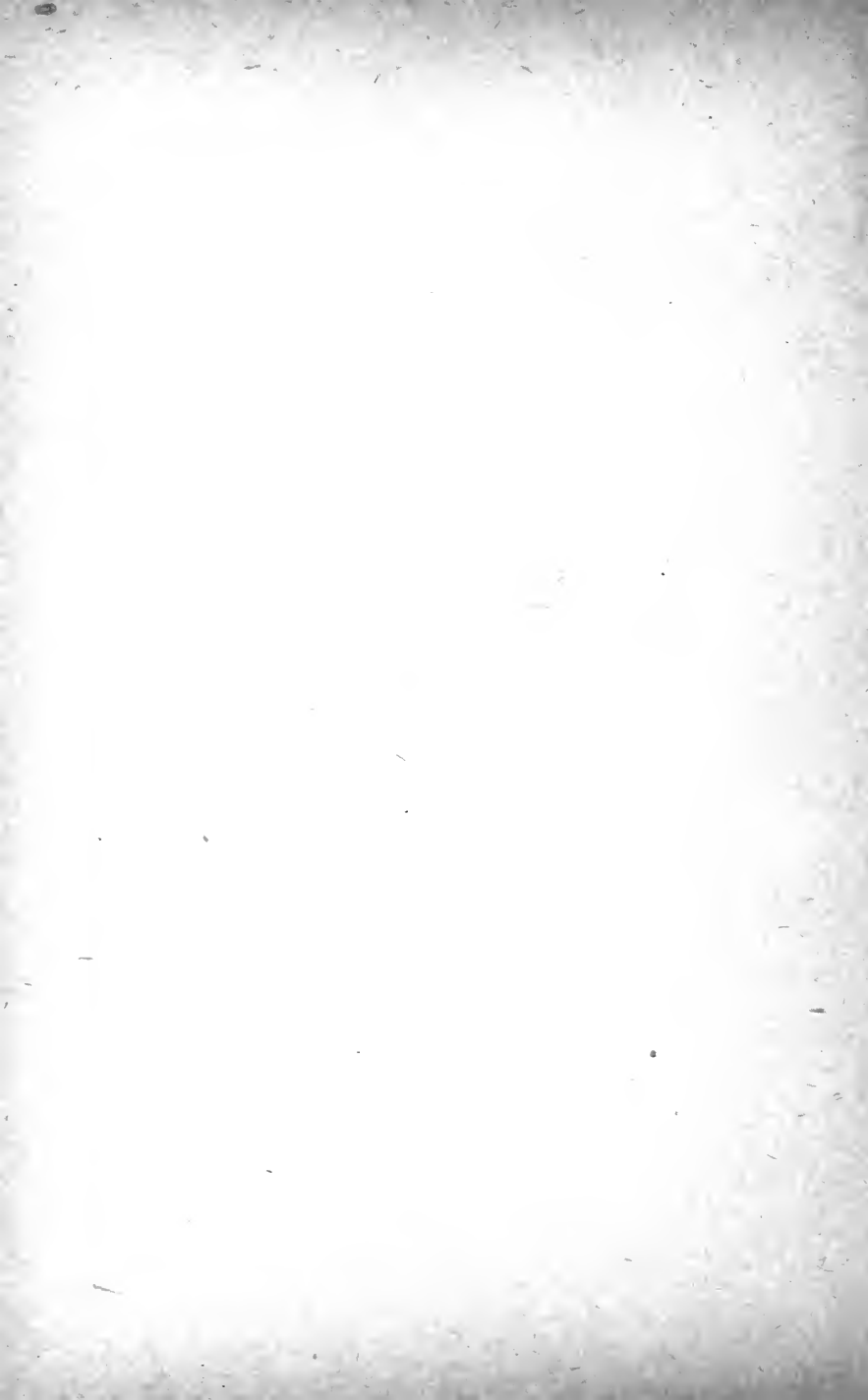
A man is no better than his wife will let him be.
 O wives of America, swing your sceptres of wifely influence for God and good homes ! Do not urge your husbands to annex Naboth's vineyard to your palace of success, whether right or wrong, lest the dogs that come out to destroy Naboth come out also to devour you. Righteousness will pay best in life, will pay best in death, will pay best in the judgment, will pay best through all eternity.

EXTINCT FAMILIES.

In our effort to have the mother of every household appreciate her influence over her children, we are apt to forget the wife's influence over the husband. In many households the influence upon the husband is the only home influence. In a great multitude of the best and most important and most talented families of the earth, there have been no descendants. There is not a child or a grandchild, or any remote descendant of Washington, or Charles Sumner, or Shakespeare, or Edmund Burke, or Pitt, or Lord Nelson, or Cowper, or Pope, or Addison, or Johnson, or Lord Chatham, or Grattan, or Isaac Newton, or Goldsmith, or Swift, or Locke, or Gibbon, or Walpole, or Canning, or Dryden, or Moore, or Chaucer, or Lord Byron, or Walter Scott, or Oliver Cromwell, or Garrick, or Hogarth, or Joshua Reynolds, or Spencer, or Lord Bacon, or Macaulay. Multitudes of the finest families of the earth are extinct. As though they had done enough for the world by their genius or wit or patriotism or invention or consecration, God withdrew them. In multitudes of cases all woman's opportunity for usefulness is with her contemporaries. How important that it be an improved opportunity!

While the French warriors on their way to Rheims had about concluded to give up attacking the castle at Troyes, because it was so heavily garrisoned,





JOAN OF ARC

entered the room and told them they would be inside the castle in three days. "We would willingly wait six days," said one of the leaders. "Six!" she cried out, "you shall be in it tomorrow," and under her leadership, on the morrow they entered. On a smaller scale, every man has garrisons to subdue and obstacles to level, and every wife may be an inspired Joan of Arc to her husband.

What a noble, wifely ambition, the determination, God helping, to accompany her companion across the stormy sea of this life and together gain the wharf of the Celestial City! Coax him along with you! You cannot drive him there. *You cannot nag him there;* but you can coax him there. That is God's plan. He coaxes us all the way—coaxes us out of our sins, coaxes us to accept pardon, coaxes us to heaven. If we reach that blessed place, it will be through a prolonged and divine coaxing. By the same process take your companion, and then you will get there as well, and all your household. Do just the opposite of your neighbor. Her wifely

AMBITION ALL FOR THIS WORLD,

and a disappointed and vexed and unhappy creature she will be all the way. Her residence may be better than yours for the few years of earthly stay, but she will move out of it, as to her body, into a house about five and a half feet long

and about three feet wide and two feet high ; and concerning her soul's destiny you can make your own prognostication. Her husband and her sons and daughters, who all, like her, live for this world, will have the same destiny for the body and the soul. You, having had a

SANCTIFIED AND ENNOBLED

wifely ambition, will pass up into palaces, and what becomes of your body is of no importance, for it is only a scaffolding, pulled down now that your temple is done. You will stand in the everlasting rest and see your husband come in, and see your children come in, if they have not preceded you. Glorified Christian wife ! Pick up any crown you choose from off the Kings footstool and wear it; it was promised you long ago, and with it cover up all the scars of your earthly conflict.

Sixteen miles from Petersburg, Russia, was one of the royal palaces, and there one night Catherine the Empress entertained Prince Henry. It was severe winter and deep snow, and

THE EMPRESS AND THE PRINCE

rode in magnificence of sleigh and robe and canopy never surpassed, followed by two thousand sleighs laden with the first people of Russia, the whole length of the distance illumed by lamps and dazzling temples built for that one night, and imitations of mosques and Egyptian pyramids ; and people of all nations, in all styles of costume,

standing on platforms along the way and watching the blaze of the pyrotechnics. At the palace the luxuries of kingdoms were gathered and spread, and at the table the guests had but to touch the center of a plate and, by magical machinery, it dropped and another plate came up loaded with still richer viands. But all that scene of the long ago shall be eclipsed by the greater splendors that will be gathered at the banquet made by the heavenly King for those consecrated women who come in out of the winter and snowy chill of their earthly existence into the warm and illumined palaces of heaven. With the King himself and all the potentates, yourself robed and crowned, you will sit at a table compared with which all the feasts of Kenilworth and St. Cloud and the Alhambra were a beggar's crust. And the platter of one royal satisfaction touched at the center shall disappear only to make room for a beggar's crust ; and the golden plate of one royal satisfaction, touched at the center, shall disappear only to make room for the coming up of some richer and grander regalement.

Woman's Happiness—What Can and What Cannot Make a Woman Happy.

“She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.”—1
TIMOTHY 5 : 6.

The editor of a Boston newspaper, a few days ago wrote me the terse questions: “What is the road to happiness?” and “Ought happiness be the chief aim of life?” My answer was: “The road to happiness is the continuous effort to make others happy. The chief aim of life ought to be usefulness, not happiness, but

HAPPINESS ALWAYS FOLLOWS USEFULNESS.”

This morning's text in a strong way sets forth the truth that a woman who seeks in worldly advantage her chief enjoyment, will come to disappointment and death. “She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.”

My friends, you all want to be happy. You have a great many recipes by which it is proposed to give you satisfaction—solid satisfaction. At times you feel a thorough unrest. You know as well as older people what it is to be depressed. As dark shadows sometimes fall upon the geography of the school girl as on the page of the spectacled philosopher. I have seen as cloudy days in May as in November. There are no deeper

sighs breathed by the grandmother than by the granddaughter. I correct the popular impression that people are happier in childhood and youth than they ever will be again. If we live aright, the older the happier.

THE HAPPIEST WOMAN

that I ever knew was a Christian octogenarian ; her hair white as white could be; the sunlight of heaven late in the afternoon gilding the peaks of snow. I have to say to a great many of the young people that the most miserable time you are ever to have is just now. As you advance in life, as you come out into the world and have your head and heart all full of good, honest and practical Christian work, then you will know what it is to begin to be happy, There are those who would have us believe that life is chasing thistle-down and gasping bubbles. We have not found it so. To many of us it has been discovering diamonds larger than the Kohinoor, and I think that our joy will continue to increase until nothing short of everlasting jubilee of heaven will be able to express it.

Horatio Greenough, at the close of the hardest life a man ever lives—the life of an American artist—wrote : “ I don’t want to leave this world until I give some sign that, born by the grace of God in this land, I have found life to be a very cheerful thing, and not the dark and bitter thing with which my early prospects were clouded.”

Albert Barnes, the good Christian, known the

world over, stood in his pulpit in Philadelphia, at seventy or eighty years of age, and said: "This world is so very attractive to me, I am very sorry I shall have to leave it."

I know that Solomon said some very dolorous things about this world, and three times declared: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." I suppose it was a reference to those times in his career when his seven hundred wives almost pestered the life out of him. But I would rather turn to the description he gave after his conversion, when he says in another place: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." It is reasonable to expect it will be so. The longer the fruit hangs on the tree, the riper and more mellow it ought to grow. Hear, then, while I discourse upon some of the

MISTAKES WHICH YOUNG PEOPLE MAKE

in regard to happiness, and point out to the young women what I consider to be the source of complete satisfaction.

And, in the first place, I advise you not to build your happiness upon *mere social position*. Persons at your age, looking off upon life, are apt to think that if, by some stroke of what is called good luck, you could arrive in an elevated and affluent position, a little higher than that in which God has called you to live, you would be completely happy. Infinite mistake! The palace floor of Ahasuerus is red with the blood of Vashti's broken heart. There have been no

more scalding tears wept than those which coursed the cheeks of Josephine. If the sob of unhappy womanhood in the great cities could break through the tapestried wall, that sob would come along your streets to-day like the simoom of the desert. Sometimes I have heard in the rustling of the robes on the city pavement the hiss of the adders that followed in the wake. You have come out from your home, and you have looked up

AT THE GREAT HOUSE,

and coveted a life under those arches, when perhaps, at that very moment, within that house, there may have been the wringing of hands, the start of horror, and the very agony of hell. I knew of such a one. Her father's house was plain, most of the people who came there were plain ; but, by a change in fortune such as sometimes comes, a hand had been offered that led her into a brilliant sphere. All the neighbors congratulated her upon her grand prospects ; but what an exchange ! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. On his side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On her side it was a father's house, where God was honored and the Sabbath light flooded the rooms with the very mirth of heaven. On his side it was a gorgeous residence and the coming of mighty men to be entertained there ; but within it were revelry and godlessness. Hardly had the orange-blossoms of the marriage

feast lost their fragrance, than the night of discontent began to cast its shadow.

CRUELTIES AND UNKINDNESSES

changed all those splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The platters of solid silver, the caskets of pure gold, the headdress of gleaming diamonds, were there ; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no Christian sympathy. The festal music that broke on the captive's ear turned out to be a dirge, and the wreath in the plush was a reptile coil, and the upholstery that swayed in the wind was the wing of a destroying angel, and the bead-drops on the pitcher were the sweat of everlasting despair. O, how many rivalries and unhappinesses among those who seek in social life their chief happiness !

All that this world can do for you in silver, in gold, in Axminster plush, in Gobelin tapestry, in wide halls, in lordly acquaintanceship, will not give you the ten thousandth part of a grain of solid satisfaction. The English lord, moving in the very highest sphere, was one day found seated with his chin on his hand and his elbow on the window-sill, looking out and saying : " O, I wish I could exchange places with that dog !" Mere social position will never give happiness to a woman's soul. I have had wide and continuous observation, and I tell the young women that they who build on mere social position their soul's immortal happiness are building on the sand.

Suppose that a young woman expends the

brightness of her early life in this unsatisfactory struggle and omits

THE PRESENT OPPORTUNITY

of usefulness in the home circle : what a mistake ! So surely as the years roll around, that home in which you now dwell will become extinct. The parents will be gone, the property will go into other possession, you yourself will be in other relationships, and that home which only a year ago, was full of congratulation, will be extinguished. When that period comes, you will look back to see what you did or what you neglected to do in the way of making home happy. It will be too late to correct mistakes. If you did not smooth the path of your parents toward the tomb ; if you did not make their last days bright and happy ; if you allowed your younger brother to go out into the world unhallowed by Christian and sisterly influences ; if you allowed the younger sisters of your family to come up without feeling that there had been a Christian example set them on your part—there will be nothing but bitterness of lamentation. That bitterness will be increased by all the surroundings of that home ; by every chair, by every picture, by the old-time mantel ornaments, by everything you can think of as connected with that home. All these things will rouse up agonizing memories. Young women, have you anything to do in the way of

MAKING YOUR FATHER'S HOME HAPPY ?

Now is the time to attend to it, or leave it forever undone. Time is flying very quickly away. I suppose you notice the wrinkles are gathering and accumulating on those kindly faces that have so long looked upon you ; there is frost in the locks ; the foot is not as firm in its step as it used to be ; and they will soon be gone. The heaviest clod that ever falls on a parent's coffin-lid is the memory of an ungrateful daughter. O, make their last days bright and beautiful. Do not act as though they were in the way. Ask their counsel, seek their prayers, and after long years have passed and you go out to see the grave where they sleep, you will find growing all over the mound something lovelier than cypress, something sweeter than the rose, something chaster than the lily—the bright and beautiful memories of filial kindness performed ere the dying hand dropped on you a benediction, and you closed the lids over the weary eyes of the worn-out pilgrim.

Better that, in the hour of your birth, you had been struck with orphanage, and that you had been handed over into the cold arms of the world, rather than that you should have been brought up under a father's care and a mother's tenderness, at last to scoff at their example and deride their influence ; and on the day when you followed them in long procession to the tomb, to find that you are followed by a still

larger procession of unfilial deeds done and wrong words uttered. The one procession will leave its burden in the tomb and disband; but that longer

PROCESSION OF GHASTLY MEMORIES

will forever march and forever wail. O, it is a good time for a young woman when she is in her father's house. How careful they are of her welfare! How watchful those parents of all her interests! Seated at the morning repast, father at one end of the table, children on either side and between, but the years will roll on, and great changes will be effected, and one will be missed from one end of the table, and another will be missed from the other end of the table. God pity that young woman's soul who, in that hour, has nothing but regretful recollections.

I go further, and advise you not to depend for enjoyment upon mere

PERSONAL ATTRACTIONS.

It would be sheer hypocrisy, because we may not have it ourselves, to despise, or affect to despise, beauty in others. When God gives it, He gives it as a blessing and as a means of usefulness. David and his army were coming down from the mountains to destroy Nabal and his flocks and vineyards. The beautiful Abigail, the wife of Nabal, went out to arrest him when he came down from the mountains, and she succeeded. Coming to the foot of the hill,

she knelt. David with his army of sworn men came down over the cliffs, and when he saw her kneeling at the foot of the hill he cried, "Halt!" to his men, and the caves echoed it: "Halt! halt!" That one beautiful woman kneeling at the foot of the cliff had arrested all those armed troops. A dew-drop dashed back Niagara.

The Bible sets before us the portraits of Sarah and Rebecca and Abishag, and Job's daughters, and say: "They were fair to look upon." By out-door exercise, and by skillful arrangement of apparel, let women make themselves attractive. The sloven has only one mission, and that is to excite our loathing and disgust. But alas! for those who depend upon personal charms for their happiness. Beauty is such a subtle thing, it does not seem to depend upon facial proportions or upon the sparkle of the eye or upon the flush of the cheek. You sometimes find it among irregular features.

IT IS THE SOUL SHINING THROUGH

the face that makes one beautiful. But alas! for those who depend upon mere personal charms. They will come to disappointment and to a great fret. There are so many different opinions about what are personal charms; and then sickness and trouble and age do make such ravages! The poorest god that a woman ever worships is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. O, how they

try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of time! When Time, with iron-shod feet, steps on a face

THE HOOF-MARKS

remain, and you cannot hide them. It is silly to try to hide them. I think the most repulsive fool in the world is an old fool! Why, my friends, should you be ashamed of getting old? It is a sign—it is *prima facie* evidence that you have behaved tolerable well, or you would not have lived to this time. The grandest thing, I think, is eternity, and that is made up of countless years.

When the Bible would set forth the attractiveness of Jesus Christ, it says: "His hair was white as snow." But when the color goes from the cheek, and the lustre from the eye, and the spring from the step, and the gracefulness from the gait, alas! for those who built their time and their eternity upon good looks. But all the passage of years cannot take out of one's face benignity and kindness, and compassion and faith.

Culture your heart and you culture your face. The brightest glory that ever beamed from a woman's face is the religion of Jesus Christ. In the last war two hundred wounded soldiers came to Philadelphia one night, and came unheralded, and they had to extemporize a hospital for them, and the Christian women of my church, and of other churches went out that night to take care of the

poor wounded fellows. That night I saw a Christian woman

IN THE WARDS OF THE HOSPITAL,

her sleeves rolled up ready for hard work, her hair dishevelled in the excitement of the hour. Her face was plain, very plain; but after the wounds were washed and the new bandages were put round the splintered limbs, and the exhausted boy fell off into his first pleasant sleep, she put her hand on his brow and he started in his dream, and said, "O, I thought an angel touched me!" There may have been no classic elegance in the features of Mrs. Harris, who came into the hospital after the "Seven Days" awful fight, as she sat down by

A WOUNDED DRUMMER-BOY,

and heard him soliloquize: "A ball through my body, and my poor mother will never again see her boy. What a pity it is!" And she leaned over him and said: "Shall I be your mother, and comfort you?" And he looked up and said, "Yes, I'll try to think she's here. Please to write a long letter to her and tell her all about it, and send her a lock of my hair and comfort her. But I would like you to tell her how much I suffered—yes, I would like you to do that, for she would feel so for me. Hold my hand while I die." There may have been no classic elegance in her features, but all the hospitals of Harrison's Landing and Fortress Monroe would have agreed that she was beautiful,

and if any rough man in all that ward had insulted her some wounded soldier would have leaped from his couch on his best foot, and struck him dead with a crutch.

Again : I advise you not to depend for happiness upon

THE FLATTERIES OF MEN.

It is a poor compliment to your sex that so many men feel obliged, in your presence, to offer unmeaning compliments. Many capable of elegant and elaborate conversation elsewhere, sometimes feel called upon at the door of the drawing-room to drop their common sense and to dole out sickening flatteries. They say things about your dress and about your appearance, that you know, and they know, are false. They say you are an angel. You know you are not. Determined to tell the truth in office, and store and shop, they consider it honorable to lie to a woman. The same thing that they told you on this side of the drawing-room, three minutes ago they said to some one on the other side of the drawing-room. O, let no one trample on your self-respect. The meanest thing on which a woman can build her happiness is the flatteries of men.

Again : I charge you not to depend for happiness upon

THE DISCIPLESHIP OF WORLDLINESS.

I have seen men as vain of their old-fashioned and eccentric hat as your brainless fop is proud

of his dangling fooleries. Fashion sometimes makes a reasonable demand of us, and then we ought to yield to it. The daisies of the field have their fashion of color and leaf; the honey-suckles have their fashion of ear-drop; and the snowflakes flung out of the winter heavens have their fashion of exquisiteness. After the summer shower the sky weds the earth with ring of rainbow. And I do not think we have a right to despise the elegancies and fashions of this world, especially if they make reasonable demands upon us; but the discipleship and worship of fashion is death to the body, and death to the soul.

I am glad the world is improving. Look at the fashion plates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and you will find that the world is not so extravagant and extraordinary now as it was then, and all the marvellous things that the granddaughter will do will never equal that done by the grandmother. Go still farther back, to the Bible times, and you find that in those times fashion wielded a more terrible sceptre. You have only to turn to the third chapter of Isaiah, a portion of the Scriptures from which I once preached to you, to read:

THE JEWISH FASHION PLATE.

“Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling orna-

ments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, and bonnets, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings, and the nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the cringing pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." Only think of a woman having all that on ! I am glad that the world is getting better and that fashion which has dominated in the world so ruinously in other days has, for a little time, for a little degree at any rate, relaxed its energies.

All the splendors and the extravaganza of this world dyed into your robe, and flung over your shoulder, cannot wrap peace around your heart for a single moment. The gayest wardrobe will utter no voice of condolence in the day of trouble and darkness. The woman is grandly dressed, and only she, who is wrapped in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. The home may be very humble, the hat may be very plain, the frock may be very coarse ; but the halo of heaven settles in the room when she wears it, and the faintest touch of the resurrection angel will change that garment into raiment of exceeding white, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it. I come to you, young woman, to-day, to say that this world cannot make you happy. I know it is a bright world, with glorious sunshine, and golden rivers, and fire-worked sunset, and bird orchestra, and the darkest cave has its crystals, and the wrathiest wave has

its foam wreath, and the coldest midnight its flaming aurora ; but God will put out all these lights with the blast of His own nostrils, and the glories of this world will perish in

THE FINAL CONFLAGRATION.

You will never be happy until you get your sin forgiven, and allow Christ Jesus to take full possession of your soul. He will be your friend in every perplexity. He will be your comfort in every trial. He will be your defender in every strait. I do not ask you to bring, like Mary, the spices to the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but to bring you all to the foot of a living Jesus. His word is peace. His look is love. His hand is help. His touch is life. His smile is heaven. O, come, then, in flocks and groups. Come, like the south wind over banks of myrrh. Come, like the morning light, tripping over the mountains. Wreath all your affections on Christ's brow, set all your gems in Christ's coronet, let this Sabbath air rustle with the wings of rejoicing angels and the towers of God ring out the news of souls saved.

“This world its fancied pearl may crave,
 'Tis not the pearl for me ;
 'Twill dim its lustre in the grave,
 'Twill perish in the sea.
 But there's a pearl of price untold,
 Which never can be bought with gold ;
 O, that's the pearl for me.”

The snow was very deep, and it was still falling

rapidly, when, in the first year of my Christian ministry, I hastened

TO SEE A YOUNG WOMAN DIE.

It was a very humble home. She was an orphan; her father had been shipwrecked on the banks of Newfoundland. She had earned her own living. As I entered the room I saw nothing attractive. No pictures. No tapestry. Not even a cushioned chair. The snow on the window casement was not whiter than the cheek of that dying girl. It was a face never to be forgotten. Sweetness and majesty of soul, and faith in God, had given her a matchless beauty, and the sculptor who could have caught the outlines of those features, and frozen them into stone, would have made himself immortal. With her large, brown eyes she looked calmly into the great eternity. I sat down by her bedside and said: "Now tell me all your troubles, and sorrows, and struggles, and doubts." She replied: "I have no doubts or struggles. It is all plain to me. Jesus has smoothed the way for my feet. I wish when you go to your pulpit next Sunday, you will tell the people that

RELIGION WILL MAKE THEM HAPPY.

"O death, where is thy sting? Mr. Talmage, I wonder if this is not the bliss of dying?" I said, "Yes, I think it must be." I lingered around the couch. The sun was setting, and her sister lighted a candle. She lighted the candle for me. The dying girl, the dawn of heaven in her face, needed

no candle. I rose to go, and she said: "I thank you for coming. Good night! When we meet again it will be in heaven—in heaven! Good night! good night!" For her it was a good night to tears, good night to poverty, good night to death; but when the sun rose again it was good morning. The light of another day had burst in upon her soul. Good morning! The angels were singing her welcome home, and the hand of Christ was putting upon her brow a garland. Good morning! Her sun rising. Her palm waving. Her spirit exulting before the throne of God. Good morning! Good morning! The white lily of poor Margaret's cheek had blushed into the rose of health immortal, and the snows through which we carried her to the country graveyard were symbols of that robe which she wears, so white that no fuller on earth could whiten it.

My sister, my daughter, may your last end be like hers!

The Grandmother.

“The unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois.”—2 TIM. 1 : 5.

In this love-letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: “Timothy, what a good grandmother you had! You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction.” The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, “a little wine, for thy stomach’s sake”—not much wine, but a little wine, and only as a medicine. And if the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence, Paul hinting to him, as I hint this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up, as in a reservoir away back of the active generations of to-day, a godly influence, and then in response to prayer, lets down the power of children and

grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of

INFLUENCE OF ONE GOOD WOMAN

in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by Margaret, the mother of criminals, who lived near a hundred years ago, and of how many hundreds of criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost this country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized or destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough, and heart warm enough, and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many million dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes ?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more

ALIVE FOR GOOD

in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of this nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century.

than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You cannot get very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non-committalism which makes me think they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if you put them on the witness-stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago, the silence becomes oppressive.

A celebrated Frenchman by the name of Volney visited this country in 1796, and he says of

WOMAN'S DIET

in those times: "If a premium was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among these people." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks about the dissipations of modern society, and how womanly health goes down under it, but it was worse a hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a French regiment in our Revolutionary war wrote in 1782, in his book of American women, saying: "They are tall and well proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are decrepit." In 1812

a foreign consul wrote a book entitled, "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Centuay," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and their style of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old canal-boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddlebags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century."

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was

A GLORIOUS RACE OF GODLY WOMEN

seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this, the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are seated to-day—not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of the grandchildren downstairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold, it hangs on to them

longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished, even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency.

These old folks are the resort when great troubles come, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life, and read the old book more than they used to, hardly knowing which is the most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half way between. We hail them to-day, whether in the house of God, or at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is, angels are hovering round, and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely autumnal days that we call Indian summer.

I never knew the joy of having a grandmother; that is the disadvantage of being the youngest child of the family. The elder members only have that benediction. But though she went up out of this life before I began it, I have heard of her faith in God, that brought all her children into the kingdom and two of them into the ministry, and then brought all her grandchildren into the kingdom, myself the last and least worthy. Is it not time that you and I do two things, swing open a picture-gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders

of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers; to give them our thanks, and then persuade the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat

THE TWO ETERNITIES ?

Here we have an untried, undiscussed and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children—I am not talking about that. What about your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand, upon the year four thousand, if the world last so long? The world stood four thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after His arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population in a century, your descendants will be over three hundred, and by two centuries at least over fifty thousand, perhaps two hundred thousand, and upon every one of them you, the mother of to-day, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in four centuries your descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from heaven to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of

the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance ?

Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are to-day in the senates, the parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the ditches of this country. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon one nursery. You have been thinking about the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle ; I am looking at the cradles that reach all around the world and across all times. I am not talking of mother Eunice, I am talking of grandmother Lois.

The only way you can tell the force of a current is by sailing up stream ; or the force of an ocean wave, by running the ship against it. Running along with it we cannot appreciate the force. In

ESTIMATING MATERNAL INFLUENCE

we generally run along with it down the stream of time, and so we don't understand the full force.

Let us come to it from the eternity side, after it has been working on for centuries, and see all the good it has done and all the evils it has accomplished multiplied in magnificent or appalling compound interest. The difference between that mother's influence on her children now, and the influence when it has been multiplied in hundreds of thousands of lives, is the difference between the Mississippi river way up at the top of the continent, starting from the little lake Itasca, seven miles long and one wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, where navies might ride. Between the birth of that river and its burial in the sea, the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red and White and Yazoo rivers pour in, and all the States and Territories between the Alleghany and Rocky mountains make contribution. Now, in order to test the power of a mother's influence, we need to come in off of the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the one cradle, and we will find ten thousand tributaries of influence pouring in and pouring down. But it is, after all,

ONE GREAT RIVER OF POWER

rolling on and rolling forever. Who can fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it? Had not mothers better be intensifying their prayers? Had they not better be elevating by their example? Had they not better be rousing themselves with the consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an in-

fluence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the last sea has been dried up, and the last flake of the ashes of a consumed world shall have been blown away, and all the telescopes of other worlds directed to the track around which our world once swung, shall discover not so much as a cinder of the burned-down and swept-off planet?

In Ceylon there is a granite column thirty-six square feet in size, which is thought, by the natives, to decide the world's continuance. An angel with robe spun from zephyr is once a century to descend and sweep the hem of that robe across the granite, and when, by that attrition the column is worn away, they say time will end. But, by that process, that granite column would be worn out of existence before mother's influence will begin to give way.

MOTHERS SOWING SEED.

If a mother tell a child he is not good, some bugaboo will come and catch him, the fear excited may make the child a coward, and the fact that he finds there is no bugaboo may make him a liar, and the echo of that false alarm may be heard after fifteen generations have been born and expired. If a mother promises a child a reward for good behavior, and after the good behavior forgets to give the reward, the cheat may crop out in some faithlessness half a thousand years further on. If a mother culture a child's vanity, and eulogize his curls, and extol the night-black

or sky-blue or nut-brown of the child's eyes, and call out in his presence the admiration of spectators, pride and arrogance may be prolonged after half a dozen family records have been obliterated. If a mother express doubt about some statement of the Holy Bible in a child's presence, long after the gates of this historical era have closed and the gates of another era have opened, the result may be seen in a champion blasphemer.

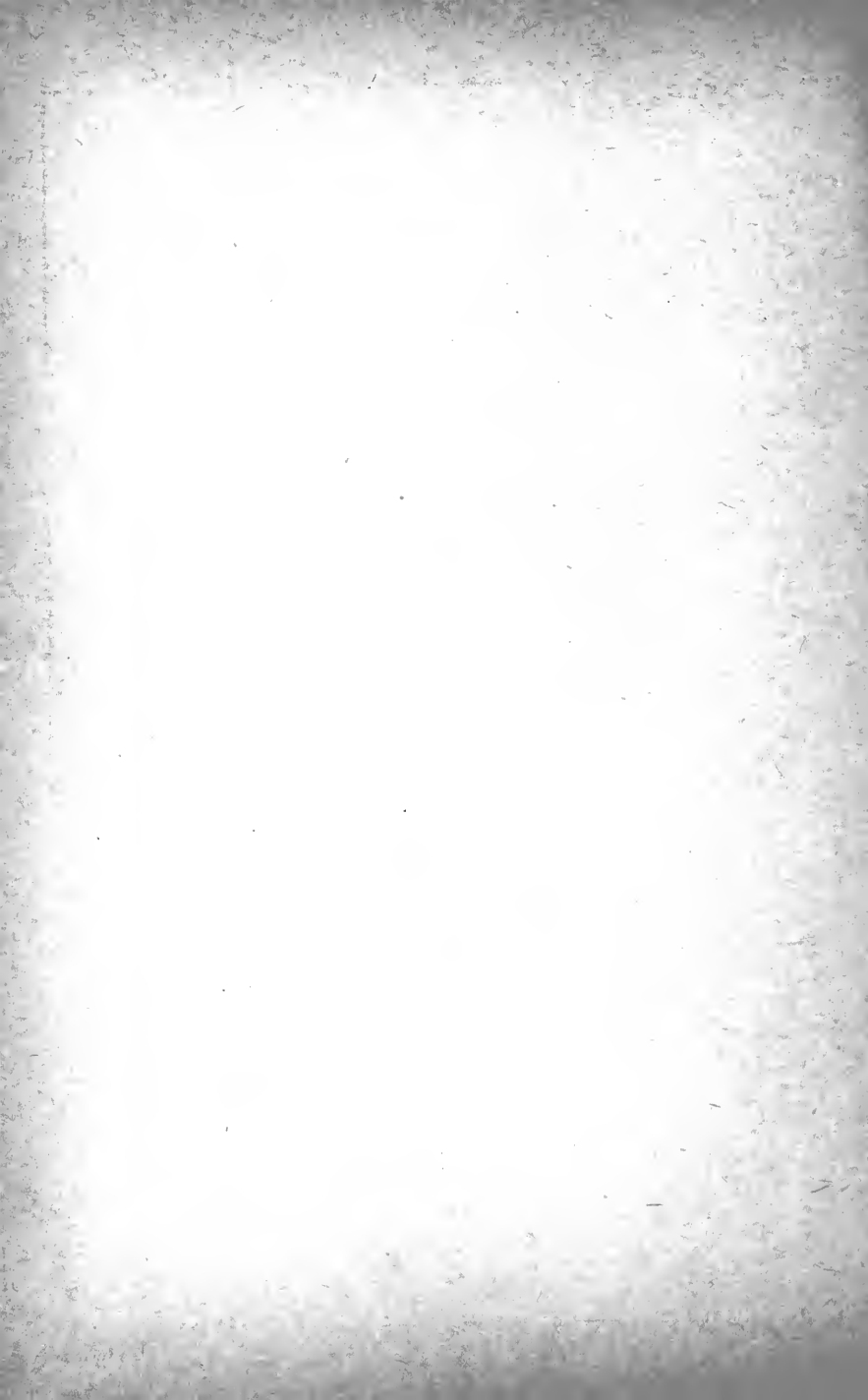
But, on the other hand, if a mother walking with a child see a suffering one by the wayside and says: "My child, give that ten-cent piece to that lame boy," the result may be seen on the other side of the following century in some George Muller building a whole village of orphanages. If a mother sit almost every evening by the trundle-bed of a child and teach it lessons of a Saviour's love and a Saviour's example, of the importance of truth and the horror of a lie, and the virtues of industry and kindness and sympathy and self-sacrifice, long after the mother has gone, and the child has gone, and the lettering on both the tombstones shall have been washed out by the storms of innumerable winters, there may be standing, as a result of those trundle-bed lessons, flaming evangelists, world-moving reformers, seraphic Summerfields, weeping Paysons, thundering Whitefields, emancipating Washingtons.

Good or bad influence may skip one generation or two generations, but it will be sure to land in

THE THIRD OR FOURTH GENERATIONS,

just as the Ten Commandments, speaking of the





visitation of God on families, says nothing about the second generation, but entirely skips the second and speaks of the third and fourth generation: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the third and fourth generations of them that hate me." Parental influence, right and wrong, may jump over a generation, but it will come down further on, as sure as you sit there and I stand here. Timothy's ministry was projected by his grandmother Lois. There are men and women here, the son and daughter of the Christian Church, who are such as a result of the consecration of great-great-grandmothers. Why, who do you think the Lord is? You talk as though His memory was weak. He can no easier remember a prayer five minutes than he can five centuries.

This explains what we often see—some man or woman distinguished for her benevolence when the father and mother were distinguished for penuriousness; or you see some young man or woman with a bad father and a hard mother come out gloriously for Christ, and make the church sob and shout and sing under their exhortations. We stand in corners of the vestry and whisper over the matter and say: "How is this, such great piety in sons and daughters of such parental worldliness and sin?" I will explain it to you if you will fetch me the old family Bible containing the full record. Let some septuagenarian look with me clear upon the page of births and marriages, and tell me who that woman was with the old-fashioned name of

Jemima or Betsy or Mehitabel. Ah, there she is, the old grandmother or great-grandmother, who had enough

RELIGION TO SATURATE A CENTURY.

There she is, the dear old soul, grandmother Lois. In our beautiful Greenwood (may we all sleep there when our work is done, for when I get up in the Resurrection morning, I want my congregation all about me)—in Greenwood there is the resting-place of George W. Bethune, once a minister of Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoken among intelligent Americans without suggesting two things—eloquence and evangelism. In the same tomb sleeps his grandmother, Isabella Graham, who was the chief inspiration of his ministry. You are not surprised at the poetry, and pathos and pulpit power of the grandson when you read of the faith and devotion of his wonderful ancestress. When you read

THIS GRANDMOTHER'S LETTER,

in which she poured out her widowed soul in longing for a son's salvation, you will not wonder that succeeding generations have been blessed :

“NEW YORK, May 20, 1791.

“This day my only son left me in bitter wringings of heart ; he is again launched on the ocean, God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time, and ill

have I improved it ; he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord, have mercy on the widow's son, 'the only son of his mother.'

"I ask nothing in all this world for him ; I repeat my petition—save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not the danger of the seas that distresses me ; it is not the hardships he must undergo ; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world ; it is because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise in him, I cannot discern the new birth, nor its fruit, but every symptom of captivity to Satan, the world and self-will. This, this is what distresses me ; and in connection with this, his being shut out from ordinances at a distance from Christians ; shut up with those who forget God, profane His name, and break his Sabbaths : men who often live and die like beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time and every word, thought, and action.

"O Lord, many wonders hast Thou shown me : Thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones ; add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with Thee ; glorify Thy son and extend His kingdom by sea and land ; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon Thee. Many friends try to comfort me : miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation ; only confirm to me Thy precious word, on which Thou causedst

me to hope in the day when Thou saidst to me, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.' Only let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blank in Thy hand as to all temporal things.

"I wait for thy salvation, Amen."

With such a grandmother, would you not have a right to expect a George W. Bethune? and all the thousands converted through his ministry may date the saving power back to Isabella Graham.

God fill the earth, and the heavens with such grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely, God will let us go up, and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our

FIRST QUESTIONS IN HEAVEN

will be "where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years once, and there so straight, so dim of eye through the blinding of earthly tears, and now her eye as clear as heaven, so full of aches and pains once, and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began

by telling them my grandmother was a Scotch woman, and then there went up a shout of welcome which made me feel as easy as I do here I must see her.

You must see those women of the early nineteenth century and the eighteenth century, the answer of whose prayers is in your welfare to-day.

GOD BLESS ALL THE AGED WOMEN

up and down the land and in all lands! What a happy thing, Pomponius Atticus, to say, when making the funeral address of his mother: "Though I have resided with her sixty-seven years, I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the least discord between us, and consequently, there was no need of reconciliation." Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick, get for them the best doctors. Give them your arm when the streets are slippery. Stay with them all the time you can. Go home and see the old folks. Find the place for them in the hymn-book. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh my!

HOW YOU WILL MISS HER

when she is gone. I would give the house from over my head to see mother. I have so many things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in twenty-four years since she went

away. Morning, noon and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your mother Eunice, and don't forget your grandmother Lois. And hand down to others this patrimony of blessing. Pass along the coronets. Make religion an heirloom from generation to generation. Mothers of America, consecrate yourselves to God, and you will help consecrate all the ages following! Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss your chance of wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the towers of an endless future.

I know Martin Luther was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their daughter, by saying: "Don't take on so, wife; remember that this is a hard world for girls." Yes; I go further and say: It is

A HARD WORLD FOR WOMEN.

Aye, I go further and say: It is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ, the shining gates will soon swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the sky? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming within sight of

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

Cairo, capital of Egypt, was called "City of

Victory." Athens, capital of Greece, was called "City of the Violet Crown;" Baalbeck, was called "City of the Sun;" London, was called "The City of Masts." Lucian's imaginary metropolis beyond the Zodiac was called "The City of Lanterns." But the city to which you journey hath all these in one, the victory, the crowns, the masts, of those that have been harbored after the storm. Aye, all but the lanterns and the sun, because they have no need of any other light, since the **Lamb** is the light thereof.

Woman's Opportunity.

“So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He then.”—GEN 1; 27.

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the

EMPIRE FEMININE.

So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect, and

then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where were there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martin, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellect. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say, "This is the line, and that is the line."

MY THEORY

is that if woman wants to vote, she ought to vote. and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is, that you have no right to interfere with anyone's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown-thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout

should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or depth of a woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither Conference nor Presbytery can hinder. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the Exchange, and no Boards of Trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of capacity. I know there are

WOMEN OF MOST UNDESIRABLE NATURE,

who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights; and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote, nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you this morning that the best rights that women can own, she already has in her possession, that

HER POSITION

in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the

grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated ; that she sits to-day on a throne so high, that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box, and the Congressional assemblage and the legislative hall.

Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station, who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship ! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot-box, and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote ; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote

in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety then is, not that woman have other rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the

GLORIOUS RIGHTS

she already possesses. This morning I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while; but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world, and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it, the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gougings. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman! Thank God you have a home, and that

YOU MAY BE QUEEN

in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories, four plain unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man here this morning who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to this house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels, as those that broke over Bethlehem.

IT IS HOME.

These children may come up after a while, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal, and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with stream-

ing eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema: but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest

IDEA OF A QUEEN,

you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or of Maria Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day

when she lay in the backroom dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God whom she had taught you to trust—O, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep fountains of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: “Mother! mother!” Ah! she was the queen—

SHE WAS THE QUEEN.

Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and constables, and mayors, and presidents. To make one such grand woman as I have described, how many thousand would you want of those people who go in the round of godlessness and fashion and dissipation, distorting their body until in their monstrosities they seem to outdo the dromedary and hippopotamus! going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go,

so as not to be arrested of the police— their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation. O, woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage.

God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? O, give to God your heart; give to God your best energies; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to Him, for

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth, father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no, Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say: "You stood by Me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand, and the storm will drop; and another wave of His hand, and midnight shall break into noon; and another wave of his hand, and the chamberlains of God will come down

from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed, and heaven-glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage-supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel by the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air; and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I laid down on the lounge to rest: and half asleep and half awake,

I SEEMED TO DREAM

this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far-distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said: “When will it set again?” and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: “When will they put on workingmen's garb again, and delve in the mine, and swelter at the forge?” But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off.

And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship?" "Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear.

I was bewildered; and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step I knew, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after a while, when they clapped their hands, and shouted,

"WELCOME! WELCOME!"

the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said, "Are all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here." And

while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh, and sing, and leap, and shout, "Home ! Home ! Home ! Home !"

The Queens of Home.

“There are three-score queens.”—SOLOMON’S SONG, 6:8.

So Solomon, by one stroke, set forth the imperial character of a true Christian woman. She is not a slave, not a hireling, not a subordinate, but a queen. In a former sermon I showed you that crown and courtly attendants and imperial wardrobe were not necessary to make a queen; but that graces of the heart and life will give coronation to any woman. I showed you at some length that woman’s position was higher in the world than man’s, and that although she had often been denied the right of suffrage, she always did vote and always would vote by her influence; and that her chief desire ought to be that she should have grace rightly to rule in the dominion which she has already won. I began an enumeration of some of her rights, and this morning I resume the subject.

I. In the first place, woman has the special and superlative right—not again going back to what I have already said—woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and

COMFORTING THE SICK.

What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of

sick beds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and clumsy foot, go stumbling around the sick-room, trying to soothe the distracted nerves and alleviate the pains of the tossing patient? The young man at college may scoff at the idea of being under maternal influence; but at the first blast of typhoid fever on his cheek, he says, "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment:

"Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest field of Shunem and got sun-struck—throwing his hands on his temples and crying out: "Oh my head! my head!" And they said: "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while men coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed. How loudly they talk. How you long for

THE MINISTRIES OF HOME.

I know one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes, for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his deathbed far away from

home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward ; but they went too late. He feared not to die, but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said : " I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight ; wife and daughters going westward—lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle ! When we are sick we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces that look into ours may be very plain ; but who cares for that ? Loving hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the promises of Jesus.

IN OUR LAST DREADFUL WAR,

men cast the cannon, men fashioned the musketry, men cried to the hosts, " Forward, march ! " men hurled their battalion on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying, " Charge ! charge ! " but woman scraped the lint, woman administered the cordials, woman watched by the dying couch, woman wrote the last message to the home circle, woman wept at the solitary burial, attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the generals home with brass bands and triumphal arches and wild huzzas ; but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in the

chronicles of heaven, of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of Annie Ross, in the cooper-shop hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed—some of them frozen to the ground, and when she turned them over, those that had an arm left, waved it and filled the air with their “hurrah!”—of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago, with blankets and with pillows until the men shouted, “Three cheers for the Christian Commission!

GOD BLESS THE WOMEN

at home;” then sitting down to take the last message: “Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her we shall meet again in the good land; tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier”—and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked, and said: “Your grapes and cologne cured me.” Men did their work with shot and shell and carbine and howitzer; women did their work with socks and slippers and bandages and warm drinks and Scripture texts and gentle strokings of the hot temples and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded and said, “On which side did you fight?” Women knelt down over the wounded and said, “Where are you hurt? What nice

thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" To-night, while we men are sound asleep in our beds, there will be a fight in yonder loft; there will be groaning down that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep, and women will watch.

II. Again: woman has a special right to take

CARE OF THE POOR.

There are hundreds and thousands of them all over the land. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little barefoot children to the door of the Dorcas society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the East, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution and finds out all the sorrows of the place, and puts so quietly the donation on the table, that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down.

O, Christian young woman! if you would make yourself happy, and win the blessing of Christ, go out

AMONG THE DESTITUTE.

A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry, but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give His messenger hosts a charge, saying: "Look after that woman; canopy her with your wings, and shelter her from all harm;" and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering, the little ones around the room will whisper, "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful!" and if you will listen right sharply, you will hear dripping down through the leaky roof, and rolling over the rotten stairs, the angel chant that shook Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men." Can you tell me why a Christian woman, going down among

THE HAUNTS OF INIQUITY,

on a Christian errand, never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburgh, and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place: "Do you come here nights to hold a service?" "O, yes," she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said, "never." That young woman who has her father by her side, walking down the

street, armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian woman who goes forth on Gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the red right arm of His wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces anyone who should offer indignity. He would smite him with lightnings, and drown him with floods, and swallow him with earthquakes, and damn him with eternal indignations.

Some one said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission schools. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man, "I am afraid too." Said the first: "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place."

"Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is, that if any of those boys should use a bad word in her presence, the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot." That woman is the best sheltered who is sheltered by the Lord God Almighty, and you need never fear going anywhere where God tells you to go.

It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the

SOLICITATION OF CHARITIES.

Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible; passing on her errand, God says to her: "You go into that bank or store or shop and

get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear: you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your cheque-book, mark the number of the cheque, fill up the blank, sign your name, and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard-fisted man, and I say: "Did you get the money? "Of course," she says, "I got the money; that's what I went for. The Lord told me to go and get it, and he never sends me on a fool's errand."

III. Again: I have to tell you that it is a woman's specific

RIGHT TO COMFORT

under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel; but all profane as well as sacred history attests that when the crisis comes she is better prepared than man to meet the emergency. How often you have seen a woman who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine. Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who

never tell their business troubles to their wives. There comes some great loss to their store, or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household again and again: What is the matter? But he believes it is a sort of Christian duty to keep all that trouble within his own soul. Oh, sir! your first duty was to tell your wife all about it. She, perhaps, might not have disentangled your finances, or extended your credit, but she would have helped you to bear misfortune. You have no right to carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two. There are business men here who know what I mean. There came

A CRISIS IN YOUR AFFAIRS.

You struggled bravely and long; but after a while there came a day when you said, "Here I shall have to stop;" and you called in your partners, and you called in the most prominent men in your employ, and you said: "We have got to stop." You left the store suddenly. You could hardly make up your mind to pass through the street and over on the ferry-boat. You felt everybody would be looking at you, and blaming you and denouncing you. You hastened home. You told your wife all about the affair. What did she say? Did she play the butterfly? Did she talk about the silks and the ribbons and the fashions? No. She came up to the emergency. She quailed not under the stroke. She offered to go out of the comfort-

able house into a smaller one, and wear the old cloak another winter. She was one who understood your affairs without blaming you. You looked upon what you thought was a thin, weak woman's arm holding you up: but while you looked at that arm, there came into the feeble muscles of it the strength of the eternal God. No chiding. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father, from which you brought her ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. You said: "Well, this is the happiest day of my life. I am glad I have got from under my burden. My wife don't care—I don't care." At the moment you were exhausted,

GOD SENT A DEBORAH

to meet the host of the Amalekites and scatter them like chaff over the plain. There are sometimes women who sit reading sentimental novels, and who wish that they had some grand field in which to display their Christian powers. O, what grand and glorious things they could do if they only had an opportunity! My sister, you need not wait for any such time. A crisis will come in your affairs. There will be a Thermopylæ in your own household where God will tell you to stand. There are scores and hundreds of households to-day where as much bravery and courage are demanded of women as was exhibited by Grace Darling, or Marie Antoinette, or Joan of Arc.

IV. Again: I remark it is woman's right to

BRING TO US THE KINGDOM

of heaven. It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleadings of Divine love. She is in vast majority. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian, I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the members of the churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agencies in bringing this world back to God. I may stand here and say the soul is immortal. There is a man who will refute it. I may stand here and say we are lost and undone without Christ. There is a man who will refute it. I may stand here and say there will be a judgment day after a while. Yonder is some one who will refute it. But a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and the consistency of Christ's gospel—nobody can refute that. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached with an audience of two or three, and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth.

A sailor came slipping down the ratlines one night, as though something had happened, and the sailors cried: "What's the matter?" He said:

"MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS HAUNT ME

like a ghost." Home influences, consecrated Christian home influences, are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men here

AT THE BASEMENT DOOR





to-day who have maintained their integrity, not because they were any better naturally than some other people, but because there were home influences praying for them all the time. They got a good start. They were launched on the world with the benedictions of a Christian mother. They may track Siberian snows, they may plunge in African jungles, they may fly to the earth's end—they cannot go so far and so fast, but the prayers will keep up with them.

I stand before women to-day who have the eternal salvation of their husbands in their right hand. On the marriage day you took an oath before men and angels that you would be faithful and kind until death did you part, and I believe you are going to keep that oath; but after that parting at the grave, will it be an eternal separation? Is there any such thing as

AN IMMORTAL MARRIAGE,

making the flowers that grow on the top of the sepulchre brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes; I stand here as a priest of the most high God, to proclaim the banns of an immortal union for all those who join hands in the grace of Christ. O woman, is your husband, your father, your son, away from God? The Lord demands their redemption at your hands. There are prayers for you to offer, there are exhortations for you to give, there are examples for you to set, and I say now, as Paul said to the Corinthian woman: "What

knowest thou, but thou canst save thy husband !”

A man was dying ; and he said to his wife : “ Rebecca, you wouldn't let me have family prayers ; you laughed about all that, and you got me away into worldliness ; and now I'm going to die, and my fate is sealed, and you are the cause of my ruin ?” O woman, what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband ? —are there not some here who have

KINDLY INFLUENCES

at home ? Are there not some here who have wandered far away from God, who can remember the Christian influences in their early home ? Do not despise those influences, my brother. If you die without Christ what will you do with your mother's prayers, with your wife's importunities, with your sister's entreaties ? What will you do with the letters they used to write to you, with the memory of those days when they attended you so kindly in times of sickness ? Oh, if there be just one strand holding you from floating off on that dark sea, I would just like this morning to take hold of that strand and pull you to the beach ! For the sake of your wife's God, for the sake of your mother's God, for the sake of your daughter's God, for the sake of your sister's God, come this day and be saved.

V. Lastly : I wish to say that one of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. O, what a multitude of

WOMEN IN HEAVEN!

Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven, Elizabeth Fry in heaven, Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven, the mother of Augustine in heaven, the Countess of Huntington—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in heaven, while a great many others, who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window (the glass broken out), and the aching side and wornout eyes, to the “house of many mansions!” No more stitching until twelve o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work, to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last! Heaven for aching heads! heaven for broken hearts! heaven for anguish-bitten frames! No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps! No more rough blows across the temples! No more sharp, keen bitter curses!

Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand, red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize this morning that He is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear, He sets another gem in that crown; whenever you have a pang of body or soul, He puts another gem in that crown, until, after a while, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor,

and God will say to his angel: "The crown is done; let her up, that she may wear it." And as the Lord of Righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say: "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." And then God will spread

A BANQUET,

and He will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast, and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life, and waters from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards, and the old harpers of heaven will sit there, making music with their harps, and Christ will point you out, amid the celebrities of heaven, saying: "She suffered with Me on earth, now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation: "Hail! hail!" And there will be handwritings on the wall—not such as struck the Babylonian nobleman with horror—but fire-tipped fingers, writing in blazing capitals of light and love, "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

Parental Blunders.

“He fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died; for he was an old man, and heavy.”—1 SAM. 4:18.

This is the end of a long story of parental neglect. Judge Eli was a good man, but he let his two boys, Hophni and Phinehas, do as they pleased; and, through over-indulgence, they went to ruin. The blind old Judge, ninety-eight years of age, is seated at the gate, waiting for the news of an important battle, in which his two sons were at the front. An express is coming, with tidings from the battle.

THIS BLIND NONAGENARIAN

puts his hand behind his ear, and listens, and cries: “What meaneth the noise of this tumult?” An excited messenger, all out of breath with the speed, said to him: “Our army is defeated; the sacred chest, called the ark, is captured; and your sons are dead on the field!” No wonder the father fainted and expired. The domestic tragedy in which these two sons were the tragedians, had finished its fifth and last act. “He fell from off the seat backward, by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died: for he was an old man, and heavy.”

Eli had made an awful mistake in regard to his

children. The Bible distinctly says: "His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." Oh, the ten thousand mistakes in rearing children—mistakes of parents, mistakes of teachers in day-school and Sabbath classes, mistakes which we all make. Will it not be useful to consider them?

AMERICA'S FUTURE CONQUERORS.

This country is going to be conquered by a great army, compared with which that of Baldwin the First, and Xerxes, and Alexander, and Grant, and Lee, all put together, were in numbers insignificant. They will capture all our pulpits, storehouses, factories, and halls of legislation; all our shipping, all our wealth and all our honors. They will take possession of all authority, from the United States Presidency down to the humblest constabulary—of everything between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. They are on the march now, and they halt neither day nor night. They will soon be here, and all the present active population of this country must surrender and give way. I refer to the great army of children. Whether they shall take possession of everything for good or for bad, depends upon the style of preparation through which they pass.

Cicero acknowledges he kept in his desk a collection of prefaces for books, which prefaces he could at any time attach to anything he wanted to publish for himself or others; and all parents and teachers have all prepared the preface of every

young life under their charge, and not only the preface but the appendix, whether the volume be a poem or a farce. Families and schools and legislatures are in our day busily engaged in discussing what is the best mode of educating children. Before this question every other dwindles into insignificance, while dependent upon the proper solution is the welfare of governments and ages eternal. Macaulay tells of the war which Frederick the Second made against Queen Maria Theresa. And one day she appeared before the august Diet, wearing mourning for her father and held up in her arms before them her child, the Archduke. This so wrought upon the officers and deputies of the people that, with half-drawn swords, they broke forth in the war-cry: "Let us die for our Queen, Maria Theresa!" So this morning, realizing that the boy of to-day is to be the ruler of the future, the popular sovereign, I hold him before the American people to arouse their enthusiasm in his behalf, and to evoke their oath for his defence, his education, and his destiny.

If a parent, you will remember when you were aroused to these great responsibilities, and when you found that you had not done all required, after you had admired the tiny hands, and the glossy hair, and the bright eyes that lay in the cradle, you suddenly remembered that that hand would yet be raised to bless the world with its benediction, or to smite it with a curse. In Ariosto's great poem there is a character called Ruggiero, who has a shield of insufferable splendour

dor, but it is kept veiled, save on certain occasions; and when uncovered, it startled and overwhelmed its beholder, who before had no suspicion of its brightness. My hope to-day is to uncover the destiny of your child or student, about which you may have no special appreciation, and flash upon you the splendors of its immortal nature. Behold, the shield and the sword of the coming conflict!

I propose in this discourse to set forth what I consider to be some of

THE ERRORS PREVALENT

in the training of children.

First, I remark that many err in too great severity or too great leniency of family government. Between parental tyranny and ruinous laxativeness of discipline there is a medium. Sometimes the father errs on the one side and the mother on the other side. Good family government is all-important. Anarchy and misrule in the domestic circle is the forerunner of anarchy and misrule in the state. In the attempt to avoid all this, and bring the children under proper law and regulations, parents have sometimes carried themselves with great rigor. John Howard, who was merciful to the prisons and lazarettos, was merciless in the treatment of his children. John Milton knew everything but how to train his family. Severe and unreasonable was he in his carriage toward them. He made them read to him in four or five lan-

guages, but would not allow them to learn any of them ; for, he said, that one tongue was enough for a woman. Their reading was mechanical drudgery, when, if they had understood the languages they read, the employment of reading might have been a luxury. No wonder his children despised him, and stealthily sold his books and hoped for his death. In all ages there is need of a society for prevention of

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

When Barbara was put to death by her father because she had countermanded his order, and had three windows put in a room instead of two, this cruel parent was a type of many who have acted the Nero and the Robespierre in the home circle. The heart sickens at what you sometimes see, even in families that pretend to be Christian—perpetual scolding, and hair-pulling, and ear-boxing, and thumping, and stamping, and fault-finding, and teasing, until the children are vexed beyond bounds and growl in the sleeve, and pout, and rebel, and vow within themselves that in after days they will retaliate. That child's nature is too delicate to be worked upon by sledge-hammer, and

GOUGE AND PILE DRIVERS.

Such fierce lashing, instead of breaking the high mettle to bit and trace, will make it dash off the more uncontrollable. Many seem to think that children are flax—not fit for use till

they have been hatched and swingled. Some one talking to a child said: "I wonder what makes that tree out there so crooked." The child replied: "I suppose it was trod on while it was young." In some families all the discipline is concentrated upon one child's head. If anything is done wrong, the supposition is that George did it. He broke the latch. He left open the gate. He hacked the bannisters. He whittled sticks on the carpets. And George shall be the scapegoat for all misunderstandings and suspicions. In many a household there is such a one singled out for suspicion and castigation. All the sweet flowers of his soul blasted under this perpetual north-east storm, he curses the day in which he was born.

A mother was passing along the street one day, and came up to her little child, who did not see her approach, and her child was saying to her playmate: "You good-for-nothing little scamp, you come right into the house this minute or I will beat you till the skin comes off." The mother broke in saying: "Why, Lizzie, I am surprised to hear you talk like that to anyone!" "Oh," said the child, "I was only playing, and he is my little boy, and I am scolding him, as you did me this morning." Children are apt to be echoes of their parents. Safer in a Bethlehem manger among cattle and camels with gentle Mary to watch the little innocent than the most extravagant nursery over which God's star of peace never stood.

Yet we may rush to the other extreme and rule children by

TOO GREAT LENIENCY.

The surgeon is not unkind because notwithstanding the resistance of his patient he goes straight on with firm hand and unfaltering heart to take off the gangrene. Nor is the parent less affectionate and faithful because, notwithstanding all violent remonstrances on the part of the child, he with the firmest discipline advances to the cutting off of its evil inclinations. The Bible says: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Childish rage unchecked will, after awhile, become a hurricane. Childish petulance will grow up into misanthropy. Childish rebellion will develop into the lawlessness of riot and sedition. If you would ruin the child, dance to his every caprice and stuff him with confectionery. Before you are aware of it that boy of six years will go down the street, a cigar in his mouth and ready on any corner with his comrades to compare pugilistic attainments. The parent who allows the child to grow up without ever having learned the great duty of obedience and submission has prepared a cup of burning gall for his own lips, and appalling destruction for his descendant. Remember Eli and his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas.

A second error prevalent in the training of children is a laying out of a theory and following it without arranging it to varieties of disposition.

↳ every family you will find striking

DIFFERENCES OF TEMPERAMENT.

This child is too timid, and that too bold and this too miserly, and that too wasteful ; this too inactive and that too boisterous. Now, the farmer who should plant corn and wheat and turnips in just the same way, then put them through one hopper and grind them in the same mill, would not be so much of a fool as the parents who should attempt to discipline and educate all their children in the same manner. It needs a skillful hand to adjust these checks and balances. The rigidity of government which is necessary to hold in this impetuous nature would utterly crush that flexible disposition while the gentle reproof that would suffice for the latter, would, when used on the former, be like attempting to hold a champing Bucephalus with reins of gossamer.

God gives us in the disposition of each child a hint as to how we ought to train him, and, as God in the mental structure of our children indicates what mode of training is the best, He also indicates in the disposition their future occupation. Do not write down that child as dull, because it may not now be as brilliant as your other children or as those of your neighbor. Some of the mightiest men and women of the centuries had a stupid childhood. Thomas Aquinas was called at school "the dumb ox," but afterwards demonstrated his sanctified genius and was called "the angel of the schools" and "the eagle of Brittany." Kindness and patience with a child will conquer almost anything, and they are virtues so Christlike that

they are inspiring to look at. John Wesley's kiss of a child on the pulpit stairs turned Matthias Joyce from a profligate into an evangel.

The third error prevalent in the training of children is the

ONE-SIDED DEVELOPMENT

of either the physical, intellectual or moral nature at the expense of the others. Those, for instance, greatly mistake who, while they are faithful in the intellectual and moral culture of children, forget the physical. The bright eyes half quenched by night study, the cramped chest that comes from too much bending over school desks, the weak side resulting from sedentariness of habit, pale cheeks and the gaunt bodies of multitudes of children attest that physical development does not always go along with intellectual and moral. How do you suppose all those treasures of knowledge the child gets will look in shattered casket? And how much will you give for the wealthiest cargo when it is put in a leaky ship?

From this infinite blunder of parents, how many have come out in life with a genius that could have piled Ossa upon Pelion and mounted upon them to scale the heavens, and have laid down panting with physical exhaustion before a molehill. They who might have thrilled senates and marshalled armies and startled the world with the shock of their scientific batteries, have passed their lives in picking up prescriptions for indigestion. They owned all the thunderbolts of Jupiter,

but could not get out of their rocking-chair to use them. George Washington in early life was a poor speller, and spelled hat h-a-double-t and a ream of paper he spelled "rheam," but he knew enough to spell out the independence of this country from foreign oppression. The knowledge of the schools is important, but there are other things quite as important.

Just as great is the wrong done when the mind is cultivated and

THE HEART NEGLECTED.

The youth of this day are seldom denied any scholarly attainments. Our schools and seminaries are ever growing in efficiency, and the students are conducted through all the realms of philosophy and art and language and mathematics. The most hereditary obtuseness gives way before the onslaught of adroit instructors. But there is a development of infinite importance which mathematics and the dead languages cannot effect. The more mental power, the more capacity for evil unless coupled with religious restraint.

Whether knowledge is a mighty good or an unmitigated evil, depends entirely upon which course it takes. The river rolling on between round banks makes all the valley laugh with golden wheat and rank grass, and catching hold the wheel of mill and factory, whirls it with great industries. But, breaking away from restraints and dashing over banks in red wrath, it washes away harvests from their moorings and makes the valleys shrink with

catastrophe. Fire in the furnace heats the house or drives the steamer; but, uncontrolled, warehouses go down in awful crash before it, and in a few hours half a city will lie in black ruin, walls and towers and churches and monuments. You must accompany the education of the intellect with the education of the heart, or you are rousing up within your child an energy which will be blasting and terrific. Better a wicked dunce than a wicked philosopher.

The fourth error often committed in the training of children, is the

SUPPRESSION OF CHILDISH SPORTFULNESS.

Parents, having for a good many years been jostled about in the rough world, often lose their vivacity, and are astonished to see how their children can act so thoughtlessly of the earnest world all about them. That is a cruel parent who quenches any of the light in a child's soul. Instead of arresting its sportfulness, go forth and help him trundle the hoop, and fly the kite, and build the snow castle. Those shoulders are too little to carry a burden, that brow is too young to be wrinkled, those feet are too sprightly to go along at a funeral pace. God bless their young hearts! now is the time for them to be sportful.

The fifth error in the training of childhood is the postponement of its moral culture until too late. Multitudes of children, because of their precocity, have been urged into depths of study where they ought not to go, and their intellects

have been overburdened and overstrained and battered to pieces against Latin grammars and algebras, and coming forth into practical life they will hardly rise to mediocrity, and there is now a stuffing and cramming system of education in the schools of our country that is deathful to the teachers who have to enforce it, and destructive to the children who have to submit to the process. You find children at nine and ten years of age with school lessons only appropriate for children of fifteen. If children are kept in school and studying from nine to three o'clock, no home study, except music, ought to be required of them. Six hours of study is enough for any child. The rest of the day ought to be devoted to recreation and pure fun. But you cannot begin too early the

MORAL CULTURE

of a child or on too complete a scale. You can look back upon your own life and remember what mighty impressions were made upon you at five or six years of age. Oh, that child does not sit so silent during your conversation to be influenced by it. You say he does not understand. Although much of phraseology is beyond his grasp, he is gathering up from your talk influences which will affect his immortal destiny. From the question he asks long afterward you find he understood all about what you were saying. The song with which you sing the child to sleep will echo through all its life and ring back from the very arches of heaven.

I think that often the first seven years of a child's life decide whether it shall be irascible, waspish, rude, false, hypocritical, or gentle, truthful, frank, obedient, honest and Christian. The present generations of men will pass off very much as they are now. Although the gospel is offered them, the general rule is that drunkards die drunkards, thieves die thieves, libertines die libertines. Therefore to the youth we turn. Before they sow wild oats get them to sow wheat and barley. You fill the bushel measure with good corn, and there will be

NO ROOM FOR HUSKS.

Glorious Alfred Cookman was converted at ten years of age. At Carlisle, Pennsylvania, during the progress of a religious meeting in the Methodist Church, while many were kneeling at the foot of the altar, this boy knelt in a corner of the church all by himself and said: "Precious Saviour, thou art saving others, O, wilt thou not save me?" A Presbyterian elder knelt beside him and led him into the light. Enthroned Alfred Cookman! Tell me from the skies, were you converted too early? But I cannot hear his answer. It is overpowered by the huzzas of the thousands who were brought to God through his ministry. Isaac Watts, the great Christian poet, was converted at nine years of age. Robert Hall, the great Baptist evangelist, was converted at twelve years of age. Jonathan Edwards, the greatest of the American logicians, was converted at seven years of age.

Oh, for one generation of holy men and women. Shall it be the next? Fathers and mothers, you, under God, are to decide whether from your families shall go forth cowards, inebriates, counterfeiterers, blasphemers, and whether there shall be those bearing your image and carrying your name festering in the low haunts of vice, and floundering in dissipation, and making the midnight of their lives horrid with a long howl of ruin, or whether from your family altars shall come the Christians, the reformers, the teachers, the ministers of Christ, the comforters of the troubled, the healers of the sick, the enactors of good laws, the founders of charitable institutions, and a great many who shall in the humble spheres of toil and usefulness serve God and the best interests of the human race.

You cannot as parents shirk the responsibility. God has charged you with a mission, and all the thrones of heaven are waiting to see whether you will do your duty. We must not forget that it is not so much what we teach our children as what we are in their presence. We wish them to be better than we are, but the probability is that they will only be reproductions of ourselves. German literature has much to say of

THE "SPECTRE OF BROCKEN."

Among those mountains travelers in certain conditions of the atmosphere see themselves copied on a gigantic scale in the clouds. At first the travelers do not realize that it is themselves on a

larger scale. When they lift a hand or move the head this monster spectre does the same, and with such enlargement of proportions that the scene is most exciting, and thousands have gone to that place just to behold the spectre of Brocken. The probability is that some of our faults which we consider small and insignificant, if we do not put an end to them, will be copied on a large scale in the lives of our children, and perhaps dilated and exaggerated into spectral proportions. You need not go as far off as the Brocken to see that process.

The first thing in importance in the education of our children is to make ourselves, by the grace of God, fit examples for them to copy. From your side that son or daughter, bone of your bone, heart of your heart, the father's brow his brow, the mother's eye his eye, shall go forth to an eternal destiny. What will be your joy if at last you hear their feet in the same golden highway and hear their voices in the same rapturous song, illustrations, while the eternal ages last, of what a faithful parent could under God accomplish. I was reading of

A DYING MOTHER

who had all her children about her, and took each one of them by the hand, and asked them to meet her in heaven, and with tears and sobs such as those only know who have stood by the deathbed of a good old mother. They all promised. But there was a young man of nineteen, who had

been very wild and reckless, and hard and proud, and when she took his hand she said : "Now, my boy, I want you to promise me before I die, that you will become a Christian and meet me in heaven." The young man made no answer, for there was so much for him to give up if he made and kept such a promise.

But the aged mother persisted in saying : "You won't deny me that before I go, will you? This parting must not be forever. Tell me now you will serve God and meet me in the land where there is no parting." Quaking with emotion he stood, making up his mind and halting and hesitating, but at last his stubbornness yielded and he threw his arms around his mother's neck and said : "Yes, mother ; I will, I will." And as he finished the last word of his promise her spirit ascended. I thank God the young man kept his promise. Yes, he kept it. May God give all mothers and fathers the gladness of their children's salvation.

For all who are trying to do their duty as parents, I quote the tremendous passage : "Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." If through good discipline and prayer and godly example you are acting upon that child, you have the right to expect him to grow up virtuous. And how many tears of joy you will shed when you see your child honorable and just and truthful and Christian and successful—a holy man amid a world of dishonesty, a godly woman in a world of frivolous pretension. When you come to lie

they will gather to bless your last hours. They will push back the white locks on your cold forehead and say: "What a good father he always was to me?" They will fold your hands peacefully and say: "Dear mother! She is gone. Her troubles are all over. Don't she look beautiful?"

Christ the Song.

“Now will I sing to my Well Beloved a song concerning my Beloved.”—ISA. 5:.

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him, and something in the evening shadow to speak his praise. The flower breathes Him, the star shines Him, the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you listen to it, will speak His praise. When I come in the summer-time and pluck a flower, I think of Him who is “the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.” When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.” When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

“Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!”

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding-board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding-board, and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And the ten thousand voices of earth rising, find

THE HEAVENS A SOUNDING BOARD

which strike back to the ear of all the nations the

praises of Christ. The heavens tell His glory, and the earth shows His handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of a glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the seventh heaven; and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders, and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you speak the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest, and your step is lightest, and your fortunes smile, and your pathway blossoms, and the overarching heavens drop upon you benediction, speak praises of Jesus.

THE ELECTRIC WORD.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out, "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trial and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse

your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ, our song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be

THE CRADLE SONG.

What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fibre of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in re-cutting your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

PRESERVING POWER.

We want some counteracting influence upon

our children. The very moment your child steps into the street, he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul-mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house-plants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the streets! I know of no counter-acting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle-song.

This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short, Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and

THE CRADLE WILL BE EMPTY,

and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue

eyes, come for a kiss ; but only a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it ; and bitter desolation, and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed, and a wet pillow and a grave and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely, anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful ; but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from these lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-bye, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm looks and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of heaven's doxologies!

I next speak of Christ as

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The school-girl asks for a schottische or a glee ; but her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music-board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the

psalm-book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchildren asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting-house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit, and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I was one Thanksgiving-day in my pulpit, in Syracuse, New York, and the Rev. Daniel Waldo, at ninety-eight years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said, "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that seventy years ago!"

There was a song to-day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire, and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eyesight can not see. It was

THE SONG OF SALVATION.

Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. Blessed the Bible which spectacl'd old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed

the staff on which the worn-out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer! Blessed the hymn-book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song. I speak to you again of Jesus as

THE NIGHT SONG.

Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said, "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me, to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse put out another star; domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you can sing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, oh, my Saviour! hide
 Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide;
 Oh, receive my soul at last."

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night!

FOR THE POOR

who freeze in the winter's cold, and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent-day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery, and saying, in the presence of the little famished ones, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharp-shooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough, and the pale cheek, and the lustreless eye, and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field-hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gun-shot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blas-

phemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

THE SABBATH SONG.

The Sabbath day has come. From the altars of ten thousand churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the gospel are now preaching in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people have assembled in Hindoo temple, and Moravian church and Quaker meeting-house and sailors' Bethel and kings' chapel and high-towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amidst the spice groves or struck the icebergs, or floated off into the western pines or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it, and the factory-girls and the children in the Sabbath-class and the trained choir in great assemblages. Trappers, with the same voice with which they shouted yesterday in the stag-hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for song; Jesus for the invocation; Jesus for the Scripture lessons; Jesus for the baptismal font; Jesus for the sacramental cup; Jesus for the benediction. But the day will go by. It will roll



away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches will be lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more sermon, two prayers, three songs and one benediction. What shall we preach to-night? What shall we read? What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you choose to break the silence of this auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices, crying out, "Let it be Jesus! Jesus!"

WE SING HIS BIRTH,

the barn that sheltered Him, the mother that nursed Him, the cattle that fed besides Him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing His ministry—the tears He wiped away from the eyes of the orphans; the lame men that forgot their crutches; the damsel who, from the bier, bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek; the hungry thousand who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler for a whole army. We sing His sorrows—His stone-bruised feet, His aching heart, His mountain loneliness, His desert hunger, His storm-pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through His last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against His cross in one foaming, wrathful, om-

nipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud-wrapped, breaking open their sepulchres, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We

SING HIS RESURRECTION—

the guard that could not keep Him, the sorrow of His disciples : the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as he went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until He came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the Conqueror. I say once more, Christ is

THE EVERLASTING SONG.

The very best singers sometimes get tired ; the strongest throats sometimes get weary ; and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now ; but I hope, by the grace of God, we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell, which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven ; all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

“Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me ;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee?”

You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in ; and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in ! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills, crying, "Harvest home ! harvest home !"

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes—the music is weird and thrilling. So the song in heaven will be

A SAILOR'S SONG.

They were voyagers once and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm ; but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers passed, the light-houses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed. Ay, it will be

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that eighteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of

the little ones—ah! that will be music for you! These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes; and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the sea of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children, do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around the throne!

THE HEAVENLY SONG.

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing-floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chaldean hills, prophets who walked with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a

song ! It came to John upon Patmos ; it came to Calvin in the prison ; it dropped to John Knox in the fire ; and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said, "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night ; they have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "The choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said "I know they are, I hear them sing ; how very sweetly they sing !" It was not a choir of earth that she heard, but

THE CHOIR OF HEAVEN.

I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. I wonder, will you sing that song ? Will I sing it ? Not unless our sins are pardoned, and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ, will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the "Crystal Palace," stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion ; it was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, with the hand and foot, wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was overwhelming.

But oh,

THE GRANDER SCENE

when they shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, and Jesus shall stand before that host to conduct the harmony, with His wounded hands and His wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen and Amen!" Oh, If my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other assemblage, may I join that?

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured; and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition and he ordered the chaplain to read the hundred and fifteenth Psalm of David; and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, O, Lord, but unto thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great hosts, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before Him now, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces, and crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory!"

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

“The earth was without form and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.”—*Genesis* 1:2.

OUT in space there hung *a great chunk of rock and mud* and water and shell. Thousands of miles in diameter, more thousands of miles in circumference. A great mass of ugliness, confusion, and distortion, uselessness, ghastliness, and horror. It seemed like a great commons on which smashed-up worlds were dumped. It was what poetry and prose, scientist and Christian agree in calling chaos. Out of that black, rough, shapeless egg our beautiful world was hatched. God stood over that original

ANARCHY OF ELEMENTS

and said : "Atlantic Ocean, you go right away and lie down there ! Pacific Ocean, you sleep there ! Caucasian range of mountains, you stand there ! Mount Washington, you be sentinel there ! Mont Blanc, you put on your coronet of crystal there ! Mississippi, you march there, and Missouri you marry it there !" And He gathered in His Almighty hands the sand and mud and rock, and rolled and heaved and moulded and dented and compressed them into shape, and then dropped them in four places ; and the one was Asia, and another was Europe, and another Africa, and another America, North and South.

SOCIAL CHAOS THREATENED.

That original chaos was like the confusion and anarchy into which the human race ever and anon has a tendency to plunge. God has said : " Let there be light of law, light of justice, light of peace, light of love !" " No ! No !" say anarchic voices, " let there be darkness, let there be cut-throatery, let there be eternal imbroglio, let there be chaos."

Such a social condition many are expecting

because of the overshadowing contest between Labor and Capital ; there has not been an intelligent man or woman during the last two months who has not asked the question, "Shall we have bloody revolution in this country ?" I have heard many answer the question in the affirmative ; I answer it in the negative.

THE CHURCH AS PEACEMAKER.

There may be and there have been terrific outbursts of popular frenzy, but there will be no anarchy, for the Church of Christ, the mightiest and grandest institution of the planet, shall, laying hold of the strength of the eternal God, come out, and putting one hand on the shoulder of Labor, and the other on the shoulder of Capital, say, "I come in the name of the God who turned chaos into magnificent order, to settle this dispute by the principles of eternal justice and kindness ; and now I command you, take your hands off of each other's throats." The only impartial institution on this subject is the Church, for it is made up of both capitalists and laborers, and was founded by Christ, who was a carpenter, and so has a right to speak for all laborers, and who owns the earth and the

solar system and the universe, and so can speak for the capitalists.

As for myself, as an individual I have a right to be heard. My father was a farmer and my grandfather, and they had to work for a living; and every dollar I own I earned by the sweat of my own brow, and I owe no man anything, and if any obligation has escaped my memory, come and present your bill when I descend from this pulpit, and I will pay you on the spot. I am going to say all that I think and feel on this subject, and without any reservation, asking your prayers that I may be divinely directed in this important series of Sabbath morning discourses.

That Labor has grievances I will show you plainly before I get through this course of sermons. That Capital has had outrages committed upon it I will make evident beyond dispute. But there are right and wrong ways of attempting a reformation.

When I say there will be no return to social chaos, I do not underrate the awful

PERIL OF THESE TIMES.

We must admit that the tendency is toward revolution. Great throngs gather at some points

of disturbance in almost all our cities. Rail-trains hurled over the rocks. Workmen beaten to death within sight of their wives and children. Factories assailed by mobs. The faithful police of our cities exhausted by vigilance night and day. In some cases the military called out. The whole country asking the question, "What next?" A part of Belgium one great riot. Germany and Austria keeping their workmen quiet only by standing armies so vast that they are eating out the life of those nations. The only reason that Ireland is in peace is because she is hoping for Home Rule and the triumphs of Gladstonism. The labor quarrel is hemispheric, aye, a world-wide quarrel, and the whole tendency is toward anarchy.

But one way in which we may avoid anarchy is by letting the people know

WHAT ANARCHY IS.

We must have the wreck pointed out in order to steer clear of it. Anarchy is abolition of right of property. It makes your store and your house and your money and your family mine, and mine yours. It is wholesale robbery. It is every man's hand against every other man. It is arson and murder and rapine and lust and

death triumphant. It means no law, no church, no defence, no rights, no happiness, no God. It means hell let loose on earth, and society a combination of devils incarnate. It means extermination of everything good and the coronation of everything infamous. Do you want it? Will you have it? Before you let it get a good foothold in America take a good look at the dragon.

Look at Paris, where for a few days it held sway, the gutters red with blood and the walks down the street a stepping between corpses, the Archbishop shot as he tries to quell the mob, and every man and woman armed with knife or pistol or bludgeon. Let this country take one good, clear, scrutinizing look at anarchy before it is admitted, and it will never be allowed to set up its reign in our borders. No; there is too much good sense dominant in this country to permit anarchy. All good people will, together with the officers of civil government, cry "Peace!" and it will be re-established. Meanwhile, my brotherly counsel is to

THREE CLASSES OF LABORERS.

First, to those who are at work. Stick to it. Do not amid the excitement of these times drop

your employment, hoping that something better will turn up. He who gives up work now, whether he be railroad man, mechanic, farmer, clerk, or any other kind of employee, will probably give it up for starvation. You may not like the line of steamers that you are sailing in, but do not jump overboard in the middle of the Atlantic. Be a little earlier than usual at your post of work while this turmoil lasts, and attend to your occupation with a little more assiduity than has ever characterized you.

My brotherly counsel, in the second place, is to those who have resigned work. It is best for you and best for everybody to go back immediately. Do not wait to see what others do. Get on board the train of national prosperity before it starts again, for start it will, start soon and start mightily. Last year in the city of New York there were 45 general strikes and 177 shop strikes. Successful strikes, 97; strikes lost, 34; strikes pending at the time the statistics were made, 59; strikes compromised, 32. Would you like me to tell you who will make the most out of the present almost universal strike? I can and will. Those will make the most out of it who go first to work.

My third word of brotherly advice is to the

nearly two million people who could not get work before this trouble began, and who have themselves and their families to support, to go now and take the vacated places. Go in and take those places a million and a half strong. Green hands you may be now, but you will not be green hands long. My sentiment is full liberty for all who want to strike to do so, and full liberty for all who want to take the vacated places. Other industries will open for those who are now taking vacation, for we have only opened the outside door of this continent, and there is room in this country for eight hundred million people, and for each one of them a home and a livelihood and a God!

PLENTY OF ROOM.

So, however others may feel about this excitement, as wide as the continent, I am not scared a bit. The storm will hush. Christ will put His foot upon it as upon agitated Galilee. As at the beginning, chaos will give place to order as the Spirit of God moves upon the waters. But hear it, workingmen of America! Your first step toward light and betterment of condition will be an assertion of your individual independence from the dictation of your fellow-

workmen. You are a free man, and let no organization come between you and your best interests. Do not let any man, or any body of men, tell you where you shall work, or where you shall not work, when you shall work, or when you shall not work. If a man wants to belong to a labor organization, let him belong. If he does not want to belong to a labor organization, let him have perfect liberty to stay out. You own yourself. Let no man put a manacle on your hand or foot or head or heart.

I belong to a ministerial association that meets once a week. I love all the members very much. We may help each other in a hundred ways, but when that association shall tell me to quit my work and go somewhere else; that I must stop right away because a brother minister has been badly treated down in Texas, I will say to that ministerial association, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Furthermore, I have a right to resign my pastorate of this church and say to the people, "I decline to work for you any longer. I am going. Good-by." But I have no right, after I have quit this pulpit, to linger around the doors on Sunday mornings and evenings with a shot-gun to intimidate or hinder the minister who comes to take my

place. I may quit my place and continue to be a gentleman, but when I interfere with my successor in this pulpit I become a criminal, and deserve nothing better than thin soup in a tin bowl in Sing Sing Prison. Your first duty, oh laboring man, is to your family ! Let no one but Almighty God dictate to you how you shall support them. Work when you please, where you please, at what you please, and allow no one for a hundred millionth part of a second to interfere with your right. When we emerge from the present unhappiness, as we soon will, we shall find many tyrannies broken, and Labor and Capital will march shoulder to shoulder.

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

This day I declare the mutual dependence of Labor and Capital. An old tentmaker put it just right—I mean Paul—when he declared: “The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee.” You have examined some elaborate machinery—a thousand wheels, a thousand bands, a thousand levers, a thousand pulleys, but all controlled by one great water-wheel, all the parts adjoined so that if you jarred one part you jarred all the parts. Well, society is a great piece of mechanism, a thousand wheels, a thou-

sand pulleys, a thousand levers, but all controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. The professions interdependent, all the trades interdependent. Capital and Labor interdependent, so that the man who lives in a mansion on the hill, and the man who breaks cobble-stones at the foot of the hill, affect each other's misfortune or prosperity. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who throw Shadrach into the furnace, get their own faces scorched and blackened. No such thing as independence. Smite society at any one point and you smite the entire community.

IDENTICAL INTERESTS.

Relief will come to the working-classes of this country through a better understanding between Capital and Labor. Before the contest goes much further it will be found that their interests are identical; what helps one helps both; what injures one injures both. Until the crack of doom there will be no relief for the working-classes until there is a better understanding between Labor and Capital and this war ends. Every speech that Capital makes against Labor is an adjournment of our national prosperity.

Every speech that Labor makes against Capital is an adjournment of our national prosperity. The capitalists of the country, so far as I know them, are successful laborers. If the capitalists in this house to-day would draw their gloves, you would see the broken finger-nail, the scar of an old blister, here and there a stiffened finger-joint. The great publishers of New York and Philadelphia, so far as I know them, were book-binders or printers on small pay. The carriage manufacturers of the country used to sandpaper the wagon-bodies in the wheelwright's shop.

PHILANTHROPIC CAPITALISTS.

Peter Cooper was a glue-maker. No one begrudged him his millions of dollars, for he built Cooper Institute and swung open its doors for every poor man's son, and said to the day laborer: "Send your boy up to my Institute if you want him to have a splendid education." And a young man of this church was the other day walking in Greenwood Cemetery, and he saw two young men putting flowers on the grave of Peter Cooper. My friend supposed the young men were relatives of Peter Cooper, and decorated his grave for that reason.

“No,” they said, “we put these flowers on his grave because it was through him we got our education.” Abraham Van Nest was a harness-maker in New York. Through economy and industry and skill he got a great fortune. He gave away to help others hundreds of thousands of dollars. I shall never forget the scene when I, a green country lad, stopped at his house and after passing the evening with him he came to the door and came outside and said: “Here, De Witt, is fifty dollars to get books with. Don’t say anything about it.” And I never did till the good old man was gone. Henry Clay was “the Mill-boy of the Slashes.” Hugh Miller, a stone-mason; Columbus, a weaver; Halley, a soap-boiler; Arkwright, a barber; the learned Bloomfield, a shoemaker; Hogarth, an engraver of pewter plate, and Horace Greeley started life in New York with ten dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket.

The distance between Capital and Labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the laborers here will cross over and become capitalists, and the capitalists will cross over and become laborers. Would to God they would

shake hands while they are crossing, these from one side, and those from the other side.

WHO THE COMBATANTS ARE.

The combatants in this great conflict between Capital and Labor are chiefly, on the one side, the men of fortune, and, on the other hand, men who could get labor, but will not have it, will not stick to it. It is the hand cursing the eye, or the eye cursing the hand. I want it understood that the laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where is their investment? In the bank? No. In railroad stock? No. Their muscles, their nerves, their bones, their mechanical skill, their physical health, are the highest kind of capital. The man who has two feet, and two ears, and two eyes, and ten fingers, owns a machinery that puts into nothingness Corliss's engine and all the railroad rolling stock, and all the carpet and screw and cotton factories on the planet. I wave the flag of truce this morning between these contestants. I demand a cessation of hostilities between Labor and Capital. What is good for one is good for both. What is bad for one is bad for both.

CO-OPERATION.

Again, relief will come to the working-classes of this country through co-operative association. I am not now referring to trades-unions. We may hereafter discuss that question. But I refer to that plan by which laborers become their own capitalists, taking their surpluses and putting them together and carrying on great enterprises. In England and Wales there are seven hundred and sixty-five co-operative associations, with three hundred thousand members, with a capital of fourteen millions of dollars, doing business in one year to the amount of fifty-seven millions dollars. In Troy, N. Y., there was a co-operative iron foundry association. It worked well long enough to give an idea of what could be accomplished when the experiment is fully developed.

You say that there have been great failures in that direction. I admit it. Every great movement at the start is a failure. The application of steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but after awhile the world's chief successes. I hear some say, "Why, it is absurd to talk of a surplus to be put into this co-operative association, when men

can hardly get enough to eat and wear and take care of their families." I reply, Put into my hand the money spent in the last five years in this country by the laboring classes for rum and tobacco, and I will start a co-operative institution of monetary power that will surpass any financial institution in the United States.

TAKEN INTO CONFIDENCE.

Again, I remark, that relief will come to the working-classes through more thorough discovery on the part of employers that it is best for them to let their employés know just how matters stand. The most of the capitalists of to-day are making less than six per cent., less than five per cent., less than four per cent., on their investments. Here and there is an anaconda swallowing down everything, but such are the exceptions. It is often the case that employés blame their employer because they suppose he is getting along grandly, when he is oppressed to the last point of oppression. I knew a manufacturer who employed more than a thousand hands. I said to him: "Do you ever have any trouble with your workmen? do you have any strikes?" "No," he said. "What! in this time of angry discussion be-

tween Capital and Labor, no trouble?" "None at all—none." I said: "How is that?" "Well," he said, "I have a way of my own. Every little while I call my employés together and I say,—'Now, boys, I want to show you how matters stand. What you turned out this year brought so much. You see it isn't as much as we got last year. I can't afford to pay you as much as I did. Now, you know I put all my means in this business. What do you think ought to be my percentage, and what wages ought I to pay you? Come, let us settle this. And," said that manufacturer, "we are always unanimous. When we suffer, we all suffer together. When we advance, we advance together, and my men would die for me." But when a man goes among his employés with a supercilious air, and drives up to his factory as though he were the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and the moon in his vest-pockets, moving amid the wheels of the factory, chiefly anxious lest a greased or smirched hand should touch his immaculate broadcloth, he will see at the end he has made an awful mistake. I think that employers will find out after awhile that it is to their interest, as far as possible, to explain matters to their employés. You he

frank with them, and they will be frank with you.

Again, I remark, relief will come to the laboring classes through the religious rectification of the country. Labor is appreciated and rewarded just in proportion as a country is Christianized. Show me a community that is thoroughly infidel, and I will show you a community where wages are small. Show me a community that is thoroughly Christianized, and I will show you a community where wages are comparatively large. How do I account for it? The philosophy is easy. Our religion is a democratic religion. It makes the owner of the mill understand he is a brother to all the operatives in that mill. Born of the same heavenly Father, to lie down in the same dust, to be saved by the same supreme mercy. No putting on of airs in the sepulchre or in the judgment.

An engineer in a New England factory gets sleepy, and he does not watch the steam-gauge, and there is a wild thunder of explosion, and the owner of the mill and one of the workmen are slain. The two slain men come up toward the gate of heaven. The owner of the mill knocks at the gate. The celestial gate-keeper

cries, "Who is there?" The reply comes, "I was the owner of a factory at Fall River, where there was an explosion just now, and I lost my life, and I want to come in." "Why do you want to come in, and by what right do you come in?" asks the celestial gate-keeper. "Oh," says the man, "I employed two or three hundred hands! I was a great man at Fall River." "You employed two or three hundred men," says the gate-keeper, "but how much Christian grace did you employ?" "None at all," says the owner of the mill. "Step back," says the celestial gate-keeper; "no admittance here for you." Right after comes up the poor workman. He knocks at the gate. The shining gate-keeper says, "Who is there?" He says, "I am a poor workman; I come up from the explosion at Fall River; I would like to enter." "What is your right to come in here?" asks the shining gate-keeper. The workman says, "I heard that a shining Messenger came forth from your world to our world to redeem it; I have been a bad man; I used to swear when I hurt my hand with the wheel; I used to be angry; I have done a great many wrong things, but I confessed it all to the Messenger that came from your country, and after I confessed it He

told me to come up here; and that you may know I have a right to come, there is His name on the palm of my hand; here is his name on my forehead." Then there is a sound of working pulleys, and the gates lift, and the workingman goes in. There was a vast difference between the funerals at Fall River. The owner of the mill had a great funeral. The poor workingman had a small funeral. The man who came up on his own pompous resources was shut out of heaven. The poor man, trusting to the grace of Jesus Christ, entered. So, you see, it is

A DEMOCRATIC RELIGION.

I do not care how much money you have, you have not enough money to buy your way through the gate. My friends, you need to saturate our populations with the religion of Christ, and wages will be larger, employers will be more considerate, all the tides of thrift will set in. I have the highest authority for saying that godliness is profitable for the life that now is. It pays for the employer. It pays for the employé. The hard hand of the wheel and the soft hand of the counting-room will clasp each other yet. They will clasp each other in

congratulation. They will clasp each other on the glorious morning of the Millennium. The hard hand will say, "I ploughed the desert into a garden;" the soft hand will reply, "I furnished the seed." The one hand will say, "I thrashed the mountains;" the other hand will say, "I paid for the flail." The one hand will say, "I hammered the spear into a pruning-hook;" and the other hand will answer, "I signed the treaty of peace that made that possible." Then Capital and Labor will lie down together, and the lion and the lamb, and the leopard and the kid, and there will be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

THE TREATMENT OF EMPLOYÉS.

“If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.”—*Gal.* 5:15.

“Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.—*Phil.* 2:4.

THE labor agitation will soon quiet. The mills will again open, the railroads resume their traffic, our national prosperities again start. Of course, the damage done by the strikes cannot immediately be repaired. Wages will not be so high as they were. Spasmodically they may be higher, but they will drop lower. Strikes, whether right or wrong, always injure laborers more than the capitalists. You will see this in the starvation of next winter. Boycotting and violence and murder never pay. They are different

STAGES OF ANARCHY.

God never blessed murder. The worst use you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up to-morrow all the country seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison Square, and Brooklyn Heights, and

Brooklyn Hill, and Rittenhouse Square, and Beacon Street, and all the bricks and timber and stones will just fall back on the bare head of American labor.

The worst enemies of the working classes in the United States and Ireland are their demented coadjutors. Assassination — the assassinations of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland, in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, only turned away from that afflicted people millions of sympathizers. The attempts to blow up the House of Commons, in London, had only this effect—to throw out of employment tens of thousands of innocent Irish people in England. In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reasons; obstructions on the rail-tracks, in front of midnight express trains, because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they were going to sail, or in printing offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in the mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on house scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and crip-

ple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers and violence never took one knot out of the knuckles of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that!

A KING THREATENED BY A MILLER.

Frederick the Great admired some land near his palace at Potsdam, and he resolved to get it. It was owned by a miller. He offered the miller three times the value of the property. The miller would not take it because it was the old homstead, and he felt much as Naboth felt about his vineyard when Ahab wanted it. Frederick the Great was a rough and terrible man, and he ordered the miller into his presence, and the king with a stick in his hand—a stick with which he sometimes struck the officers of State—said to the miller: “Now, I have offered you three times the value of that property, and if you won’t sell it I’ll take it anyhow.” The miller said: “Your Majesty, you won’t.” “Yes,” said the king, “I will take it.” “Then,” said the miller, “if your Majesty does take it I will sue you in the Chancery Court.” At that threat Frederick the Great yielded his



infamous demand. And the most imperious outrage against the working classes will yet cover before the law. Violence and opposition to the law will never accomplish anything, but righteousness and according to the law will accomplish it.

THE WIDENING CHASM.

But gradually the damages done the laborer by the strikes will be repaired, and some important things ought now to be said. The whole tendency of our times, as you have noticed, is to make the chasm between employer and employé wider and wider. In olden time the head man of the factory, the master builder, the capitalist, the head man of the firm, worked side by side with their employés, working sometimes at the same bench, dining at the same table; and there are those here who can remember the time when the clerks of large commercial establishments were accustomed to board with the head men of the firm.

All that is changed, and the tendency is to make the distance between employer and employé wider and wider. The tendency is to make the employé feel that he is wronged by the success of the capitalist, and to make the

capitalist feel : " Now, my laborers are only beasts of burden ; I must give so much money for so much drudgery, just so many pieces of silver for so many beads of sweat." In other words, the bridge of sympathy is broken down at both ends. That feeling was well described by Thomas Carlyle when he said : " Plugson, of St. Dolly Undershot, buccaneer-like, says to his men : ' Noble spinners, this is the hundredth thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant my vineyards. The hundred thousand pound is mine, the daily wage was yours. Adieu, noble spinners ; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above.' "

Now, what we want is to rebuild that bridge of sympathy, and I put the trowel to one of the abutments to-day, and I preach more especially this morning to employers as such, although what I have to say will be appropriate to all who are in the house.

THREE BRUTAL PRINCIPLES.

The outrageous behavoiur of a multitude of laborers toward their employers during the last three months—behavior infamous and worthy of most condign punishment—may have in-

duced some employers to neglect the real Christian duties that they owe to those whom they employ. Therefore I want to say to you whom I confront face to face, and those to whom these words may come, that all ship-owners, all capitalists, all commercial firms, all master builders, all housewives, are bound to be interested in the entire welfare of their subordinates. Years ago some one gave three prescriptions for becoming a millionaire: First, spend your life in getting and keeping the earnings of other people; secondly, have no anxiety about the worriments, the losses, the disappointments of others; thirdly, do not mind the fact that your vast wealth implies the poverty of a great many people. Now, there is not a man in my audience who would consent to go out into life with those three principles to earn a fortune. It is your desire to do your whole duty to the men and women in your service.

THE RATE OF PAY.

First of all, then, pay as large wages as are reasonable and as your business will afford. Not necessarily what others pay, certainly not what your hired help say you must pay, for that is tyranny on the part of labor unbearable.

The right of a laborer to tell his employer what he must pay implies the right of an employer to compel a man into a service whether he will or not, and either of those ideas is despicable. When an employer allows a laborer to say what he must do or have his business ruined, and the employer submits to it, he does every business man in the United States a wrong, and yields to a principle which, carried out, would dissolve society. Look over your affairs, and put yourselves in imagination in your laborer's place, and then pay him what before God and your own conscience you think you ought to pay him.

"God bless you" are well in their place, but they do not buy coal nor pay house rent nor get shoes for the children. At the same time you, the employer, ought to remember through what straits and strains you got the fortune by which you built your store or run the factory. You are to remember that you take all the risks and the employè takes none, or scarcely any. You are to remember that there may be reverses in fortune, and that some new style of machinery may make your machinery valueless, or some new style of tariff set your business back hopelessly and forever.

You must take all that into consideration, and then pay what is reasonable.

BIBLE INJUNCTIONS.

Do not be too ready to cut down wages. As far as possible pay all, and pay promptly. There is a great deal of Bible teaching on this subject. Malachi: "I will be a swift witness against all sorcerers, and against all adulterers, and against those who oppress the hireling in his wages." Leviticus: "Thou shalt not keep the wages of the hireling all night unto the morning." Colossians: "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven."

So you see it is not a question between you and your employé so much as it is a question between you and God.

Do not say to your employés: "Now, if you don't like this place get another," when you know they cannot get another. As far as possible once a year visit at their homes your clerks and your workmen. That is the only way you can become acquainted with their wants. You will by such process find out that there is a blind parent or a sick sister being supported. You will find some of your young

men in rooms without any fire in winter, and in summer sweltering in ill-ventilated apartments. You will find how much depends on the wages you pay or withhold.

BENEFICENT EMPLOYERS.

Moreover, it is your duty as employer, as far as possible, to mould the welfare of the employé. You ought to advise him about investments, about life insurance, about savings banks. You ought to give him the benefit of your experience. There are hundreds and thousands of employers in this country and England, I am glad to say, who are settling in the very best possible way the destiny of their employés. Such men as Marshall, of Leeds; Lister, of Bradford; Akroyd, of Halifax; and men so near at home it might offend their modesty, if I mentioned their names. These men have built reading-rooms, libraries, concert halls, afforded croquet lawns, cricket grounds, gymnasiums, choral societies for their employés, and they have not merely paid the wages on Saturday night, but through the contentment and the thrift and the good morals of their employés, they are paying wages from generation to generation forever.

Again, I counsel all employers to look well after the physical health of their subordinates. Do not put on them any unnecessary fatigue. I never could understand why the drivers on our city cars must stand all day when they might just as well sit down and drive. It seems to me most unrighteous that so many of the female clerks in our stores should be compelled to stand all day, and through those hours when there are but few or no customers. These people have aches and annoyance and weariness enough without putting upon them additional fatigue. Unless those female clerks must go up and down on the business of the store, let them sit down.

Then, I would have you carry out this sanitary idea, and put into as few hours as possible the work of the day. Some time ago—whether it has been changed I know not—there were one thousand grocer clerks in Brooklyn who went to business at five o'clock in the morning and continued until ten o'clock at night. Now, that is inhuman. It seems to me all the merchants in all departments ought, by simultaneous movement, to come out in behalf of the early closing theory. These young men ought to have an opportunity of going to the Mercan-

tile Library, to the reading-rooms, to the concert hall, to the gymnasium, to the church. They have nerves, they have brains, they have intellectual aspirations, they have immortal spirits. If they can do a good round day's work in the ten or eleven hours, you have no right to keep them harnessed for seventeen.

But, above all, I charge you, O employers! that you look after the moral and spiritual welfare of your employés. First, know where they spend their evenings. That decides everything. You do not want around your money drawer a young man who went last night to see *Jack Sheppard*! A man that comes into the store in the morning ghastly with midnight revelry is not the man for your store. The young man who spends his evenings in the society of refined women, or in musical or artistic circles, or in literary improvement, is the young man for your store.

THE GUARDIAN OF EMPLOYÉS.

Do not say of these young men: "If they do their work in the business hours, that is all I have to ask." God has made you that man's guardian. I want you to understand that many of these young men are orphans, or worse

than orphans, flung out into society to struggle for themselves. A young man is pitched into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and a plank is pitched after him, and then he is told to take that and swim ashore. Treat that young man as you would like to have your son treated if you were dead. Do not tread on him. Do not swear at him. Do not send him on a useless errand. Say "Good-morning" and "Good-night" and "Good-by." You are deciding that man's destiny for two worlds. One of my earliest remembrances is of

OLD ARTHUR TAPPAN.

There were many differences of opinion about his politics, but no one who ever knew Arthur Tappan, and knew him well, doubted his being an earnest Christian. In his store in New York he had a room where every morning he called his employés together, and he prayed with them, read the Scriptures to them, sang with them, and then they entered on the duties of the day. On Monday morning the exercises differed, and he gathered the young men together and asked them where they had attended church, what had been their Sabbath experiences, and what had been the sermon.

Samuel Budgett had the largest business in the west of England. He had in a room of his warehouse a place pleasantly furnished with comfortable seats and "Fletcher's Family Devotions" and Wesleyan Hymn-books, and he gathered his employés together every morning, and having sung, they knelt down and prayed side by side—the employer and the employés. Do you wonder at that man's success, and that though thirty years before he had been a partner in a small retail shop in a small village, at his death he bequeathed many millions. God can trust such a man as that with plenty of money.

SIR TITUS SALT

had wealth which was beyond computation, and at Saltaire, England, he had a church and a chapel built and supported by himself—the church for those who preferred the Episcopal service, and the chapel for those who preferred the Methodist service. At the opening of one of his factories he gave a great dinner, and there were thirty-five hundred people present, and in his after-dinner speech he said to these people gathered: "I cannot look around me and see this vast assemblage of friends and work-people

without being moved. I feel greatly honored by the presence of the nobleman at my side, and I am especially delighted at the presence of my work-people. I hope to draw around me a population that will enjoy the beauties of this neighborhood—a population of well-paid, contented, happy operatives. I have given instructions to my architects that nothing is to be spared to render the dwellings of the operatives a pattern to the country, and if my life is spared by Divine Providence, I hope to see contentment, satisfaction, and happiness around me.”

That is Christian character demonstrated. There are others in this country and in other lands on a smaller scale doing their best for their employés. They have not forgotten their own early struggles. They remember how they were discouraged, how hungry they were, and how cold and how tired they were, and though they may be sixty or seventy years of age, they know just how a boy feels between ten and twenty, and how a young man feels between twenty and thirty. They have not forgotten it. Those wealthy employers were not originally let down out of heaven with pulleys of silk in a wicker basket, satin-lined,

fanned by cherubic wings. They started in the roughest cradle, on whose rocker misfortune put her violent foot, and tipped them into the cold world. Those old men are sympathetic with boys.

LOOK AFTER THE FOREMAN.

But you are not only to be kind to those who are under you—Christianly kind—but you are also to see that your boss workman, and your head clerks, and your agents, and your overseers in stores are kind to those under them. Sometimes a man will get a little brief authority in a store or in a factory, and while they are very courteous to you, the capitalist, or to you, the head man of the firm, they are most brutal in their treatment of those under them. God only knows what some of the lads suffer in the cellars and in the lofts of some of our great establishments. They have no one to appeal to. The time will come when their arm will be strong, and they can defend themselves, but not now. Alas! for some of the cash boys and the messenger boys and the boys that sweep the store. Alas! for some of them. Now, you capitalist, you, the head man of the firm, must look, supervise, see

those all around you, investigate all beneath you.

BE MERCIFUL.

And, then, I charge you not to put unnecessary temptation in the way of your young men. Do not keep large sums of money lying around unguarded. Know how much money there is in the till. Do not have the account books loosely kept. There are temptations inevitable to young men, and enough of them, without your putting any unnecessary temptations in their way. Men in Wall Street, having thirty years of reputation for honesty, have dropped into Sing Sing and perdition, and you must be careful how you try a lad of fifteen. And if he do wrong, do not pounce on him like a hyena. If he prove himself unworthy of your confidence, do not call in the police, but take him home, tell why you dismissed him to those who will give him another chance. Many a young man has done wrong once who will never do wrong again. Ah! my friends, I think we can afford to give everybody another chance, when God knows we should all have been in perdition if He had not given us ten thousand chances.

Then, if in moving around your factory, or

mill, or barn, or store you are inexorable with young men, God will remember it. Some day the wheel of fortune will turn, and you will be a pauper, and your daughter will go to the workhouse, and your son will die on the scaffold. If in moving among your young men you see one with an ominous pallor of cheek, or you hear him coughing behind the counter, say to him: "Stay home a day or two and rest, or go out and breathe the breath of the hills." If his mother die, do not demand that on the day after the funeral he be in the store. Give him, at least, a week to get over that which he will never get over.

A BRAVE GENERAL.

Employers, urge upon your employés, above all, a religious life. So far from that, how is it, young men? Instead of being cheered on the road to heaven, some of you are caricatured, and it is a hard thing for you to keep your Christian integrity in that store or factory where there are so many hostile to religion. Ziethen, a brave general under Frederick the Great, was a Christian. Frederick the Great was an infidel. One day Ziethen, the venerable, white-haired general, asked to be excused

from military duty that he might attend the holy sacrament. He was excused. A few days after Ziethen was dining with the king and with many notables of Prussia, when Frederick the Great, in a jocose way, said: "Well, Ziethen, how did the sacrament of last Friday digest?" The venerable old warrior arose, and said: "For your Majesty I have risked my life many a time on the battle-field, and for your Majesty I would be willing any time to die; but you do wrong when you insult the Christian religion. You will forgive me if I, your old military servant, cannot bear in silence any insult to my Lord and my Saviour." Frederick the Great leaped to his feet, and he put out his hand, and he said: "Happy Ziethen, forgive me, forgive me!"

Oh, there are many being scoffed at for their religion! and I thank God there are many men as brave as Ziethen. Go to heaven yourself, O employer! Take all your people with you. Soon you will be through buying and selling, and through with manufacturing and building, and God will ask you: "Where are all those people over whom you had so great influence? Are they here? Will they be here?" O shipowners! into what harbor will

your crew sail? Oh, you merchant grocers! are those young men that under your care are providing food for the bodies and families of men, to go starved forever? Oh, you manufacturers of this United States! with so many wheels flying, and so many bands pulling, and so many new patterns turned out, and so many goods shipped, are the spinners, are the carmen, are the draymen, are the salesmen, are the watchers of your establishments working out everything but their own salvation? Can it be that, having those people under your care five, ten, twenty years, you have made no everlasting impression for good on their immortal souls? God turn us all back from such selfishness, and teach us to live for others and not for ourselves. Christ sets us the example of sacrifice, and so do many of His disciples.

A SELF-SACRIFICING PHYSICIAN.

One summer in California a gentleman who had just removed from the Sandwich Islands told me this incident. He said one of the Sandwich Islands is devoted to lepers. People getting sick of the leprosy on the other islands are sent to that isle of lepers. They never come off. They are in different stages of dis-

ease, but all who die on that island die of leprosy.

On one of the islands there was a physician who always wore his hand gloved, and it was often discussed why he always had a glove on that hand under all circumstances. One day he came to the authorities, and he withdrew his glove, and he said to the officers of the law: "You see on that hand a spot of the leprosy, and that I am doomed to die. I might hide this for a little while and keep away from the isle of lepers; but I am a physician, and I can go on that island and administer to the sufferings of those who are farther gone in the disease, and I should like to go now. It would be selfish in me to stay amid these luxurious surroundings when I might be of so much help to the wretched. Send me to the isle of the lepers." They, seeing the spot of leprosy, of course took the man into custody. He bade farewell to his family and his friends. It was an agonizing farewell. He could never see them again. He was taken to the isle of the lepers, and there wrought among the sick until prostrated by his own death, which at last came. Oh, that was magnificent self-denial, magnificent sacrifice, only surpassed by that of Him

who exiled Himself from his home in heaven to this leprous island of a world, that He might physician our wounds, and weep our griefs, and die our deaths, turning the isle of a leprous world into a great blooming, paradisaical garden! Whether employer or employé, let us catch that spirit.

HARDSHIPS OF WORKINGMEN.

So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smiteth the anvil."—*Isa.* 41:7.

YOU have seen in factories a piece of mechanism passing from hand to hand, and from room to room, and one mechanic will smite it, and another will flatten it, and another will chisel it, and another will polish it, until the work be done. And so the prophet describes the idols of olden times as being made, part of them by one hand, part of them by another hand. Carpentry comes in, gold-beating comes in, smithery comes in, and three or four styles of mechanism are employed. "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil." When they met, they talked over their work, and they helped each other on with it. It was a very bad kind of business; it was making idols which were an insult to the Lord of heaven. I have thought if men in bad work can

ENCOURAGE EACH OTHER,

ought not men engaged in honest artisanship and mechanism speak words of good cheer?

Men see in their own work hardships and trials, while they recognize no hardships or trials in anybody else's occupation. Every man's burden is the heaviest, and every woman's task is the hardest. We find people wanting to get other occupations and professions. I suppose, when the merchant comes home at night, his brain hot with the anxieties of commercial toil, disappointed and vexed, agitated about the excitements in the money markets, he says, "Oh, I wish I were a mechanic! When his day's work is done, the mechanic lies down; he is healthy in body, healthy in mind, and healthy in soul, but I can't sleep;" while, at that very moment, the mechanic is wishing he was a banker or a merchant. He says, "Then I could always have on beautiful apparel; then I could move in the choicest circles; then I could bring up my children in a very different sphere from that in which I am compelled to bring them up." Now, the beauty of our holy religion is that

GOD LOOKS DOWN UPON ALL

the occupations and professions, and while I cannot understand your annoyances and you cannot understand mine, God understands them all. He knows all about the troubles of these men mentioned in my text—the carpenter who encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer, and the gold-beaters.

I will speak this morning of the general hardships of the working-classes. You may not belong to this class, but you are bound as Christian men and women to know their sorrows and sympathize with them, and as political economists to come to their rescue. There is great danger that the prosperous classes, because of the bad things that have been said by the false friends of labor, shall conclude that all this labor trouble is a “hullabaloo” about nothing. Do not go off on that tangent. You would not, neither would I, submit without protest to the oppressions to which many of our laborers are subjected.

ANARCHISTS REPUDIATED.

You do a great wrong to the laboring classes if you hold them responsible for the work of

the scoundrelly Anarchists. You cannot hate their deeds more thoroughly than do all the industrial classes. At the head of the chief organ of the Knights of Labor, in big letters, I find the following vigorous disclaimer :

“ Let it be understood by all the world that the Knights of Labor have no affiliation, association, sympathy or respect for the band of cowardly murderers, cut-throats, and robbers, known as Anarchists, who sneak through the country like midnight assassins, stirring up the passions of ignorant foreigners, unfurling the red flag of anarchy and causing riot and bloodshed. Parsons, Spies, Fielding, Most, and all their followers, sympathizers, aiders, and abettors, should be summarily dealt with. They are entitled to no more consideration than wild beasts. The leaders are cowards and their followers are fools.”

You may do your duty toward your employés, but many do not, and the biggest business firm in America to-day is Grip, Gouge,

GRIND AND COMPANY.

Look, for instance, at the woes of the womanly toilers, who have not made any strike and

who are dying by the thousands, and dying by inches. I read a few lines from the last Labor Report, just out, as specimens of what female employés endure: "Poisoned hands and cannot work. Had to sue the man for fifty cents!" Another: "About four months of the year can, by hard work, earn a little more than *three dollars per week.*" Another: "She now makes wrappers at one dollar per dozen; can make eight wrappers per day." Another: "We girls in our establishment have the following fines imposed: for washing your hands, twenty-five cents; eating a piece of bread at your loom, one dollar; also sitting on a stool, taking a drink of water, and many trifling things too numerous to mention." "Some of the worst villains of our cities are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaw is picked out, and the wages refused and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Woman's Protective Union reports a case where one of the poor souls, finding a place where

she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says, 'I hear you are going to leave me?' 'Yes,' she said, 'and I have come to get what you owe me.' He made no answer. She said: 'Are you not going to pay me?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I will pay you,' and he kicked her down stairs." I never swore a word in all my life, but I confess that when I read that I felt a stirring within me that was not at all devotional.

UNDERPAID WOMEN.

By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two thirds as much as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice, that for work equally well, if not better done, woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the National Government. Women clerks in Washington get nine hundred dollars for doing that for which men receive eighteen hundred dollars. The wheel of oppression is rolling over the necks of thousands of women who are at this moment in despair about what they are to do. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory

to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it. Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the mill-stones of His wrath, and grind them to powder.

Why is it that a female principal in a school gets only eight hundred and twenty-five dollars for doing work for which a male principal gets sixteen hundred and fifty dollars? I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being who gets hungry when she has no food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries; give her justice! There are sixty-five thousand sewing-girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the sunlight comes their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting

away. At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needlewoman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shrivelled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience. Stand at the corner of a street at six or seven o'clock in the morning, as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or the crumbs they chew on their way through the street. Here they come !

THE WORKING-GIRLS OF NEW YORK

and Brooklyn. These engaged in head work, these in flower-making, in millinery, paper-box making ; but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing-women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up ? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat. You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. Ask that woman how much she gets

for her work, and she will tell you six cents for making coarse shirts and finds her own thread.

I speak more fitly of woman's wrongs because she has not been heard in the present agitation. You know more of what men have suffered. I said to a colored man who, in Missouri, last March, came into my room in the morning to build my fire: "Sam, how much wages do you people get around here?" He replied: "Ten dollars a month, sir!" I asked: "Have you a family?" "Yes," said he, "wife and children." Think of it—a hundred and twenty dollars a year to support a family on! My friends, there is in this world

SOMETHING AWFULLY ATWIST.

When I think of these things, I am not bothered as some of my brethren with the abstract questions as to why God let sin come into the world. The only wonder with me is that God don't smash this world up and start another in place of it.

One great trial that the working-classes feel is

PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION.

There are athletes who go out to their work at six or seven o'clock in the morning, and come

back at night as fresh as when they started. They turn their back upon the shuttle or the forge or the rising wall, and they come away elastic and whistling. That is the exception. I have noticed that when the factory bell taps for six o'clock, the hard-working man wearily puts his arm into his coat-sleeve and starts for home. He sits down in the family circle, resolved to make himself agreeable, to be the means of culture and education to his children, but in five minutes he is sound asleep. He is fagged out—strength of body, mind, and soul utterly exhausted. He rises in the morning only half rested from the toil. Indeed, he will never have any perfect rest in this world until he gets into one narrow spot which is the only perfect rest for the human body in this world. I think they call it a grave!

Has toil frosted the color of your cheeks? Has it taken all spontaneity from your laughter? Has it subtracted the spring from your step and the lustre from your eye until it has left you only half the man you were when you first put your hand on the hammer and your foot on the wheel? To-morrow, in your place of toil, listen, and you will hear a voice above the hiss of the furnace and the groan of the

foundry and the clatter of the shuttle—a voice not of machinery, nor of the task-master, but the voice of an all-sympathetic God, as He says, “Come unto Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Let all men and women of toil remember that this work will soon be over. Have they not heard that there is a great holiday coming? Oh, that home, and no long walk to get to it! Oh, that bread, and no sweating toil necessary to earn it! Oh, these deep wells of eternal rapture, and no heavy buckets to draw up! I wish they would put their head on this pillow stuffed with the down from the wing of all God’s promises: “There remaineth a rest for the people of God.”

Do you say, “We have sewing-machines now in our great cities, and the trouble is gone?” No; it is not. I see a great many women wearing themselves out amid the hardships of the sewing-machine. A Christian man went into a house of a good deal of destitution in New York, and he saw a poor woman there with a sick child, and he was telling the woman how good a Christian she ought to be, and how she ought to put her trust in God. “Oh,” she said, “I have no God; I work from Monday

morning until Saturday night and I get no rest, and I never hear anything that does my soul any good ; and when Sunday comes, I haven't any bonnet that I can wear to church, and I have sometimes got down to pray and then I got up, saying to my husband, 'My dear, there's no use of my praying ; I am so distracted I can't pray ; it don't do any good !' Oh, sir, it is very hard to work on as we people do from year to year, and to see nothing bright ahead, and to see the poor little child getting thinner and thinner, and my man almost broken down, and to be getting no nearer to God, but to be getting farther away from him ! Oh, if I were only ready to die !' May God comfort all who toil with the needle and the sewing-machine, and have compassion on those borne down under the fatigues of life.

Another great trial is

PRIVATION OF TASTE

and sentiment. I do not know of anything much more painful than to have a fine taste for painting and sculpture and music and glorious sunsets and the expanse of the blue sky, and yet not to be able to get the dollar for the oratorio, or to get a picture, or to buy one's way



into the country to look at the setting sun and at the bright heavens. While there are men in great affluence, who have around them all kinds of luxuries in art, themselves entirely unable to appreciate these luxuries—buying their books by the square foot, their pictures sent to them by some artist who is glad to get the miserable daubs out of the studio—there are multitudes of refined, delicate women, who are born artists, and shall reign in the kingdom of heaven as artists, who are denied every picture and every sweet song and every musical instrument. Oh, let me cheer such persons by telling them to look up and behold the inheritance that God has reserved for them !

A HEART-BREAKING PICTURE.

Then there are a great many who suffer not only in the privation of their taste, but in the apprehensions and the oppressive surroundings of life that were well described by an English writer. He said : “ To be a poor man’s child, and look through the rails of the playground, and envy richer boys for the sake of their many books, and yet to be doomed to ignorance. To be apprenticed to some harsh stranger, and feel forever banished from a mother’s tenderness

and a sister's love. To work when very weary, and work when the heart is sick and the head is sore. To see a wife or a darling child wasting away, and not to be able to get the best advice. To think that the better food or purer air might set her up again, but that food you cannot buy, that air you must never hope to breathe. To be obliged to let her die. To come home from the daily task some evening, and see her sinking. To sit up all night in hope to catch again those precious words you might have heard could you have afforded to stay at home all day, but never hear them. To have no mourners at the funeral, and even to have to carry on your own shoulder through the merry streets the light deal coffin. To see huddled into a promiscuous hole the dust which is so dear to you, and not venture to mark the spot by planted flower or lowliest stone."

But I have no time this morning longer to dwell upon the hardships and the trials of those who toil with hand and foot, for I must go on to offer some grand and

GLORIOUS ENCOURAGEMENTS

for such; and the first encouragement is, that one of the greatest safeguards against evil is

plenty to do. When men sin against the law of their country, where do the police detectives go to find them? Not amid the dust of factories, not among those who have on their "overalls," but among those who stand with their hands in their pockets around the doors of saloons and restaurants and taverns. Active employment is one of the greatest sureties for a pure and upright life. There are but very few men with character stalwart enough to endure consecutive idleness.

I see a pool of water in the country, and I say, "Thou slimy, fetid thing, what does all this mean? Didn't I see you playing with those shuttles and turning that grist-mill?" "Oh, yes," says the water, "I used to earn my living." I say again, "Then what makes you look so sick? Why are you covered with this green scum? Why is your breath so vile?" "Oh," says the water, "I have nothing to do. I am disgusted with shuttles and wheels. I am going to spend my whole lifetime here, and while yonder stream sings on its way down the mountain side, here I am left to fester and die accursed of God because I have nothing to do!" Sin is

AN OLD PIRATE

that bears down on vessels whose sails are flapping idly in the wind. The arrow of sin has hard work to puncture the leather of an old working-apron. Be encouraged by the fact that your shops, your rising walls, your anvils are fortresses in which you may hide, and from which you may fight against the temptations of your life. Morning, noon, and night, Sundays and week-days, thank God for plenty to do.

Another encouragement is the fact that their families are going to have the very best opportunity for development and usefulness. That may sound strange to you, but

THE CHILDREN OF FORTUNE

are very apt to turn out poorly. In nine cases out of ten the lad finds out if a fortune is coming, by twelve years of age ; he finds out there is no necessity of toil, and he makes no struggle, and a life without struggle goes into dissipation or stupidity. You see the sons of wealthy parents going out into the world, inane, nerveless, dyspeptic, or they are incorrigible and reckless, while the son of the porter that kept the gate learns his trade, gets a robust physical consti-

tution, achieves high moral culture, and stands in the front rank of Church and State.

Who are the men mightiest in our Legislatures and Congress and Cabinets? Did they walk up the steep of life in silver slippers? Oh, no. The mother put him down under the tree in the shade, while she spread the hay. Many of these mighty men ate out of an iron spoon and drank out of the roughest earthenware—their whole life a forced march. They never had any luxuries until, after awhile, God gave them affluence and usefulness and renown as a reward for their persistence. Remember, then, that though you may have poor surroundings and small means for the education of your children, they are actually starting under better advantages than though you had a fortune to give them. Hardship and privation are not a damage to them, but an advantage. Akenside rose to his eminent sphere from his father's butcher-shop. Robert Burns started as a shepherd. Prideau used to sweep Exeter College. Gifford was a shoemaker, and the son of every man of toil may rise to heights of intellectual and moral power if he will only trust God and keep busy.

Again, I offer as encouragement that you

have so many opportunities of gaining information. Plato gave thirteen hundred dollars for two books. The Countess of Anjou gave two hundred sheep for one volume. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one copy of Origen. Oh, the contrast! Now there are tens of thousands of pens gathering up information. Typesetters are calling for "copy." All our cities quake with the rolling cylinders of the Harpers and the Appletons and the Lippincotts and the Petersons and the Ticknors, and you now buy more than Benjamin Franklin ever knew for fifty cents! There are people who toil from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night who know more about anatomy than the old physiologists, and who know more about astronomy than the old philosophers. If you should take the learned men of two hundred years ago and put them on one bench, and take twenty children from the common schools in Brooklyn and put them down on the other bench, the children could examine the philosophers, and the philosophers could not examine the children. "Ah!" says Isaac Newton, coming up and talking to some intelligent lad of seven years, "What is that?" "Oh, that **is a rail-train!**" "What is that?" "That

is a telegraph." "What is that?" "It is a telephone." "Dear me! I think I shall go back to my bed in the dust, for I am bewildered and my head turns." Oh, rejoice that you have all these opportunities of information spread out before you, and that, seated in your chair at home, by the evening light, you can look over all nations and see the ascending morn of a universal day.

TOIL A DISCIPLINE.

One more encouragement: Your toils in this world are only intended to be a discipline by which you shall be prepared for heaven. "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy," and tell you that Christ, the carpenter of Nazareth, is the workingman's Christ. You get His love once in your heart, O workingman! and you can sing on the wall in the midst of the storm, and in the shop amid the shoving of the plane, and down in the mine amid the plunge of the crowbar, and on shipboard while climbing ratlines. If you belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, He will count the drops of sweat on your brow. He knows every ache and every pain you have ever suffered in your worldly occupation. Are you weary? He will give

you rest. Are you sick? He will give you health. Are you cold? He will wrap around you the warm mantle of His eternal love.

And besides that, my friends, you must remember, that all this is

ONLY PREPARATORY—

a prefatory and introductory. I see a great multitude before the throne of God. Who are they? "Oh," you say, "those are princes; they must have always been in a royal family; they dress like princes, they walk like princes, they are princes; there are none of the common people there; none of the people that ever toiled with hand and foot!" Ah! you are mistaken. Who is that bright spirit before the throne? Why, that was a sewing-girl who, work as she could, could make but two shillings the day. What are those kings and queens before the throne? Many of them went up from Birmingham mills and from Lowell carpet factories.

THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

And now I hear a sound like the rustling of robes, and now I see a taking up of harps as though they were going to strike a thanksgiving

anthem, and all the children of the saw, and the disciples of the shuttle are in glorious array, and they lift a song so clear and sweet I wish you could hear it. It would make the pilgrim's burden very light, and the pilgrim's journey very short. Not one weak voice or hoarse throat in that great assemblage. The accord is as perfect as though they had been all eternity practising, and I ask them what is the name of that song they sing before the throne, and they tell me it is the song of the redeemed working-people. And the angel cries out: "Who are these so near the throne?" and the answer comes back: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

MONOPOLY AND COMMUNISM.

“Thy land shall be married.”—*Isa.* 62:4.

As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, exhilarant, unique, divine imagery of the text! So many are depressed by the labor agitation, and think everything in this country is going to pieces, I preach this morning a sermon of good cheer, and anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation and “Thy land shall be married.”

In discussing the final destiny of this nation, it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits, and on platforms, and in places of public concourse I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be en-

tomb, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar; not cypress, but orange blossoms; not requiem, but wedding march, for "Thy land shall be married." I propose to name some of

THE SUITORS

who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected.

I. In the first place, I remark: There is a greedy, all-grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of

MONOPOLY.

His sceptre is made out of the iron of the rail-track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things have gone on from bad to worse, until in the three Legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, for the most part, monopoly decides everything. If monopoly favor a law, it passes. If monopoly

oppose a law, it is rejected. Monopoly stands in this railroad depot, putting into his pockets in one year two hundred millions of dollars in excess of all reasonable charges for service. Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam-power of locomotives, and in the other the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, State elections, national elections. With bribes he secures the votes of legislators—giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative positions, employing them as attorneys, if they are lawyers; carrying their goods fifteen per cent less if they are merchants; and if he finds a case very stubborn, as well as very important, puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But Monopoly is not so easily caught now as when, during the term of Mr. Buchanan, in one of our States a certain railway company procured a donation of public land. It was found out that thirteen of the Senators of that State received one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars among them; sixty members of the Lower House of that State received five thousand and ten thousand dollars each; the Governor of the State received fifty thousand dollars; his clerk

received five thousand dollars ; the Lieutenant-Governor received ten thousand dollars ; all the clerks of the Legislature received five thousand dollars each, while fifty thousand dollars were divided amid the lobby agents.

That thing on a larger or smaller scale, is all the time going on in some of the States of the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not as easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that

THE SHADOWING CURSE

of the United States to-day is monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat ; upon every sack of salt ; upon every ton of coal ; and every man, woman, and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism. I rejoice that in twenty-four States of the Union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established, God speed them in their work of liberation ! I wish that this question might be the question of our Presidential elections, and that we compel the political parties to recognize it on their platforms.

I have nothing to say against capitalists. A man has a right to all the money he can make honestly. There is not a laborer in the land

that would not be worth a million dollars if he could. I have nothing to say against corporations as such—without them no great enterprise would be possible ; but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without adequate compensation I am a thief, and if a railway damage the property of the people without any adequate compensation that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds and thousands of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness.

EUROPEAN LAND SHARKS.

Five hundred acres in this country make an immense farm. When you read that in Dakota Territory Mr. Cass has a farm of 15,000 acres, and Mr. Grandon, 25,000 acres, and Mr. Dalrymple, 40,000 acres, your eyes dilate, even though these farms are in great regions thinly inhabited. But what do you think of this which I take from the Doomsday Book, showing what

monopoly is on the other side the sea? I give it as a warning of what it would do on this side the sea, if in some lawful way the tendency is not resisted. In Scotland, J. G. M. Heddle owns 50,400 acres; Earl of Wemyss, 52,000 acres; Duke of Montrose, 68,000 acres; Cameron of Lochiel, 109,500 acres; Sir C. W. Ross, 110,400 acres; Earl of Fife, 113,000 acres; the Mackintosh, 124,000 acres; Lord MacDonald, 130,000 acres; Earl of Dalhousie, 136,000 acres; Macleod of Macleod, 141,700 acres; Sir K. Mackenzie, of Gairlock, 164,680 acres; Duke of Argyle, 175,000 acres; Duke of Hamilton, 183,000 acres; Duke of Athole, 194,000 acres; Duke of Richmond, 255,000 acres; Earl of Stair, 270,000 acres; Mr. Evan Baillie, 300,000 acres; Earl of Seafield, 306,000 acres; Duke of Buccleugh, 432,183 acres; Earl of Breadalbane, 437,696 acres; Mr. A. Matheson, 220,433 acres; and Sir J. Matheson, 406,070 acres; Duchess of Sutherland, 149,879 acres; and Duke of Sutherland, 1,176,343 acres.

THE RESULT.

Such monopolies imply an infinite acreage of wretchedness. There is no poverty in the United States like that in England, Ireland, and

Scotland, for the simple reason that in those lands monopoly has had longer and larger sway. Last summer in Edinburgh, Scotland, after preaching in Synod Hall, I preached in the Grass Market and to the wretched inhabitants of the Cowgate and the Canongate, the audience exhibiting the squalor, and sickliness, and despair that remains in one's mind like one of the visions of Dante's Inferno.

Great monopolies in any land imply great privation. The time will come when our Government will have to limit the amount of accumulation of property. Unconstitutional, do you say? Then constitutions will have to be changed until they allow such limitation. Otherwise the work of absorption will go on, and the large fishes will eat up the small fishes, and the shad will swallow up the minnows, and the porpoise swallow the shad, and the whales swallow the porpoises, and a thousand greedy men will own all the world.

But would a law of limitation of wealth be unrighteous? If I dig so near my neighbor's foundations, in order to build my house, that I endanger his, the law grabs me. If I have a tannery or a chemical factory, the malodors of which injure residents in the neighborhood, the

law says: "Stop that!" If I drain off a river from its bed, and divert it to turn my mill wheel, leaving the bed of the river a breeding place for malaria, the laws says

"QUIT THAT OUTRAGE!"

And has not a good Government a right to say that a few men shall not gorge themselves on the comfort, and health, and life of generations? Your rights end where my rights begin.

Monopoly, brazen-faced, and iron-fingered, vulture-hearted monopoly, offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes, and up the Pennsylvania, and the Erie, and the New York Central railroads, and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people, North, South, East, and West, forbid the banns of that marriage— forbid them at the ballot-box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiments of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the Church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all devouring monopoly that this land is to be married.

II. Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is

NIHILISM.

He owns nothing but a knife for universal blood-letting and a nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven, and no hell, except what he can make on earth. He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps Emperor William, of Germany, practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth, and if he had the power would climb up until he could drive the God of Heaven from His throne and take it himself—*the universal butcher*. In France it is called communism; in the United States it is called Socialism; in Russia it is called Nihilism. That last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash-up.

Where does this monster live? In St. Louis, in Chicago, in Brooklyn, in New York, and in all the villages and cities of this land. The devil of destruction is an old devil, and he is to be seen at every great fire where there is anything to steal, and at every shipwreck where there is anything valuable floating ashore, and

at every railroad accident where there are overcoats and watches to be purloined. On a small scale I saw it in my college days, when, in our literary society in New York University, we had an exquisite and costly bust of Shakespeare, and one morning we found a hole bored into the lips of the marble and a cigar inserted. There has not for the last century been a fine picture in your art gallery, or a graceful statue in your parks, or a fine frescoe on your wall, or a richly bound volume in your library, but would have been despoiled if the hand of ruffianism could have got at it without peril of incarceration.

The philosophy of the whole business is, that there is a large number of people who either through their laziness or their crime own nothing, and are mad at those who through industry and wit of their own, or of their ancestors, are in possession of large resources. The honest laboring-classes never had anything to do with such murderous enterprises. It is the villainous classes who would not work if they had plenty of work offered them at large wages. Many of these suppose that by the demolition of law and order they would be advantaged, and the parting of the ship of State would allow

them as wreckers to carry off the cargo. It offers its hand to this fair republic. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot-box, the legislative hall, the Congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or rather

DIVIDE IT DOWN.

It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good. Nihilism! This panther, having prowled across other lands, has set its paws on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which to spring upon its prey. It was Nihilism that massacred the heroic policemen of Chicago and St. Louis a few days ago and that burned the railroad property at Pittsburgh during the great riots; it was Nihilism that slew black people in our Northern cities during the war; it was Nihilism that again and again in San Francisco and in New York mauled to death the Chinese; it is Nihilism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah! its power has never yet been tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, schoolhouse, college, and home in ashes.

Let me say, it is

THE WORST ENEMY

of the laboring-classes in any country. The honest cry for reform lifted by oppressed laboring men is drowned out by the vociferations for anarchy. The criminals and the vagabonds who range through our cities talking about their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary—if they could be hushed up, and the down-trodden laboring men of this country could be heard, there would be more bread for hungry children. Let not our oppressed laboring men be beguiled to coming under the bloody banner of Nihilism. It will make your taxes heavier, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater.

Yet this Nihilism, with feet red of slaughter, comes forth and offers its hand for the republic. Shall the banns be proclaimed? If so, where shall the marriage altar be? and who will be the officiating priest? And what will be the music? That altar will have to be white with bleached skulls, the officiating priest must be a dripping assassin, the music must be the smothered groan of multitudinous victims, the garlands must be twisted of nightshade, the fruit must be apples of Sodom, the wine must be the blood of St.

Bartholomew's massacre. No! It is not to Nihilism, the sanguinital monster, that this land is to be married.

III. Another suitor for the hand of this nation is

INFIDELITY.

Mark you that all anarchists are infidels. Not one of them believes in the Bible, and very rarely any of them believe in a God. Their most conspicuous leader was the other day pulled by the leg from under a bed in a house of infamy, cursing and blaspheming. The police of Chicago, exploring the dens of the anarchists, found dynamite, and vitriol, and Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and obscene pictures, and complimentary biographies of thugs and assassins, but not one Testament, not one of Wesley's hymn-books, not one Roman Catholic breviary. There are two wings to infidelity: the one calls itself Liberalism, and appears in highly literary magazines, and is for the educated and refined; the other wing is in the form of Anarchy, and is for the vulgar. But both wings belong to the same old filthy vulture—infidelity! Elegant infidelity proposes to conquer this land to itself by the pen; Anarchy proposes to conquer it by bludgeon and torch.

When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart, in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked; but infidelity proposes something worse than that—the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words, "Asleep in Jesus," and to substitute the words, "Obliteration—annihilation." Infidelity proposes to take away from this country the book that makes the difference between the United States and the United Kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornesian cannibalism.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English Magna Charta and American Declaration of Independence. I tell you that

THE WORST ATTEMPTED CRIME

of the century is the attempt to destroy this book; yet infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster, stretches out

its hand, ichorous with the second death, to take the hand of this republic.

And this suitor presses his case appallingly. Shall the banns of that marriage be proclaimed? "No!" say the home missionaries of the West—a martyr band, of whom the world is not worthy, toiling amid fatigues, and malaria, and starvation. "No! not if we can help it. By what we and our children have suffered we forbid the banns of that marriage!" "No!" say all patriotic voices; "our institutions were bought at too dear a price, and were defended at too great a sacrifice, to be so cheaply surrendered." "No!" says the God of Bunker Hill, and Independence Hall, and Gettysburg; "I did not start this nation for such a farce." "No," cry ten thousand voices; "to infidelity this land shall not be married!"

IV. But there is

ANOTHER SUITOR

that presents his hand for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned in the verse following my text, where it says: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." It is not my figure, it is the

figure of the Bible. As often princesses at their birth are

PLEDGED IN TREATY

of marriage to princes or kings of earth, so this nation at its birth was pledged to Christ for Divine marriage. Before *Columbus* and his hundred and twenty men embarked on the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Nina*, for their wonderful voyage, what was the last thing they did? They kneeled down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country, and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? "Gloria in Excelsis." After *Columbus* and his hundred and twenty men had stepped from the ships' decks to the solid ground, what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the New World to God.

What did *the Huguenots* do after they landed in the Carolinas? What did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the Pilgrim Fathers do after they landed in New England? With bended knee, and uplifted face, and heaven-besieging prayer

they took possession of this country for God. How was the first American Congress opened? By prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And, then, see how good God has been to us! Just open the map of the continent and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides into the sea, prophesying large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains timbered with wealth on the top and sides, metallised with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal, four hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No London fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has travelled abroad. For the poor, more sympathy; for the industrious more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to

our fathers, and how good He has been to us and our children !

We have during the past six or seven years

TURNUED A NEW LEAF

in our national history by the sudden addition of millions of foreigners. At Kansas City I was told by a gentleman who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in worldly estate eight hundred dollars. I was told in the city of Washington by an officer of the Government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone, averaging one thousand dollars in possession each. I was told by the Commissioner of Emigration that twenty families that had arrived at Castle Garden brought eighty-five thousand dollars with them. Mark you, families, not tramps—additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn-books, thanking God for His kindness in helping them cross the sea. They will turn your Territories into States, and your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches,

and establish for them schools, and send Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah! that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing-smack to-day on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign populations in this country. The one State of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian Empire, yet the Austrian Empire supports thirty-five million people. The one State of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports thirty-six million people. The one State of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic Empire, yet the Germanic Empire supports forty-one million people. I tell you the great want of the Territories and of the Western States is more population.

While some may stand at the gates of the city, saying: "Stand back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them, and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come!" "But," say you, "I am so afraid that they will bring

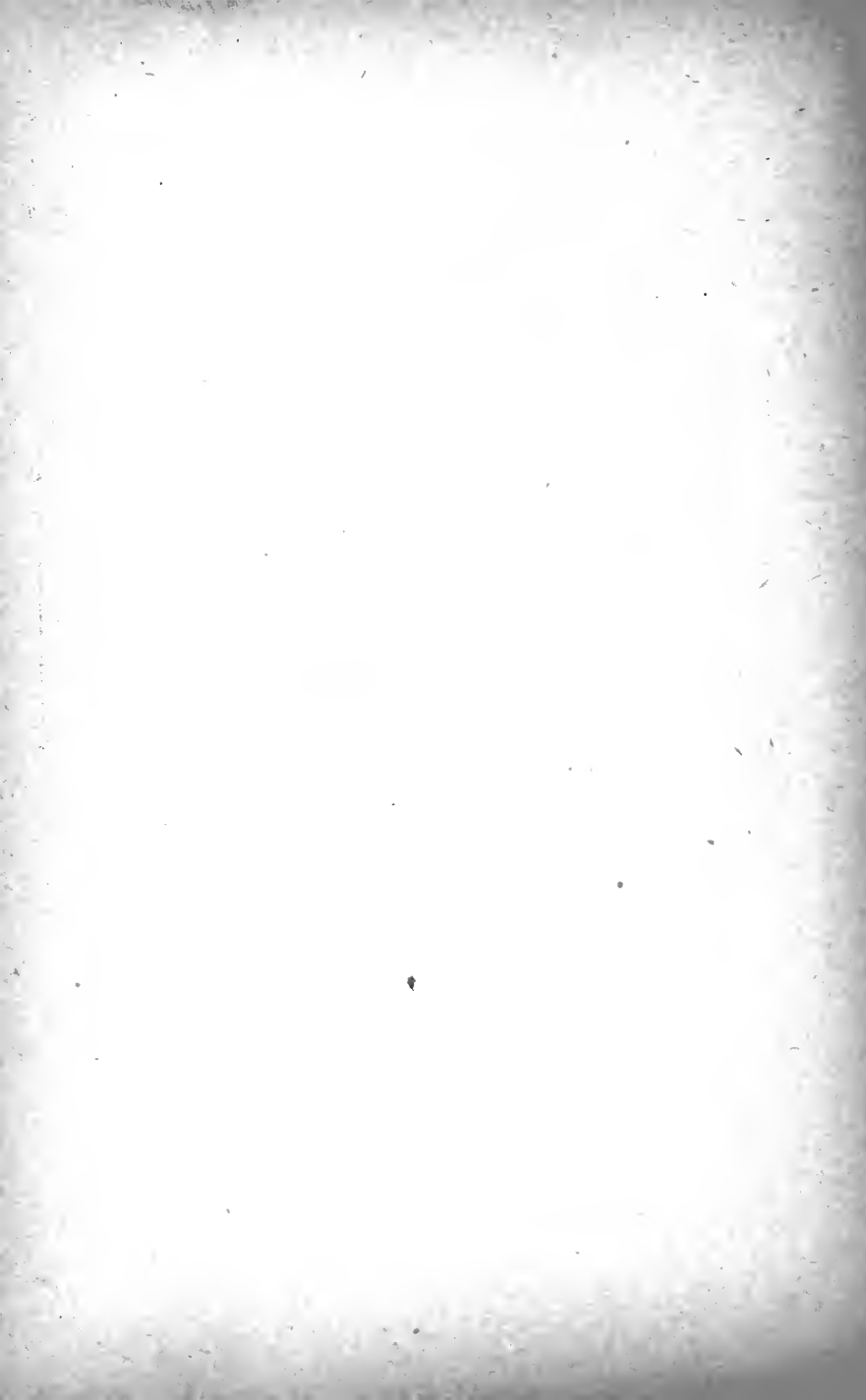
their prejudices for foreign Governments, and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the Governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America. Give them the great gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, "and thy land shall be married."

THE SITE FOR THE NUPTIALS.

— But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards, and orchards, and grain fields. Then let the Bostons, and the New Yorks, and the Charlestons of the Pacific Coast come to the marriage altar on the one side, and then let the Bostons, and the New Yorks, and the Charlestons of the Atlantic Coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full diapason of wedding

march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of Him who should take the hand of the bride of nations, saying : "As a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." "And so thy land shall be married."





THE WORST FOE OF LABOR.

“He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes.”—*Haggai* 1: 6.

IN Persia, under the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn, or eaten of moths, or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. “He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes.”

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE BILLIONS

and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent, or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions?

Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming-table. Wasted in intoxicants. Put into a bag with a hundred holes.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life-insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is *the anarchist of the centuries*, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly, and worse than associated capital.

It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon-spell, and on his way home at eventide; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family, and sacrifices it among the saloon-keepers.

Within eight hundred yards of Sands Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, it has fifty-four saloons, and is plotting now for another. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated they would reach from New York to Chicago. Forward, march, says the rum power, and take possession of the American nation!

The rum business is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employees,

I PROCLAIM A STRIKE

universal against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends one billion five hundred million and fifty thousand dollars for rum. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of

Great Britain expend in liquors one hundred million pounds, or five hundred million dollars a year. Sit down and think, O workingman! how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended, and realize that instead of answering the beck of other people you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a workingman's physical energy you deplete his capital.

THE STIMULATED WORKMAN

gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest-field that, though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants, I took none." A brickmaker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: "The beer-drinker who made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty nine thousand; the abstainer who made the fewest bricks, seven hundred and forty-six thousand. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, eighty-seven thousand." There came a very exhausting time

in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until nearly all the members got sick or worn out. Out of six hundred and fifty-two members only two went through undamaged; they were teetotalers.

When an army goes out to the battle the soldier who has water or coffee in his canteen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whiskey in his canteen. Rum helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that at the street corner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country, he wants no rum about him. When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor, the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He cannot endure fatigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for a regatta, or for a ball club, or for an athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after a while, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into co-operative associations, and so become capitalists. If the workingman put down his wages and then take his expenses and spread them out, so they will just equal, he is not wise.

I know workingmen who are in a perfect fidget until they get rid of their last dollar.

A COSTLY SACQUE.

The following circumstances came under our observation : A young man worked hard to earn his six or seven hundred dollars yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited five hundred dollars from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding dress. Then they rented two rooms in a third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment ; almost exhausted with the day's work, yet took evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he add evening employment to the day employment ? To get money. Why did he want to get money ? To lay up something for a rainy day ? No. To get his life insured, so that in case of his death his wife would not be a beggar ? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get a hundred and fifty dollars to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed. She was very poor, and she sat up working nearly all the nights for a great while until she bought a sealskin coat. I have not

heard of the result on that street. The street was full of those who are on small incomes, but I suppose the contagion spread, and that everybody had a sealskin coat, and that the people came out and cried, practically, not literally: "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskin coat!"

I was out West, and a minister of the Gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the Centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in your almshouses are there because their parents are drunken, or lazy, or recklessly improvident.

I have no sympathy for skinflint saving, but I plead for

CHRISTIAN PRUDENCE.

You say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the daybreak of national prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed if

the door-bell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal, if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance, because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who was all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whiskey and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield, "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses twenty shillings and sixpence; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and six pence; result, happiness." But. O work-

ingman of America, take your morning dram, and your noon dram, and your evening dram, and spend everything you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you insure poverty for yourself and your children forever !

If by some generous fiat of the capitalists of this country, or by a new law of the Government of the United States, twenty-five per cent, or fifty per cent, or one hundred per cent were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, until they quit that evil habit, the more money, the more ruin, the more wages. the more holes in the bag.

My plea this morning is to those working people who are in a

DISCIPLESHIP TO WHISKEY

bottle, the beer-mug, and the wine-flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes, and the literary classes, and the professional classes, and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled, and re-

member that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the

LOSS OF SELF-RESPECT.

Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound his hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago, not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He

cannot ; he knows he cannot, so he does not try.

I had a friend who was for

FIFTEEN YEARS GOING DOWN

under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens ; he had it twice ; and yet, after that, he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him ? Rum ! Rum ! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man goes he cannot stop !

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my

fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.' " I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and, when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for

I MUST HAVE IT."

Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive! He says, "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse, I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go on, and say that the disciple of rum suffers from the

LOSS OF HEALTH.

The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcoholism on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of

THE HOSPITAL

where these inebriates are dying, the stench of

their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! Help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them—"Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Again, the inebriate suffers through the

LOSS OF HOME.

I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things; and if he could not get drink in any

other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little children, barefooted, unwashed, and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the

LOSS OF THE SOUL.

The Bible intimates that in the future world,

if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in the last world, he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from?

Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog-shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement would it make there! Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it; let the drop be very small, if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink; let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry, "That is rum, aha! That is rum!" And it would wake up the echoes of the damned—"Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world

I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow. I do not believe that it will be the absence of light. I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness. I think it will be the absence of rum. Oh, "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

It is about time that we have

ANOTHER WOMAN'S CRUSADE

like that which swept through Ohio ten or twelve years ago. With prayer and song the women went into the grogeries, and whole neighborhoods, towns, and cities were redeemed by their Christian heroics. Thirty women cleared out the rum traffic from a village of one thousand inhabitants. If thirty women, surcharged of the Holy Ghost, could renovate a town of a thousand, three thousand consecrated women, resolved to give themselves no peace until this crime was extirpated from this city, could in six months clear out three fourths of the grog-shops of Brooklyn. If there be three thousand women now in this city who will put

their hands and their hearts to the work, I will take the contract for driving out all these moral nuisances from the city—at any rate, three fourths of them—in three months. If, when that host of three thousand consecrated women is marshalled, there be no one to lead them, then, as a minister of the Most High God, I will offer to take my position at the front of the host, and I will cry to them, “Come on, ye women of Christ, with your songs and your prayers! Some of you take the enemy’s right wing and some the left wing. Forward! The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge! Down with the dram-shops!”

But not waiting for those mouths of hell to close, let me advise the working and the business classes, and all classes, to stop strong drink. While I declared some time ago that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God by His grace can help him to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said, “We

were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed ; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate, and redeem it.

I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God, He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is

YOUR LAST CHANCE.

I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting in our religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril ; and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. There are men in my congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves ; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that is an awful thing to say, but I cannot help saying it.

Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of Judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, this morning, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear this morning Intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the head of the liquor-cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine-cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip; and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the ceme-

tery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave — sweet prophecies of the resurrection! God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

BLACK SERVANTS OF THE SKY.

“And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening.”—
1 *Kings*, xvii. 6.

THE ornithology of the Bible is a very interesting study. The stork which knoweth her appointed time. The common sparrows teaching the lesson of God's providence. The ostriches of the desert, by careless incubation, illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children. The eagle symbolizing riches which take wings and fly away. The pelican emblemizing solitude. The bat, a flake of the darkness. The night hawk, the ossifrage, the cuckoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in *Leviticus*, flung out of the world's bill of fare.

I would like to have been with Audubon as he went through the woods, with gun and pencil, bringing down and sketching the fowls of heaven, his unfolded portfolio thrilling all Christendom. What

WONDERFUL CREATURES

of God the birds are! Some of them, this morning, like the songs of heaven let loose, bursting through the gates of heaven. Consider their feathers, which are clothing and conveyance at the same time; the nine vertebræ of the neck, the three eyelids to each eye, the third eyelid an extra curtain for graduating the light of the sun. Some of these birds scavengers and some of them orchestra. Thank God for quail's whistle, and lark's carol, and the twitter of the wren, called by the ancients

THE KING OF BIRDS,

because when the fowls of heaven went into a contest as to who should fly the highest, and the eagle swung nearest the sun, a wren on the back of the eagle, after the eagle was exhausted, sprang up much higher, and so was called by the ancients the king of birds. Consider those of them that have golden crowns and crests, showing them to be feathered imperials. And listen to the humming-bird's serenade in the ear of the honeysuckle. Look at the belted kingfisher, striking like a dart from sky to water. Listen to the voice of the owl, giving the keynote to all croakers. And behold the condor

among the Andes, battling with the reindeer. I do not know whether an aquarium or aviary is the best altar from which to worship God.

There is an incident in my text that baffles all the ornithological wonders of the world. The grain crop had been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the brook Cherith sat a minister of God,

ELIJAH, WAITING

for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors? There were no neighbors; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries? There were none. If there had been, they would have been dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave, the prophet sees a flock of birds approaching. Oh, if they were only partridges, or if he only had an arrow with which to bring them down! But as they come nearer, he finds they are not comestible, but unclean, and the eating of them would be spiritual death. The strength of their beak, the length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh "cruck! cruck!" prove them to be ravens.

They whirr around about the prophet's head, and then they come on fluttering wing and

pause on the level of his lips, and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat, and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and others come, until after awhile the prophet has enough, and these black servants of the wilderness table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, a breakfast and

A SUPPER-BELL

sounded as these ravens rang out on the air their "cruck ! cruck !" Guess where they got the food from. The old rabbins say they got it from the kitchen of King Ahab. Others say that the ravens got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought the food to their young in the trees, and that Elijah had only to climb up and get it. Some say that the whole story is improbable ; for these were carnivorous birds, and the food they carried was the torn flesh of living beasts, and that ceremonially unclean ; or it was carrion, and it would not have been fit for the prophet. Some say they were not ravens at all, but that the word translated "ravens" in my text ought to have been translated "Arabs ;" so it would

have read, "The Arabs brought bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening." Anything but admit the Bible to be true.

Hew away at this miracle until all the miracle is gone. Go on with the depleting process, but know, my brother, that you are robbing only one man—and that is yourself—of one of the most comforting, beautiful, pathetic, and triumphant lessons in all the ages. I can tell you

WHO THESE PURVEYORS WERE

—they were ravens. I can tell you who freighted them with provisions—God. I can tell you who launched them—God. I can tell you who taught them which way to fly—God. I can tell you who told them at what cave to swoop—God. I can tell you who introduced raven to prophet and prophet to raven—God. There is one passage I will whisper in your ear, for I would not want to utter it aloud, lest some one should drop down under its power—
"If any man shall take away from the words of the prophecy of this book, God shall take away His part out of the book of life and out of the Holy City."

While, then, this morning we watch the

ravens feeding Elijah, let the swift dove of God's Spirit sweep down the sky with divine food, and on outspread wing pause at the lip of every soul hungering for comfort.

On the banks of what rivers have been the great battles of the world? While you are looking over the map of the world to answer that, I will tell you that

THE GREAT CONFLICT

to-day is on the Thames, on the Hudson, on the Mississippi, on the Kennebec, on the Savannah, on the Rhine, on the Nile, on the Ganges, on the Hoang-Ho. It is a battle that has been going on for six thousand years. The troops engaged in it are fourteen hundred millions and those who have fallen are vaster in number than those who march. It is a battle for bread.

Sentimentalists sit in a cushioned chair, in their pictured study, with their slippered feet on a damask ottoman, and say that this world is a great scene of avarice and greed. It does not seem so to me. If it were not for the

ABSOLUTE NECESSITIES

of the cases, nine tenths of the stores, factories,

shops, banking-houses of the land would be closed to-morrow. Who is that man delving in the Colorado hills? or toiling in a New England factory? or going through a roll of bills in the bank? or measuring a fabric on the counter? He is a champion sent forth in behalf of some home circle that has to be cared for, in behalf of some church of God that has to be supported, in behalf of some asylum of mercy that has to be sustained. Who is that woman bending over the sewing-machine, or carrying the bundle, or sweeping the room, or mending the garment, or sweltering at the washtub? That is Deborah, one of the Lord's heroines, battling against Amalekitish want, which comes down with iron chariot to crush her and hers.

THE GREAT QUESTION

with the vast majority of people to-day is not "Home Rule," but whether there shall be any home to rule; not one of tariff but whether they shall have anything to tax. The great question with the vast majority of people is, "How shall I support my family? How shall I meet my notes? How shall I pay my rent? How shall I give food, clothing, and education to those who are dependent upon me?" Oh,

if God would help me to-day to assist you in the solution of that problem, the happiest man in this house would be your preacher! I have gone out on a cold morning with expert sportsmen to hunt for pigeons; I have gone out on the meadows to hunt for quail; I have gone out on the marsh to hunt for reed-birds; but this morning I am out for ravens.

I. Notice, in the first place in the story of my text, that these winged caterers came to Elijah

DIRECTLY FROM GOD.

“I have commanded the ravens that they feed thee,” we find God saying in an adjoining passage. They did not come out of some other cave. They did not just happen to alight there. God freighted them, God launched them, and God told them by what cave to swoop. That is the same God that is going to supply you. He is your Father. You would have to make an elaborate calculation before you could tell me how many pounds of food and how many yards of clothing would be necessary for you and your family; but God knows without any calculation. You have a plate at His table, and you are going to be waited on, unless you

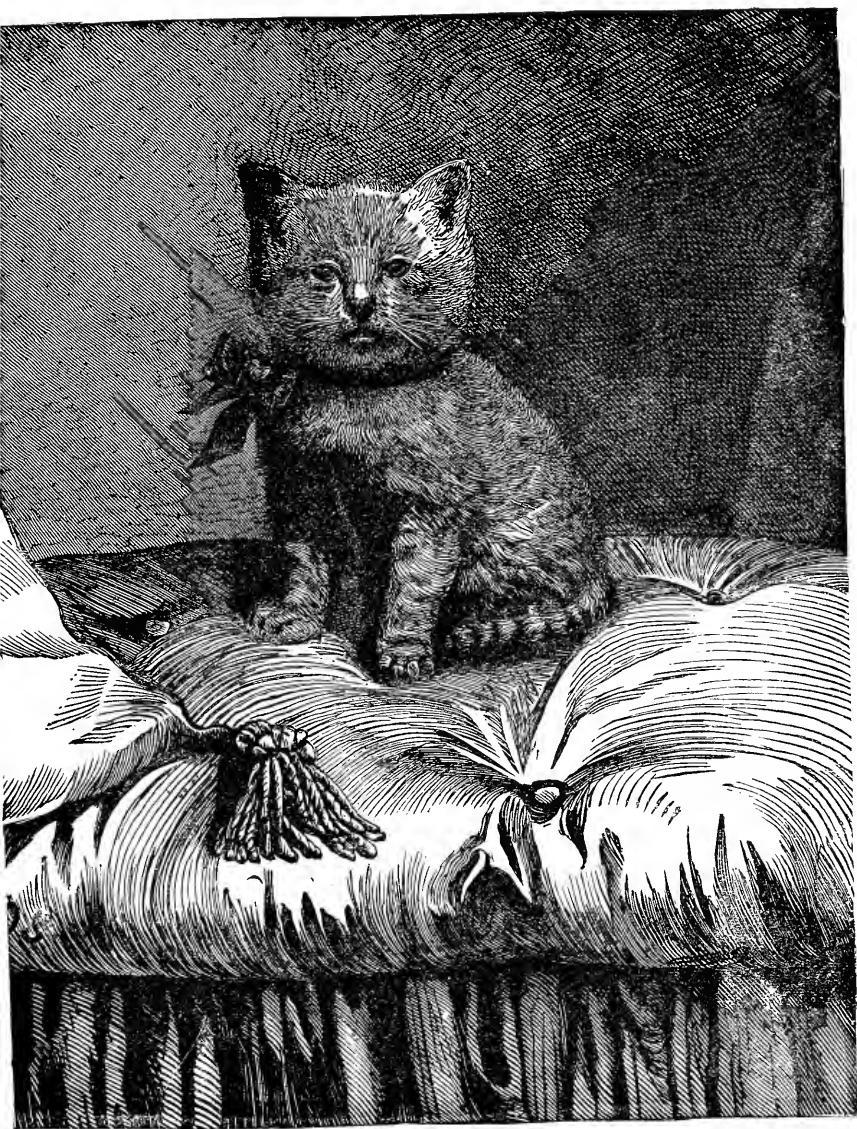
act like a naughty child, and kick, and scramble, and pound saucily the plate and try to upset things.

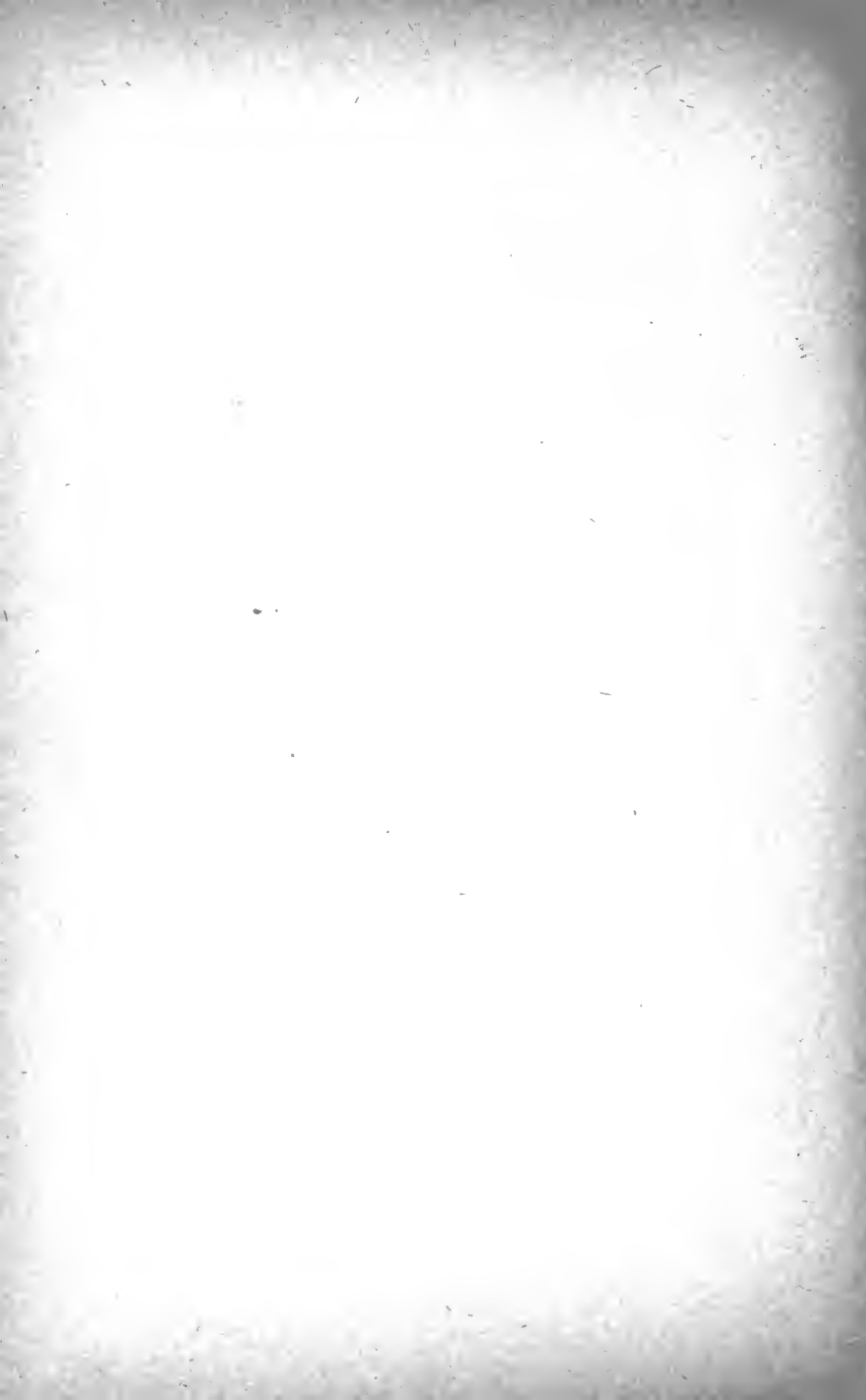
God has a vast family, and everything is methodized, and you are going to be served if you will only wait your turn. God has already ordered all the suits of clothes you will ever need, down to the last suit in which you shall be laid out. God has already ordered all the food you will ever eat, down to the last crumb that will be put in your mouth in the dying sacrament. It may not be just the kind of food or apparel we would prefer.

THE SENSIBLE PARENT

depends on his own judgment as to what ought to be the apparel and the food of the minor in the family. The child would say, "Give me sugars and confections." "Oh, no," says the parent; "you must have something plainer first." The child would say, "Oh, give me these great blotches of color in the garment." "No," says the parent; "that wouldn't be suitable."

Now, God is our Father and we are minors, and He is going to clothe us and feed us, although he may not always yield to our infan-





tile wish for sweets and glitter. These ravens of the text did not bring pomegranates from the glittering platter of King Arab. They brought bread and meat. God had all the heavens and the earth before Him and under Him, and yet he sends this plain food, because it was best for Elijah to have it. Oh, be strong, my hearer, in the fact that the same God is going to supply you! It is never "hard times" with Him. His ship never breaks on the rocks. His banks never fail. He has the supply for you and He has the means for sending it. He has not only the cargo, but the ship. If it were necessary, He would swing out from the heavens a flock of ravens reaching from His gate to yours, until the food would be flung down the sky from beak to beak and from talon to talon.

II. Notice again in this story of the text, that the ravens did not allow Elijah to hoard up a surplus. They did not bring enough on Monday to last all the week. They did not bring enough one morning to last until the next morning. They came twice a day, and brought just enough for one time. You know as well as I, that

THE GREAT FRET

of the world is that we want a surplus ; we want the ravens to bring enough for fifty years. • You have more confidence in the Fulton Bank, or Nassau Bank, or Bank of England than you have in the Royal Bank of Heaven. You say, “ All that is very poetic, but you may have the black ravens ; give me the gold eagles.” We had better be content with just enough. If in the morning your family eat up all the food there is in the house, do not sit down and cry and say, “ I don't know where the next meal is to come from.” About five, or six, or seven o'clock in the morning just look up, and you will see two black spots on the sky, and you will hear the flapping of wings, and instead of Edgar A. Poe's insane raven alighting on the chamber door, “ only this and nothing more,” you will find Elijah's two ravens, or two ravens of the Lord, the one bringing bread and the other bringing meat—plumed butcher and baker.

God is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was besieged and the inhabitants were dying of the famine, the tides washed up on the beach as never before, and as never

since, enough shell-fish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that in 1555 in England there was a great drought. The crops failed; but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew until they filled a hundred measures; and there were blossoming vines enough, promising as much more.

But why go so far? I can give you

A FAMILY INCIDENT.

Some generations back there was a great drought in Connecticut, New England. The water disappeared from the hills, and the farmers living on the hills drove their cattle down toward the valleys, and had them supplied at the wells and fountains of the neighbors. But these after a while began to fail, and the neighbors said to Mr. Birdseye, of whom I shall speak, "You must not send your flocks and herds down here any more; our wells are giving out." Mr. Birdseye, the old Christian man, gathered his family at the altar, and with his family he gathered the slaves of the household—for bondage was then in vogue in Connecticut—and on their knees before God they cried

for water ; and the family story is, that there was weeping and great sobbing at that altar that the family might not perish for lack of water, and that the herds and flocks might not perish.

The family rose from the altar. Mr. Birdseye, the old man, took his staff and walked out over the hills, and in a place where he had been scores of times, without noticing anything particular, he saw the ground was very dark, and he took his staff and turned up the ground, and water started ; and he beckoned to his servants, and they came and brought pails and buckets until all the family and all the flocks and the herds were cared for ; and then they made troughs reaching from that place down to the house and barn, and the water flowed, and it is a living fountain to-day.

Now I call that old grandfather Elijah, and I call that brook that began to roll then, and is rolling still, the brook Cherith ; and the lesson to me and to all who hear it is, when you are in great stress of circumstances

PRAY AND DIG,

dig and pray, and pray and dig. How does that passage go ? “ The mountains shall depart and

the hills be removed, but My loving-kindness shall not fail." If your merchandise, if your mechanism, if your husbandry, fail, look out for ravens. If you have in your despondency put God on trial and condemned Him as guilty of cruelty, I move this morning for a new trial. If the biography of your life is ever written, I will tell you what the first chapter, and the middle chapter, and the last chapter will be about, if it is written accurately. The first chapter about mercy, the middle chapter about mercy, the last chapter about mercy. The mercy that hovered over your cradle. The mercy that will hover over your grave. The mercy that will cover all between.

III. Again, this story of the text impresses me that relief came to this prophet with the most unexpected and with *seemingly impossible conveyance*. If it had been a robin-redbreast, or a musical meadow lark, or a meek turtle-dove, or a sublime albatross that had brought the food to Elijah, it would not have been so surprising. But no. It was a bird so fierce and inauspicate that we have fashioned one of our most forceful and repulsive words out of it—ravenous. That bird has a passion for picking out the eyes of men and of animals. It loves

to maul the sick and the dying. It swallows with vulturous guzzle everything it can put its beak on ; and yet all the food Elijah gets for six months or a year is from ravens. So your supply is going to come from

AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE.

You think some great-hearted, generous man will come along and give you his name on the back of your note, or he will go security for you in some great enterprise. No, he will not. God will open the heart of some Shylock toward you. Your relief will come from the most unexpected quarter. The Providence which seemed ominous will be to you more than that which seemed auspicious. It will not be a chaffinch with breast and wing dashed with white and brown and chestnut ; it will be a black raven.

Here is where we all make our mistake, and that is in regard to

THE COLOR OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

A white providence comes to us, and we say, " Oh, it is mercy ! " Then a black providence comes towards us, and we say, " Oh, that is disaster ! " The white providence comes to you,

and you have great business success, and you have fifty thousand dollars, and you get proud, and you get independent of God, and you begin to feel that the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread," is inappropriate for you, for you have made provision for a hundred years. Then a black providence comes, and it sweeps everything away, and then you begin to pray, and you begin to feel your dependence, and begin to be humble before God, and you cry out for treasures in heaven. The black providence brought you salvation. The white providence brought you ruin. That which seemed to be harsh, and fierce, and dissonant was your greatest mercy. It was a raven. There was

A CHILD BORN

in your house. All your friends congratulated you. The other children of the family stood amazed looking at the new-comer, and asked a great many questions, genealogical and chronological. You said—and you said truthfully—that a white angel flew through the room and left the little one there. That little one stood with its two feet in the very sanctuary of your affection, and with its two hands it took hold of the altar of your soul. But one

day there came one of the three scourges of children—scarlet-fever, or croup, or diphtheria—and all that bright scene vanished. The chattering, the strange questions, the pulling at the dresses as you crossed the floor—all ceased.

As the great Friend of children stooped down and leaned toward that cradle, and took the little one in His arms and walked away with it into the bower of eternal summer, your eye began to follow Him, and

YOU FOLLOWED THE TREASURE

He carried, and you have been following them ever since ; and instead of thinking of heaven only once a week, as formerly, you are thinking of it all the time, and you are more pure and tender-hearted than you used to be, and you are patiently waiting for the daybreak. It is not self-righteousness in you to acknowledge that you are a better man than you used to be—you are a better woman than you used to be. What was it that brought you the sanctifying blessing? Oh, it was the dark shadow on the nursery ; it was the dark shadow on the short grave ; it was the dark shadow on your broken heart ; it was the brooding of a great black trouble ; it was a raven—it was a raven ! Dear

Lord, teach this people that white providences do not always mean advancement, and that black providences do not always mean retrogression.

Children of God, get up out of your dependency. The Lord never had so

MANY RAVENS

as He has this morning, Fling your fret and worry to the winds. Sometimes under the vexations of life you feel like my little girl of four years, who said, under some childish vexation, "Oh, I wish I could go to heaven and see God and pick flowers!" He will let you go when the right time comes to pick flowers. Until then, whatever you want, pray for. I suppose Elijah prayed pretty much all the time. Tremendous work behind him. Tremendous work before him. God has no spare ravens for idlers or for people who are prayerless. I put it in the boldest shape possible, and I am willing to risk my eternity on it: ask God in the right way for what you want, and you shall have it if it is best for you.

Mrs. Jane Pithey, of Chicago, a well-known Christian woman, was left by her husband a widow with one half dollar and a cottage. She

was palsied, and had a mother ninety years of age to support. The widowed soul every day asked God for all that was needed in the household, and the servant even was astonished at the precision with which God answered the prayers of that woman, item by item, item by item. One day, rising from the family altar, the servant said, "*You have not asked for coal,* and

THE COAL IS OUT."

Then they stood and prayed for the coal. One hour after that the servant threw open the door and said, "The coal has come." A generous man, whose name I could give you, had sent—as never before and never since—a supply of coal. You cannot understand it. I do. Ravens! Ravens!

My friend, you have a right to argue from precedent that God is going to take care of you. Has He not done it two or three times every day? That is most marvellous. I look back and I wonder that God has given me food three times a day regular all my lifetime, never missing but once, and then I was lost in the mountains; but that very morning and that very night I met the ravens.

Oh, the Lord is so good that I wish all this people would

TRUST HIM

with the two lives—the life you are now living and that which every tick of the watch and every stroke of the clock inform you is approaching. Bread for your immortal soul comes to-day. See! They alight on the platform. They alight on the backs of all the pews. They swing among the arches. Ravens! Ravens! “Blessed are they that hunger after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” To all the sinning, and the sorrowing, and the tempted deliverance comes this hour. Look down, and you see nothing but your spiritual deformities. Look back, and you see nothing but wasted opportunity. Cast your eye forward, and you have a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversary. But look up, and you behold the whipped shoulders of an interceding Christ, and the face of a pardoning God, and the irradiation of an opening heaven. I hear the whirr of their wings. Do you not feel the rush of the air on your cheek? Ravens! Ravens!

There is only one question I want to ask:

How many of this audience are willing to trust God for the supply of their bodies, and trust the Lord Jesus Christ for the redemption of their immortal souls? Amid the clatter of the hoofs and the clang of the wheels of the judgment-chariot, the whole matter will be demonstrated.

LIFE

OF

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE was born in Boundbrook, Somerset County, New Jersey, January 7, 1832. He was the youngest of twelve children, of whom five were girls. In personal appearance he is a little above the medium height, with blue eyes and sandy hair and complexion. He dresses very plainly but neatly, and in private life rather resembles an off-hand merchant than a clergyman. His father (David T. Talmage) was noted for his remarkably good judgment, firmness, deep piety and activity in Christian life. His mother, Catherine Talmage, was a woman of great strength of character and sweetness of disposition, and a frequent attendant upon the sick and the poor within the circle of her influence. Dr. Talmage says : " At eighty-three years of age my father exchanged earth for heaven. The wheat was ripe, and it has been harvested. No painter's pencil, no poet's rhythm could describe that magnifi

cent sunseting. It was no hurricane blast let loose, but a gale from heaven, that drove into the dust the blossoms of that almond tree! His death furnished lessons for me to learn, and for the many friends who knew him. As the child of his old age, I pay an humble tribute to my father, who took me into his watchful care, and to my mother, whose parental faithfulness succeeded in bringing my erring feet to the Cross, and kindled in my soul the anticipation of immortal blessedness! I must therefore not fail to speak of my father's death. Methinks the old family Bible which I brought away from home would rebuke my silence, and the very walls of my youthful home would tell the story of my ingratitude. Therefore, I must speak, even with a broken utterance, and in terms which may seem too strong for some who have never had the opportunity of gathering the fruit of a luxuriant almond tree. In the death of my father I discover the beauty of old age.

“Solomon announced that ‘the almond tree shall flourish.’ Now, it is well known that in the month of January Palestine is adorned with the blossoming of the almond tree. It breathes its life into that winter month, as a promise of God sometimes lights up and sweetens the coldness and desolation of a sorrowing spirit. It was not a useless tree, made just to bloom and die, or, like the willow by the water-courses, to stand weeping into the stream; but it disputed with terebinth and cassia, for a high place in the commerce of the world. Its wealth bore down the dromedaries of the desert, and in ships of Tarshish struggled with the sea. Its rugged trunk parted into gracefulness of branch, and burst into a lavishness of bloom, till the Temple imitated it in the golden candlestick, and Jeremiah beheld its branches shaking in his dream! The pomegranate had more pretentious color, and rung out its fragrance with red blos-

soming bells; but the almond tree stood in simple white, as if, while born of earth, it aspired to take on the apparel of those who dwell in 'raiment exceeding white,' so as no fuller of earth can white them! When the almond tree was in full bloom it must have looked like some tree before our window on a winter's morning, after a nightfall of snow, when its brightness is almost insufferable, every stem a white and feathery plume. A row of almond trees in full bloom must have roused up all the soul's sense of purity; when they began to scatter their blossoms, as one by one they fell, it must have seemed like the first struggling flakes of a chill day, coming thicker and faster, until the herbage, still deeply tinged with autumnal coloring, is covered, and the hills and mountains, that were of scarlet, become as white as snow.

"Now the reader will see Solomon's meaning. He was given a full-length portrait of an aged man. By striking figures of speech he sets forth the trembling and decrepitude, and then comes to describe the whiteness of his locks, by the blossoming of the almond tree. It is the master touch of the picture, for the reader will see in that one sentence not only the appearance of the hair, but an announcement of the beauty of old age. The white locks of a bad man are but the gathered frosts of the second death, but a 'hoary head is a crown of glory' if it be found in the way of righteousness. There may be no color in the cheek, no luster in the eye, no spring in the step, no firmness in the voice, and yet around the head of every old man whose life has been upright and Christain there hovers a glory brighter than ever shook on the white tops of the almond tree. If the voice quiver it is because God is changing it into a tone fit for the celestial choir. If the back stoop, it is only because the body is just about to lie down in peaceful

sleep. If the hand tremble, it is because God is unloosing it from worldly disappointments, to clasp it on ringing harp and waving palm. If the hair is turned, it is only the gray dawn of Heaven's day streaming through the scant locks. If the brow, once adorned by a luxuriance of auburn or raven, is smitten with baldness, it is only because God is preparing a place to set the everlasting crown. The falling of this aged Christian's staff will be the signal for the heavenly gate to swing open. The scattering of the almond blossoms will only discover the setting fruit. Elijah's flaming equipage were too tame for this ascending spirit. The arms of Jesus are grander than bounding horses of fire.

“The old age of my father revealed the beauty of a cheerful spirit. I never remember to have heard him utter a gloomy expression. This was not because he had no perception of the pollutions of society. He abhorred anything like impurity, or fraud, or double-dealing. He never failed to lift up his voice against sin, when he saw it. He was terrible in his indignation against wrong, and had an iron grip for the throat of him who trampled on the helpless. Better meet a lion robbed of her whelps than him, if you had been stealing the bread out of the mouth of the fatherless. It required all the placidity of my mother's voice to calm him when once the mountain storm of his righteous wrath was in full blast; while as for himself, he would submit to more imposition, and say nothing, than any man I ever knew.

“But while sensitive to the evils of society, he felt confident that all would be righted. When he prayed, you could hear in the very tones of his voice the expectation that Christ Jesus would utterly destroy all iniquity and fill the earth with His glory.

“My Christian father, too, was not a misanthrope, did not

think that everything was going to ruin; but considered the world a very good place to live in. He never sat moping or despondent, but took things as they were, knowing that God could and would make them better. When the heaviest surge of calamity came upon him, he met it with as cheerful a countenance as ever a bather at the beach met the incoming Atlantic, rising up on the other side of the wave stronger than when it smote him. Without ever being charged with frivolity, he sang, and whistled, and laughed. He knew about all the cheerful tunes that were ever printed in old 'New-Brunswick Collection,' and the 'Shumway,' and the sweetest melodies that Thomas Hastings ever composed. I think that every pillar in the Somerville and Boundbrook churches knew his happy voice. He took the pitch of sacred song on Sabbath morning, and lost it not through all the week. I have heard him sing ploughing amid the aggravations of a 'new ground,' even while serving writs, examining deeds, going to arrest criminals, in the house and by the way, at the barn and in the street.

"When the church choir would break down, everybody looked around to see if he were not ready with 'Woodstock,' 'Mount Pisgah,' or 'Uxbridge.' And when all his familiar tunes failed to express the joy of his soul, he would take up his pen, draw five long lines across the sheet, put in the notes, and then, to the tune that he called 'Boundbrook,' begin to sing—

As when the weary traveler gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His strength revives, if 'cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still.
 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.

'Tis there,' he says, 'I am to dwell
 With Jesus in the realms of day
 There I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And He shall wipe my tears away.'

But few families fall heir to so large a pile of well-studied note-books.

"He was ready at proper times for all kinds of innocent amusement. He often felt a merriment that not only touched the lips, but played upon every fiber of the body, and rolled down into the very depths of his soul with long reverberations. No one that ever I knew understood more fully the science of a good laugh. He was not only quick to recognize hilarity when created by others, but was always ready to do his share towards making it. Before extreme old age, he could outrun and outleap any of his children. He did not hide his satisfaction at having outwalked some one who boasted of his pedestrianism, or at having been able to swing the scythe after all the rest of the harvesters had dropped from exhaustion; or having, in legislative hall, tripped up some villainous scheme for robbing the public treasury.

"We never had our ears boxed, as some children I wot of, for the sin of being happy. In long winter nights it was hard to tell who enjoyed sportfulness the better—the children who romped on the floor, or the parents who, with lighted countenance, looked at them. Great indulgence and leniency characterized his family rule, but the remembrance of at least one correction more emphatic than pleasing proves that he was not like Eli of old, who had wayward sons and restrained them not. In the multitude of his witticisms there were no flings at religion, no caricatures of good men, no trifling with the things of eternity. His laughter was not the 'crackling of thorns under a

pot,' but the merry heart that doeth good like a medicine. For this all the children in the community knew him; and to the last day of his walking out, when they saw him coming down the lane, shouted: 'Here comes grandfather!' No gall, no acerbity, no hypercriticism. If there was a bright side to anything, he always saw it; and his name, in all the places where he dwelt, will long be a synonym for exhilaration of spirit.

"But whence this cheerfulness? Some might ascribe it all to natural disposition. No doubt there is such a thing as sunshine of temperament. God gives more brightness to the almond tree than to the cypress. While the pool putrefies under the summer sun, God slips the rill off the rocks with a frolicsomeness that fills the mountain with echo. No doubt constitutional structure had much to do with this cheerfulness. He had, by a life of sobriety, preserved his freshness and vigor. You know that good habits are better than speaking-tubes to the ear; better than a staff to the hand; better than lozenges to the throat; better than warm baths to the feet; better than bitters for the stomach. His lips had not been polluted nor his brain befogged by the fumes of the noxious weed that has sapped the life of whole generations, sending even ministers of the Gospel to untimely graves, over which the tombstone declared, 'Sacrificed by over-work in the Lord's vineyard;' when, if the marble had not lied, it would have said: 'Killed by villainous tobacco!' He abhorred anything that could intoxicate, being among the first in this country to join the crusade against alcoholic beverages. When urged, during a severe sickness, to take some stimulus, he said: 'No! if I am to die, let me die sober!' The swill of the brewery had never been poured around the roots of this thrifty almond. To the last week of his life

his ear could catch a child's whisper, and at fourscore years his eyes refused spectacles, although he would sometimes have to hold the book off on the other side of the light, as octogenarians are wont to do. No trembling of the hands, no rheum in the eyes, no knocking together of the knees, no hobbling on crutches with what polite society terms rheumatism in the feet, but what everybody knows is nothing but gout. Death came, not to fell the gnarled trunk of a tree worm-eaten and lightning-blasted, but to hew down a Lebanon cedar, whose fall made the mountains tremble and the heavens ring. But physical health could not account for half of this sunshine.

“Seventy-eight years ago a coal from the heavenly altar had kindled a light that shone brighter and brighter to the perfect day. Let Almighty grace for nearly three-quarters of a century triumph in a man's soul, and do you wonder that he is happy? For twice the length of your life and mine he had sat in the bower of the promises, plucking the round, ripe clusters of Eshcol. While others bit their tongue for thirst, he stood at the wells of salvation and put his lips to the bucket that came up dripping with the fresh, cool, sparkling waters of eternal life. This joy was not that which breaks in the bursting bubble of the champagne glass, or that which is thrown out with the orange-peelings of a midnight bacchanalia, but the joy which, planted by a Saviour's pardoning grace, mounts up higher and higher, till it rolls forth in the acclaim of the hundred and forty and four thousand who have broken their last chain and wept their last sorrow. O mighty God! How deep, how wide, how high the joy Thou kindlest in the heart of the believer!

“Let not his cheerfulness give you the idea that he never had trouble. But few men have so serious and overwhelm-

ing a life struggle! He went out into the world without means, and with no educational opportunity save that which was afforded him in the winter months, in an old, dilapidated school-house, from instructors whose chief work was to collect their own salary. Instead of postponing the marriage relation, as modern society compels a young man to postpone it, until he can earn a fortune and be able, at commencement of the conjugal relation, to keep a companion like the lilies of the field, that toil not nor spin, though Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—he chose an early alliance with one who would not only be able to enjoy the success of life, but who would with her own willing hands help to achieve it. And so, while father ploughed the fields, and threshed the wheat, and broke the flax, and husked the corn, my mother stood for Solomon's portraiture when he said: 'She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' So that the limited estate of the New Jersey farmer never foundered on millinery establishments and confectionery shops. And though we were some years of age before we heard the trill of a piano, we knew well all about the song of 'The Spinning Wheel.' There were no lords, or baronets, or princes in our ancestral line. None wore stars, cockade, or crest. There was once a family coat-of-arms, but we were none of us wise enough to tell its meaning. Do our best, we cannot find anything about our fore-runners, except that they behaved well, came over from

Wales or Holland a good while ago, and died when their time came. Some of them may have had fine equipage and caparisoned postilion, but the most of them were sure only of footmen!

“My father started in life belonging to the aristocracy of hard knuckles, but had this high honor, that no one could despise: he was the son of a father who loved God and kept His commandments. What is the House of Hapsburg, or Stuart, compared with the honor of being a son of the Lord God Almighty? Two eyes, two hands and two feet were the capital my father started with. For fifteen years an invalid, he had a fearful struggle to support his large family. Nothing but faith in God upheld him. His recital of help afforded and deliverances wrought was more like a romance than a reality. He walked through many a desert, but every morning had its manna, and every night its pillar of fire, and every hard rock a rod that could shatter it into crystal fountains at his feet. More than once he came to his last dollar; but right behind that last dollar he found Him who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and out of the palm of whose hand all the fowls of heaven peck their food, and who hath given to each one of his disciples a warrant deed for the whole universe in the words, ‘All are yours.’

“The path that led him through financial straits prepared him also for sore bereavements. The infant of days was smitten, and he laid it into the river of death with as much confidence as infant Moses was laid into the ark of the Nile, knowing that soon from the royal palace a shining one would come to fetch it.

“In an island of the sea, among strangers, almost unattended, death came to a beloved son; and though I remember the darkness that dropped on the household when the black-sealed letter was opened, I remember also the utterances of Christian submission,

“Another, bearing his own name, just on the threshold of manhood, his heart beating high with hope, falls into the dust; but above the cries of early widowhood and the desolation of that dark day I hear the patriarch’s prayer commending children and children’s children to the Divine sympathy.

“But a deeper shadow fell across the old homestead. The ‘golden wedding’ had been celebrated nine years before. My mother looked up, pushed back her spectacles, and said: ‘Just think of it, father? We have been together fifty-nine years?’ The twain stood together like two trees of the forest with interlocked branches. Their affections had taken deep root together in many a kindred grave. Side by side, in life’s great battle, they had fought the good fight and won the day. But death comes to unjoint this alliance. God will not any longer let her suffer mortal ailments. The reward of righteousness is ready, and it must be paid. But what tearing apart! What rending up! What will the aged man do without this other to lean on? Who can so well understand how to sympathize and counsel? What voice so cheering as hers to conduct him down the steep of old age? My mother’s death! ‘Oh!’ she said, in her last moments, ‘father, if you and I could only go together, how pleasant it would be!’ But the hush of death came down one autumnal afternoon, and for the first time in my life, on my arrival home, I received no maternal greeting, no answer of the lips, no pressure of the hand. God had taken her.

“In this overwhelming shock the patriarch stood confident, reciting the promises and attesting the Divine goodness. Oh! sirs, that was Faith, Faith! ‘Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory!’

“He had not retired from the field. He had been busy so

long, you could not expect him idle now. The faith I have described was not an idle expectation that sits with its hands in its pockets idly waiting, but a feeling which gathers up all the resources of the soul, and hurls them upon one grand design. He was among the first who toiled in Sabbath Schools, and never failed to speak the praise of these institutions. No storm or darkness ever kept him away from prayer-meeting. In the neighborhood where he lived, for years he held a devotional meeting. Oftentimes the only praying man present, before a handful of attendants, he would give out the hymn, read the lines, conduct the music, and pray. Then read the Scriptures, and pray again. Then lead forth in the Doxology with an enthusiasm as if there were a thousand people present, and all the church members had been doing their duty. He went forth visiting the sick, burying the dead, collecting alms for the poor, inviting the ministers of religion to his household, in which there was, as in the house of Shunem, a little room over the wall, with bed and candlestick for any passing Elisha. He never shuddered at the sight of a subscription paper, and not a single great cause of benevolence had arisen within the last half century which he did not bless with his beneficence. Oh! this was not a barren almond tree that blossomed. His charity was not like the bursting of the bud of a famous tree in the South, that fills the whole forest with its racket; nor was it a clumsy thing like the fruit, in some tropical clime, that crashes down, almost knocking the life out of those who gather it; for in his case the right hand knew not what the left hand did. The churches of God, in whose service he toiled, have arisen as one man to declare his faithfulness and to mourn their loss. He stood in the front of the holy war, and the courage which never trem-

bled or winced in the presence of temporal danger induced him to dare all things for God. In church matters, he was not afraid to be shot at. Ordained, not by the laying on of human hands, but by the imposition of a Savior's love, he preached by his life in official position, and legislative hall, and commercial circles, a practical Christianity. He showed that there was such a thing as honesty in politics. He slandered no party, stuffed no ballot-box, forged no naturalization papers, intoxicated no voters, told no lies, surrendered no principle, countenanced no demagogism. He called things by their right names; and what others styled prevarication, exaggeration, misstatement, or hyperbole, he called a lie. Though he was far from being undecided in his views, and never professed neutrality, or had any consort with those miserable men who boast how well they can walk on both sides of a dividing line and be on neither, yet even in the excitements of election canvass, when his name was hotly discussed in public journals, I do not think his integrity was ever assaulted. Starting every morning with a chapter of the Bible, and his whole family around him on their knees, he forgot not, in the excitements of the world, that he had a God to serve and a heaven to win. The morning prayer came up on one side of the day, and the evening prayer on the other side, and joined each other in an arch above his head, under the shadow of which he walked all the day. The Sabbath worship extended into Monday's conversation, and Tuesday's bargain, and Wednesday's mirthfulness, and Thursday's controversy, and Friday's sociality, and Saturday's calculation.

“Through how many thrilling scenes he had passed! He stood at Morristown, in the choir that chanted when George Washington was buried. Talked with young men whose grandfathers he had held on his knee. Watched the pro-

gress of John Adam's administration. Denounced, at the time, Aaron Burr's infamy. Heard the guns that celebrated the New Orleans' victory. Voted against Jackson; but lived long enough to wish we had one just like him. Remembered when the first steamer struck the North River with its wheel-buckets. Flushed with excitement in the time of National Banks and Sub-Treasury. Was startled at the birth of telegraphy. Saw the United States grow from a speck on the world's map till all nations dip their flag at our passing merchantmen, and our 'National Airs' have been heard on the steeps of the Himalayas. Was born while the revolutionary cannon were coming home from Yorktown, and lived to hear the tramp of troops returning from the war of the Great Rebellion. Lived to speak the names of eighty children, grand-children, and great-grandchildren. Nearly all his contemporaries gone. Aged Wilberforce said that sailors drink to 'friends astern' until half way over the sea, and then drink to 'friends ahead.' With him it had a long time been 'friends ahead.' So also with my father. Long and varied pilgrimage. Nothing but sovereign grace could have kept him true, earnest, useful, and Christian through so many exciting scenes.

"He worked unweariedly from the sunrise of youth to the sunset of old age, and then in the nightfall of death, lighted by the starry promises, went home, taking his sheaves with him. Mounting from earthly to heavenly service, I doubt not there was a great multitude that thronged heaven's gate to hail him into the skies—those whose sorrows he had appeased, whose burdens he had lifted, whose guilty souls he had pointed to a pardoning God, whose dying moments he had cheered, whose ascending spirits he had helped up on wings of sacred music. I should like to

have heard that long, loud, triumphant shout of heaven's welcome. I think that the harps throbbed with another thrill, and the hills quaked with a mightier hallelujah. Hail! ransomed soul! Thy race run—thy toil ended! Hail to the coronation!

“Now, after such a life, what sort of death would you have expected? Will God conduct a voyager through so many storms, and then let him get shipwrecked coming up the harbor? Not such an one is my God and Savior. The telegraph thrilled with tidings north, south, east, west, that brought, in the rushing rail-train, his kindred together. The hour for which this aged servant of God had waited patiently had come, and he rejoiced with a joy at which the tongue faltered. There was no turning from side to side on the pillow, as if looking for escape from grim pursuers, but gazing up and around as if looking out for the chariot of King Jesus. The prayer which the older sons had heard him make fifty years ago, asking that at last he might have ‘nothing to do but die,’ was literally answered. All his children, save that one which he sent forth with his blessing a few months ago, in the good ship ‘Surprise,’ to proclaim the glories of the Messiah on the other side of the earth, were present—some to pray; some to hold his hand; some to bathe his brow. All to watch, and wait, and weep, and rejoice. He asked about my children. Talked about the past. Expressed his anticipations of the future. Slept sweetly as a child ever slept in the arms of its mother. Then broke forth with the utterance: ‘Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life!’ The Bible that he had studied for so many years, now cast its light far on into the valley, until the very gate of heaven flashed upon his vision. Some one quoted the passage, ‘This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that

Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' 'Of whom I am the chief,' responded the dying Christian. We said, 'To live is Christ.' He answered, 'To die is gain;' and, lest we did not understand him, he repeated, 'To die is gain!' And, as if the vision grew more enrapturing, he continued to say, 'To die is gain!' Ministers of the Gospel came in, and, after the usual greeting, he said, 'Pray, Pray.'

"We sang some of his favorite hymns, such as:

Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

He would seem almost to stop breathing in order to listen, and then at the close would signify that he remembered the old tune right well. He said: 'I shall be gone soon, but not too soon.' Some one quoted: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' And he replied: 'Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' 'Can you testify of God's faithfulness?' said another. He answered: 'Yes! I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' He said: 'I have it good; I could not have it any better; I feel well—all is well.' Again, and again, and again, he repeated, 'All is well!' Then, lifting his hand, exclaimed: 'Peace! peace!'

"On the morning of October, 27, 1871, just three years from the day when the soul of his companion sped into the heavens, it was evident that the last moment had come. Softly the news came to all the sleepers in the house, and the quick glance of lights from room to room signaled the coming of the death-angel. We took out our watches and said, 'Four o'clock and fifteen minutes!' The pulse flut-

tered, as a tree-branch lifts and falls at the motion of a bird's wing about to cleave its way into the heavens. No quick start of pain; no glassy stare; but eyelid lightly closed, and calm lip, and white blossoms of the almond tree. From the stand we turned over the old timepiece that he had carried so long, and which he thought always went right, and announced 'Just four o'clock and twenty minutes!' The tides of the cold river rising. Felt the wrist, but no pulse; the temples, but no stir; the heart, but no action. We listened, but heard nothing. Still! still! The gates of the earthly prison-house silently open, wider and wider. Free! Clear the way for a conquering spirit! Shout upward the tidings! Four o'clock and thirty minutes! Without a groan or a sigh, he had passed upward into light. 'And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people.'

"The day for burial came. An autumnal Sabbath was let down clear from heaven. At the first gush of the dawn we said: 'This is just the day in which for a Christian to be buried!' Fading leaf, indeed, under foot told of the decaying body, but streaming sunshine spoke of resurrection joy. They came tottering on their staff—old comrades who, in 1812, had marched beside him, drilling in the field, ready for heroic strife. They came—the poor whose rent he had paid to keep their children from the blasts of winter. They came—the erring men whom he had bailed out of prison. They came—the children who had watched his step, and played with his cane, and had often wondered what new attraction grandfather would unfold from his deep pockets. They came—the ministers of religion who had sat with him in church courts, and planned for the advancement of religion.

“Passing along the roads where he had often gone, and by the birthplace of most of his children, we laid him down to rest, just as the sun was setting in the country graveyard, close beside her with whom for more than half a century he had walked, and prayed, and sung, and counselled. It seemed as if she must speak a greeting. But no voice broke the sod, no whisper ran through the grass, no word of recognition was uttered. Side by side, Jacob and Rachel were buried. Let one willow overarch their graves. Instead of two marble slabs, as though these of whom we speak were twain, let there be but a single shaft, for they were one. Monument not pretentious, but plain, for they were old-fashioned people. On one side the marble set the date of their coming and going. On this side the name of David—the husband and father. On that third side the name of Catherine—the wife and mother. Then there will be but one side unchiselled. How shall we mark it? With a story of Christian zeal and self-sacrifice for God? No! Father and mother would shake their heads if they were awake to read it. This rather let it be: ‘The morning cometh.’—Isaiah xxi. 12.

“Henceforth we shall be orphans. Sad thing, even at manhood, to become fatherless and motherless. No one but God can make up for the loss of a father’s counsel and a mother’s tenderness. Hope thou in God! Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of the glorious ending of all earthly trial when he said: ‘Just as the gates were open to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.’





CHAPTER II.

MY BOYHOOD.

“THE Old Cradle! We were all rocked in that. For about fifteen years that cradle was going much of the time. When the older child was taken out, a smaller child was put in. The crackle of the rockers is pleasant yet in my ears. There I took my first lessons in music as mother sang to me. Have heard what you would call far better singing since then, but none that so thoroughly touched me. She never got five hundred dollars per night for singing three songs at the Academy, with two or three encores grudgefully thrown in; but without pay she sometimes sang all night, and came out whenever encored, though she had only two little ears for an audience. It was a low, subdued tone, that sings to me yet across forty years.

“You see the edge of that rocker, worn quite deep? That is where her foot was placed while she sat with her knitting or sewing, on summer afternoons, while the bees hummed at the door and the shout of the boy at the oxen was heard afield. From the way the rocker is worn, I think that sometimes the foot must have been very tired and the ankle very sore; but I do not think she stopped for that. When such a cradle as that got a-going it kept on for years.

“Scarlet fever came in at the door, and we all had it; and oh, how the cradle did go! We contended as to who should lie in it, for sickness, you know, makes babies of us all. But after a while we surrendered it to Charlie. He was too old to lie in it, but he seemed so very, very sick; and with him

in the cradle it was 'Rock!' 'Rock!' 'Rock!' But one day, just as long ago as I can remember, the cradle stopped. When a child is asleep there is no need of rocking. Charlie was asleep. He was sound asleep. Nothing would wake him. He needed taking up. Mother was too weak to do it. The neighbors came in to do that, and put a flower, fresh out of the garden dew, between the two still hands. The fever had gone out of the cheek and left it white, very white—the rose exchanged for the lily. There was one less to contend for the cradle. It soon started again, and with a voice not quite so firm as before, but more tender, the old song came back: 'Bye! bye! bye!' which meant more than 'Il Trovatore,' rendered by opera troupe in the presence of an American audience, all leaning forward and nodding to show how well they understood Italian.

"There was a wooden canopy at the head of the old cradle that somehow got loose and was taken off. But our infantile mind was most impressed with the face which much of the time hovered over us. Other women sometimes looked in at the child and said, 'That child's hair will be red!' or, 'What a peculiar chin!' or, 'Do you think that child will live to grow up?' and although we were not old enough to understand their talk, by instinct we knew it was something disagreeable, and began to cry till the dear, sweet, familiar face again hovered and the rainbow arched the sky. Oh, we never get away from the benediction of such a face! It looks at us through storm and night. It smiles all to pieces the world's frown. After forty-seven years of rough tumbling on the world's couch, it puts us in the cradle again and hushes us as with the very lullaby of heaven.

"Let the old cradle rest in the garret. It has earned it; quiet. The hands that shook up its pillow have quit work. The foot that kept the rocker in motion is through with it

journey. The face that hovered has been veiled from mortal sight. Cradle of blessed memories! Cradle that soothed so many little griefs! Cradle that kindled so many hopes! Cradle that rested so many fatigues!"

"PRAYERS IN BOYHOOD.

"I had many sound thrashings when I was a boy (not as many as I ought to have had, for I was the last child, and my parents let me off), but the most memorable scene in my childhood was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. I cannot forget it, for I used often to be squirming around on the floor and looking at them while they were praying.

"LEAP-FROG.

"The funniest play that I ever joined in at school, and one that sets me a-laughing now as I think of it so that I can hardly write, is 'leap-frog.' It is unartistic and homely. It is so humiliating to the boy who bends himself over and puts his hands down on his knees, and it is so perilous to the boy, who, placing his hands on the stooped shoulders, attempts to fly over. But I always preferred the risk of the one who attempted to leap rather than the humiliation of the one who consented to be vaulted over. It was often the case that we both failed in our part and we went down together. For this Jack Snyder carried a grudge against me and would not speak, because he said I pushed him down a-purpose! But I hope he has forgiven me by this time, for he has been out as a missionary. Indeed, if Jack will come this way, I will right the wrong of olden time by stooping down in my study and letting him spring over me as my children do.

"Almost every autumn I see that old-time school-boy feat repeated. Mr. So-and-so says, 'You make me governor and

I will see that you get to be senator. Make me mayor and I will see that you become assessor. Get me the office of street-sweeper and you shall have one of the brooms. You stoop down and let me jump over you, and then I will stoop down and let you jump over me. Elect me deacon, and you shall be trustee. You write a good thing about me, and I will write a good thing about you.'

“BOYS’ TROUBLES.

“We feel sorry for boys, because they are not exempt from troubles; and one of the worst is suppressed hilarity. To want to laugh, and still maintain gravity; to see the minister’s wig getting twisted, and yet look devotional; to discover a mouse in prayer-time, and yet not titter; to see the young bride and groom in church try to look like old married people; to have the deacon drop the contribution plate and spill the pennies, and yet look sorry for the misfortune; in a word, to be a boy with fun from the top hair on the crown of the head to the tip-end of the great toe, and yet make no demonstration, is a trial with which we are deeply sympathetic. To sit on a long bench at school with eight or ten other boys, all able to keep quiet only by utmost force of resolution, and something happen that makes all the rest snicker, while you abstain, requires an amount of heroic endurance we never reached. Remember well how a rattan feels when it arrives in the open palm at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In my first ten years I suppressed enough giggles, smiles, chuckles, and yells to have ruined me for all time. I so often retired from the sitting-room, when we had company, to the wood-shed, where my mirth would be no disturbance to anything but the ash-barrels, that I have all allowance to make for that age of life which is apt to be struck through with titter. I still feel the boy in my nature when ludicrous things hap-

pen, as when a city exquisite came into the prayer-meeting, whisk-cane in hand, and fanciful eye-glass on, looked sublimely around on the audience as much as to say, 'I suppose you all see that I am here,' and then sat down where a chair had just before stood, but from which place the usher had inadvertently removed it. Had it not been for an extemporized cough and sneeze and active use of the pocket-handkerchief on my part, I should have been hopelessly ruined.

“MY FIRST BOOTS.

“I have seen many days of joy, but I remember no such exhilaration as that felt by me on the day when I mounted my first pair of boots. To appreciate such an era in life, we must needs have been brought up in the country. Boys in town come to this crisis before they can appreciate the height and depth of such an acquisition. The boot period is the dividing line between babyhood and boyhood. Before the boots, I am trampled upon by comrades and stuck with pins, and I walk with an air of apology for the fact that I am born at all. Robust school-fellows strike me across the cheek, and when I turn towards them, they cry, 'Who are you looking at?' or what is worse than any possible insult, is to have somebody chuck me under the chin, and call me 'Bub.' Before the crisis of boots, the country boy carries no handkerchief. This keeps him in a state of constant humiliation. Whatever crisis may come in the boy's history—no handkerchief.

“But at last the age of boots dawns upon a boy. Henceforth, instead of always having to get out of the way, he will make others get out of his way. He will sometimes get the Scripture lesson confused, and when smitten on the right cheek will turn and give it to his opponent on the left cheek also. Indeed, I do not think that there is any regulation, human or divine, demanding that a boy submit to the

school-bully. I think we should teach our boy to avoid all quarrel and strife; but, nevertheless, to take care of himself. I remember, with deep satisfaction, how that, after Jim Johnson had knocked my hat in the mud, and spat in my face, and torn my new coat, I felt called upon to vindicate the majesty of my new boots. That, however, was before I had any idea of ever becoming a minister. But when the time spoken of in a boy's life comes, look out how you call him 'Bub.' He parts his hair on the side, has the end of his white handkerchief sticking out of the top of his side-pocket as if it were accidentally arranged so, has a dignified and manly mode of expectoration, and walks down the road with long strides, as much as to say, 'Clear the track for my boots!'

"It was Sabbath-day when I broke them in. Oh! the rapture of that moment when I laid hold of the straps at one end, and with my big brother pushing at the other the boot went on! I fear that I got but little advantage that day from the services. All the pulpit admonition about worldliness and pride struck the toes of my boots, and fell back. I trampled under my feet all good counsels. I had to repent that, while some trust in horses and some in chariots, I put too much stress upon leather. Though my purchase was so tight in the instep that, as soon as I got to the woods, I went limping on my way, I felt that in such a cause it was noble to suffer.

"For some reason, boots are not what they used to be. You pay a big price, and you might walk all day without hearing once from them; but the original pair of which I tell spoke out for themselves. No one doubted whether you had been to church after you had once walked up the aisle in company with such leather. It was the pure eloquence of calf-skin,

"OUR DENTIST.

"In boyhood, after my crying all night, laudanum and camphor and everything else having failed, father took me to the village doctor. The doctor led me to his back piazza, and I sat down on the step. Whether I was promised candy or a ride or a new pair of boots I do not remember, but suffice it to say the inducement did not seem adequate to pay for the sufferings proposed. The doctor brought out a long pair of forceps. There were in its very looks twists and grips and clutches that made the toothache instantly stop. Then I argued the uselessness of extraction, because it did not ache a bit! They did not allow me to finish the argument. I was never more logical in my life. I had laid down the two propositions of a syllogism. First, painless teeth ought not to be extracted; secondly, this is a painless tooth; but before I could draw the conclusion the doctor had begun to draw the tooth. I, sitting on the step, and he standing back and above me, took my head between his knees, one knee tight against each ear. The memory of those knees will never fade away from me. They seemed to me the *ne plus ultra* of all knees. He had hard work to get into my mouth, for it was so full of exclamation, or what boys call 'holla,' a word so expressive that I never found its synonyme. But getting his hand on one side the unrestrained yell, and his turn-key on the other, he went in.

"But at last the cold steel was laid aside the sore gums, and while I was clutching the doctor's arm, and biting his fingers as hard as I could, and kicking indiscriminately in all directions, and giving him a look as much as to say, 'Old fellow, if I live to get over this, won't I give it to you,' the doctor, with knees still more tightly braced, gave one resolute pull, and it seemed as if the roots of my neck had given away, and the jawbone had forsaken its socket,

and everything, down to the last joint of the toe, had been dislocated, grubbed out, smashed, caved in, and annihilated with a general convulsion. The operation was successful. The dentist only did his duty, and has been for some years in the good place where teeth never ache and they never use forceps; but my memory of him is not ecstatic. I do not take him into my hope of future recognition. I can think of five hundred people whom we would rather meet than he.

“SEEING A GHOST.

“I never met but one ghost in all my life. It was a very dark night, and I was seven years of age. There was a German cooper, who, on the outskirts of the village, had a shop. It was an interesting spot, and I frequented it. There was a congregation of barrels, kegs, casks and firkins, that excited my boyish admiration. There the old man stood, day after day, hammering away at his trade. He was fond of talk, and had his head full of all that was weird, mysterious and tragic. During the course of his life he had seen almost as many ghosts as firkins; had seen them in Germany, on the ocean, and in America.

“One summer afternoon, perhaps having made an unusually lucrative bargain in hoop-poles, the tide of his discourse bore everything before it. I hung on his lips entranced. I noticed not that the shadows of the evening were gathering, nor remembered that we were a mile from home. He had wrought up my boyish imagination to the tip-top pitch. He had told me how doors opened when there was no hand on the latch, and the eyes of a face in a picture winked one windy night; and how intangible objects in white would glide across the room, and headless trunks ride past on phantom horses; and how boys on the way home at night were met by a sheeted form, that

picked them up and carried them off, so that they never were heard of, their mother going around as disconsolate as the woman in the 'Lost Heir,' crying 'Where's Billy?'

"This last story roused me to my whereabouts, and I felt I must go home. My hair, that usually stood on end, took the strictly perpendicular. My flesh crept with horror of the expedition homeward. My faith in everything solid had been shaken. I believed only in the subtile and in the intangible. What could a boy of seven years old depend upon if one of these headless horsemen might at any moment ride him down, or one of these sheeted creatures pick him up?

"I started up the road barefooted. I was not impeded by any useless apparel. It took me no time to get under way. I felt that if I must perish, it would be well to get as near the doorsill of home as possible. I vowed that, if I was only spared this once to get home, I would never again allow the night to catch me at the cooper's. The ground flew under my feet. No headless horseman could have kept up. Not a star was out. It was the blackness of darkness. I had made half the distance and was in the 'hollow'—the most lonely and dangerous part of the way—and felt that in a minute more I might abate my speed and take fuller breath. But, alas! no such good fortune awaited me. Suddenly my feet struck a monster—whether beastly, human, infernal or supernal, witch, ghost, demon, or headless horseman I could not immediately tell. I fell prostrate, my hands passing over a hairy creature; and, as my head struck the ground, the monster rose up, throwing my feet into the air. To this day it would have been a mystery, had not a fearful bellow revealed it as a cow which had laid down to peaceful slumber in the road, not anticipating the terrible collision. She wasted no time, but started up the

road. I having by experiment discovered which end of me was up, joined her in the race. I knew not but that it was the first installment of disasters. And, therefore, away we went, cow and boy; but the cow beat. She came into town a hundred yards ahead. I have not got over it yet, that I let that cow beat. That was the first and last ghost I ever met.

“MY FIRST AND LAST CIGAR.

“The time had come in our boyhood which we thought demanded the capacity to smoke. The old people of the household could abide neither the sight nor smell of the Virginia weed. When ministers came there, not by positive injunction, but by a sort of instinct as to what would be safest, they whiffed their pipes on the back steps. If the house could not stand sanctified smoke, you may know how little chance there was for boyish cigar-puffing.

“By some rare good fortune which put in my hands three cents, I found access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the long, narrow, fragrant box opened, and for the first time I owned a cigar, my feelings of elation, manliness, superiority and anticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sensation. My first ride on horseback, though I fell off before I got to the barn, and my first pair of new boots (real squeakers), I had thought could never be surpassed in interest; but when I put the cigar to my lips and stuck the lucifer match to the end of the weed and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, my satisfaction with this world was so great, my temptation was never to want to leave it.

“The cigar did not burn well. It required an amount of suction that tasked my determination to the utmost. You see that my worldly means had limited me to a quality that

cost only three cents. But I had been taught that nothing great was accomplished without effort, and so I puffed away! Indeed, I had heard my older brothers in their Latin lessons say, *Omnia vincet labor*; which translated means, 'If you want to make anything go, you must scratch for it.'

"With these sentiments I passed down the village street and towards my country home. My head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it was uncertain to me which side of the street I was on. So I crossed over, but found myself on the same side that I was on before I crossed over. Indeed, I imagined that I was on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams driving between. I met another boy, who asked me why I looked so pale, and I told him I did not look pale, but that he was pale himself.

"I sat down under the bridge, and began to reflect on the prospect of early decease, and on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations. I had determined to smoke the cigar all up, and thus get the worth of my money; but I was obliged to throw three-fourths of it away, yet knew just where I threw it, in case I felt better the next day.

"Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded that I state what kept me so late, and what was the matter with me. Not feeling that I was called to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase my parents' apprehension that I was going to turn out badly, I summed up the case with the statement that I felt miserable at the pit of the stomach. I had mustard plasters administered, and careful watching for some hours, when I fell asleep, and forgot my disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of my first cigar. Being naturally reticent, I have never mentioned it until this time.

“But how about my last cigar? It was three o'clock, Sabbath morning, in my Western home. I had smoked three or four cigars since tea. At that time I wrote my sermons, and took another cigar with each new head of discourse. I thought I was getting the inspiration from above, but was getting much of it from beneath. My hand trembled along the line, and, strung up to the last tension of nerves, I finished my work and started from the room. A book standing on the table fell over, and although it was not a large book, its fall sounded to my excited system like the crack of a pistol. As I went down the stairs their creaking made my hair stand on end. As I flung myself on a sleepless pillow, I resolved, God helping, that I had smoked my last cigar, and committed my last sin of night-study.

“I kept my promise. With the same resolution went overboard coffee and tea. That night I was born into a new physical, mental, and moral life. Perhaps it may be better for some to smoke, and study nights, and take exciting temperance beverages; but I am persuaded that if thousands of people who now go moping, and nervous, and half-exhausted through life, down with ‘sick head-aches’ and rasped by irritabilities, would try a good large dose of abstinence, they would thank God for this paragraph of personal experience, and make the world the same bright place I find it—a place so attractive that nothing short of heaven would be good enough to exchange for it.

“The first cigar made me desperately sick; the throwing away of my last made me gloriously well. For the croaking of the midnight owl had ceased, and the time of the singing of birds had come.”

CHAPTER III.

ENTERING THE MINISTRY.

DR. TALMAGE'S parents bestowed great care upon his early culture, but he was nevertheless a marvel of eccentricities from his earliest childhood. He was always remarkable for enthusiasm in mental labor, and for his devotion to all those branches of intellectual attainment for which he felt the greatest fondness. He passed through the University of New York, and graduated with distinction, especially in belles lettres. And on graduation day, when he delivered an address in Niblo's Garden, he was received with immense applause, the majority of the audience rising to their feet. He openly professed religion at the age of eighteen years, but in his early manhood he adopted the legal profession. After a brief experience of the law, however, he entered the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, and prepared for the ministry, deeply regretting the time which he considered as lost in pursuing his original choice. After his ordination, Dr. Talmage preached for three years at Belleville, New Jersey, three years at Syracuse, N. Y., and seven years at Philadelphia, laboring to the great profit and prosperity of the congregation of which he was pastor. In his first pastorate at Belleville he became convinced of the necessity of making Jesus Christ the main pivot of his sermons as essential to success, and he has frequently declared that his success is mainly due to his having constantly preached "Christ and Him crucified."

BEGINS EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

“I entered the ministry with a mortal horror of extemporaneous speaking. Each week I wrote two sermons and a lecture all out, from the text to the amen. I did not dare to give out the notice of a prayer-meeting unless it was on paper. I was a slave to manuscript, and the chains were galling; and three months more of such work would have put me in the graveyard. I resolved on emancipation. The Sunday night was approaching when I intended to make violent rebellion against this bondage of pen and paper. I had an essay about ten minutes long on some Christian subject, which I proposed to preach as an introduction to the sermon, and resolved, at the close of that brief composition, to launch out on the great sea of extemporaneousness.

“It so happened that the coming Sabbath night was to be eventful in the village. The trustees of the church had been building a gasometer at the back of the church, and the night I speak of, the building was for the first time to be lighted in the modern way. The church was, of course, crowded—not so much to hear the preacher as to see how the gas would burn. Many were unbelieving, and said that there would be an explosion, or a big fire, or that in the midst of the service the lights would go out. Several brethren, disposed to hang on to old customs, declared that candles and oil were the only fit materials for lighting a church, and they denounced the innovation as indicative of vanity on the part of the new-comers. They used oil in the ancient Temple, and it was that which ran down on Aaron’s beard, and anything that was good enough for the whiskers of an old-time priest was good enough for a country meeting-house. These sticklers for the oil were present that night, hoping—and I think some of them were secretly praying—that the gas might go out.

“With my ten-minute manuscript I went into the pulpit, all in a tremor. Although the gas did not burn as brightly as its friends had hoped, still it was bright enough to show the people the perspiration that stood in beads on my forehead. I began my discourse, and every sentence gave me the feeling that I was one step nearer the gallows. I spoke very slowly, so as to make the ten-minute notes last fifteen minutes. During the preaching of the brief manuscript I concluded that I had never been called to the ministry. I was in a hot bath of excitement. People noticed my trepidation, and supposed it was because I was afraid the gas would go out. Alas! My fear was that it would not go out. As I came towards the close of my brief I joined the anti-gas party, and prayed that before I came to the last written line something would burst, and leave me in the darkness. Indeed, I discovered an encouraging flicker amid the burners, which gave me the hope that the brief which lay before me would be long enough for all practical purposes, and that the hour of execution might be postponed to some other night. As I came to the sentence next to the last the lights fell down to half their size, and I could just manage to see the audience as they were floating away from my vision. I said to myself, ‘Why can’t these lights be obliging, and go out entirely?’ The wish was gratified. As I finished the last line of my brief, and stood on the verge of rhetorical destruction, the last glimmer of light was extinguished. ‘It is impossible to proceed,’ I cried out; ‘receive the benediction!’

“I crawled down the pulpit in a state of exhilaration; I never before saw such handsome darkness. The odor of the escaping gas was to me like ‘gales from Araby.’ Did a frightened young man ever have such fortunate deliverance? The providence was probably intended to humble the trustees, yet the scared preacher took advantage of it.

“But after I got home I saw the wickedness of being in such dread. As the Lord got me out of that predicament, I resolved never again to be cornered in one similar. Forthwith the thralldom was broken, I hope never again to be felt. How demeaning that a man with a message from the Lord Almighty should be dependent upon paper-mills and gasometers! Paper is a non-conductor of Gospel electricity. If a man has a five-thousand-dollar bill of goods to sell a customer, he does not go up to the purchaser and say, ‘I have some remarks to make to you about these goods, but just wait till I get out my manuscript.’ Before he got through reading the argument the customer would be in the next door, making purchases from another house.

“What cowardice! Because a few critical hearers sit with lead pencils out to mark down the inaccuracies of extemporaneousness, shall the pulpit cower? While the great congregation are ready to take the bread hot out of the oven, shall the minister be crippled in his work because the village doctor or lawyer sits carping before him? To please a few learned ninnies a thousand ministers sit writing sermons on Saturday night till near the break of day, their heads hot, their feet cold, and their nerves a-twitch. Sermons born on Saturday night are apt to have the rickets. Instead of cramping our chests over writing-desks, and being the slaves of the pen, let us attend to our physical health, that we may have more pulpit independence.

“Which thoughts came to me this week as I visited again the village church aforesaid, and preached out of the same old Bible in which, years ago, I laid the ten-minute manuscript, and I looked upon the same lights that once behaved so badly. But I found it had been snowing since the time I lived there, and heads that then were black are white now,

and some of the eyes which looked up to me that memorable night when the gasometer failed us, years ago, are closed now, and for them all earthly lights have gone out forever.

“HOW I TOOK EXERCISE.

“Soon after entering the ministry I was reading, one day, on the importance of physical exercise. The subject flashed upon me so overpoweringly that I resolved on a gymnasium in the garret of my country parsonage. I speedily extemporised such an institution, and with coat off and slippers on began exercise. I ran and jumped and swung and lifted and climbed and took frightful positions. Several times there was a knock at the door, and fears expressed for the demolition of the parsonage. But I dislike to stop after I have started in anything. So I kept on jerking away at the pulleys and walking the horizontal bars and bending over backward till my head touched the floor, and going through all varieties of tumbling. The second day my exercise was excruciating, because of sore ligaments and muscles. On the third day I resigned for ever the duties of that particular gymnasium. I sat two days with my feet upon a pillow, in a state of disgust with all those who had written on the subject of sanitary conditions. I doubted whether physical exercise was of any advantage after all. It certainly had been a damage to me. Against all the learned advocates on the other side, I had before me two immovable arguments in the shape of two crippled legs. I would have continued that quiet position still longer, but Sunday had come, and I must preach. Getting to church was one of the most difficult enterprises I ever conducted. I went early, for the pulpit was to be climbed, and I did not desire to excite the sympathy of the audience. There was no one in church but the sexton, and I waited till he went to ring the

bell before I began to climb the sacred hill. The six steps seemed like the sides of the Matterhorn for difficult ascent. The first step up I took sidewise, the second backward, the the third by a strong pull on the banisters. I then stopped to rest and wipe the perspiration from my brow, all flushed with the manly achievements of the last five minutes. Nothing but the fact that I was half-way up, and that it would hurt me as much to go down as to go up, encouraged me in the work of ascent. But the last two steps were stimulated by the sound of advancing feet in the vestibule, and an indisposition on my part to create unseemly mirth in church, or to tempt any one to irreverent laughter at an ambassador from the skies. The audience coming in were surprised to find their pastor so early waiting for them. If I had that day taken the text nearest to my heart, it would have been Paul's advice to a young minister by the name of Timothy, 'Bodily exercise profiteth little.'

"I learned by these experiences that anything overdone had better not be done at all. Gymnasiums are grand things; but let common sense dictate quantities and qualities, and do not allow the dumb-bells to drag down the shoulders, nor had you better hang by your feet to a ring till you get black in the face. Fencing is good; but do not be rough, nor play with loafers. Pedestrianism is healthful; but do not forget that the road back is a little farther than the road out, though it may be the same road. Hunting is good, if you do not shoot sparrows, nor go to sleep on the edge of a marsh. Rowing is good, if you do not take a bottle in the boat, nor pull so hard that you get aneurismal trouble with the heart. When I forsook the fitful and extravagant use of gymnastics, and came to their gradual and intelligent use, I found them, next to religion, the best panacea for all earthly ills. I have put down all

the burdens of the last twenty years at the door of the gymnasium, or hung them on the horizontal bars, or demolished them with the butt end of dumb-bells, or fastened them, as so many Mazeppas, to the wooden horse bounding off the precipices of forgetfulness. Let not, therefore, the wrenched muscles and swollen feet of the Belleville parsonage trip up any one on his way to the gymnasium. Only do not take so much of anything at once that you cannot take any more of it again. Moderation is a big word, which it takes some of us a long time to learn how to spell."

CATCHING THE BAY MARE.

"It may be a lack of education on my part, but I confess to a dislike for horse-races. I never attended but three; the first in my boyhood, the second at a country fair, where I was deceived as to what would transpire, the third last Sabbath morning. I see my friends flush with indignation at this last admission; but let them wait a moment before they launch their verdict.

"My horse was in the pasture-field. It was almost time to start for church, and I needed the animal harnessed. The boy came in saying it was impossible to catch the bay mare, and calling for my assistance. I had on my best clothes, and did not feel like exposing myself to rough usage; but I vaulted the fence with pail of water in hand, expecting to try the effect of rewards rather than punishments. The horse came out generously to meet me. I said to the boy, 'She is very tame. Strange you cannot catch her.' She came near enough to cautiously smell the pail, when she suddenly changed her mind, and with one wild snort dashed off to the other end of the field.

"Whether she was not thirsty, or was critical of the manner of presentation, or had apprehensions of my motive, or

was seized with desire for exercise in the open air, she gave us no chance to guess. I resolved upon more caution of advance and gentler voice, and so laboriously approached her; for though a pail of water is light for a little way, it gets heavy after you have gone a considerable distance, though its contents be half spilled.

“This time I succeeded in getting her nose inserted into the bright beverage. I called her by pet names, addressing her as ‘Poor Dolly!’ not wishing to suggest any pauperism by that term, but only sympathy for the sorrows of the brute creation, and told her that she was the finest horse that ever was. It seemed to take well. Flattery always does with horses.

“I felt that the time had come for me to produce the rope halter, which with my left hand I had all the while kept secreted behind my back. I put it over her neck, when the beast wheeled, and I seized her by the point where the copy-books say we ought to take Time, namely, the forelock. But I had poor luck. I ceased all caressing tone, and changed the subjunctive mood for the imperative. There never was a greater divergence of sentiment than at that instant between myself and the bay mare. She pulled one way, I pulled the other. Turning her back upon me she ejaculated into the air two shining horse-shoes, both the shape of the letter O, the one interjection in contempt for the ministry and the other in contempt for the press.

“But catch the horse I must, for I was bound to be at church, though just then I did not feel at all devotional. I resolved, therefore, with the boy, to run her down; so, by way of making an animated start, I slung the pail at the horse’s head and put out on a Sunday morning horse-race. Every time she stood at the other end of the field waiting for me to come up. She trotted, galloped and careered

about me with an occasional neigh cheerfully given to encourage me in the pursuit. I was getting more and more unprepared in body, mind and soul for the sanctuary. Meanwhile, quite a household audience lined the fence, the children and visitors shouted like excited Romans in an amphitheatre at a contest with wild beasts, and it was uncertain whether the audience was in sympathy with me or the bay mare.

“At this unhappy juncture she who some years ago took me for ‘better or for worse’ came to the rescue, finding me in the latter condition. She advanced to the field with a wash-basin full of water, offering that as a sole inducement, and gave one call when the horse went out to meet her, and under a hand not half so strong as mine gripping the mane the refractory beast was led to the manger.

“Standing with my feet in the damp grass and my new clothes wet to a sop I learned then and there how much depends on the way you do a thing. The proposition I made to the bay mare was far better than that offered by my companion, but mine failed and hers succeeded. Not the first nor the last time that a wash-basin has beaten a pail. So some of us go all through life clumsily coaxing and awkwardly pursuing things which we want to halter and control. We strain every nerve, only to find ourselves befooled and left far behind, while some Christian man or woman comes into the field and by easy art captures that which evaded us.

“I heard a good sermon that day, but it was not more impressive than the fatiguing lesson of the pasture-field, which taught us that not more depends upon the thing you do than upon the way you do it. The difference between the clean swath of that harvester in front of our house and the ragged work of his neighbor is in the way he swings

the scythe, and not in the scythe itself. There are ten men with one talent apiece who do more good than the one man with ten talents. A basin properly lifted may accomplish more than a pail unskillfully swung. A minister for an hour in his sermon endeavors to chase down those brutish in their habits, attempting to place them under the harness of Christian restraint, and perhaps miserably fails, when some gentle hand of sisterly or motherly affection laid upon the wayward one brings him safely in.

“There is a knack in doing things. If all those who plough in State and Church had known how to hold the handles, and turn a straight furrow, and stop the team at the end of the field, the world would long ago have been ploughed into an Eden. What many people want is gump-tion—a word as yet undefined; but if you do not know what it means, it is very certain you do not possess the quality it describes. We all need to follow Christian tact. The boys in the Baskinridge school-house laughed at Wm. L. Dayton’s impediment of spech, but that did not hinder him from afterwards making court-room and Senate-chamber thrill under the spell of his words.

“In my early home there was a vicious cat that would invade the milk-pans, and we, the boys, chased her with hoes and rakes, always hitting the place where she had been just before, till one day father came out with a plain stick of oven-wood, and with one little clip back of the ear, put an end to all of her nine lives. You see everything depends upon the style of the stroke, and not upon the elaborateness of the weapon. The most valuable things you try to take will behave like the bay mare; but what you can not overcome by coarse persuasion, or reach at full run, you can catch with apostolic guile. Learn the first-rate art of doing secular or Christian work, and then it matters not whether your weapon be a basin or a pail.”

BUYS A COW.

“I was spending my summers in the country, and must have a cow. There were ten or fifteen cows to be sold. There were reds, and piebalds, and duns, and browns, and brindles, short horns, long horns, crumpled horns, and no horns. But I marked for our own a cow that was said to be full-blooded, whether Alderney, or Durham, or Galloway, or Ayrshire, I will not tell, lest some cattle-fancier feel insulted by what I say; and if there is any grace that I pride myself on, it is prudence and a determination always to say smooth things. ‘How much is bid for this magnificent, full-blooded cow?’ cried the auctioneer. ‘Seventy-five dollars,’ shouted some one. I made it eighty. He made it ninety. Somebody else quickly made it a hundred. After the bids had risen to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, I got animated, and resolved that I would have that cow if it took my last cent. ‘One hundred and forty dollars’ shouted my opponent. The auctioneer said it was the finest cow he had ever sold; and not knowing much about vendues, of course I believed him. It was a good deal of money for a minister to pay, but then I could get the whole matter off my hands by giving ‘a note.’ In utter defiance of everything, I cried out, ‘One hundred and fifty dollars!’ ‘Going at that,’ said the auctioneer. ‘Going at that! once! twice! three times! gone! Mr. Talmage has it.’ It was one of the proudest moments of my life. There she stood, tall, immense in the girth, horns branching graceful as a tree-branch, full-uddered, silk-coated, pensive-eyed.

“I hired two boys to drive her home, while I rode in a carriage. No sooner had I started than the cow showed what turned out to be one of her peculiarities—great speed of hoof. She left the boys, outran my horse, jumped the fence, frightened nearly to death a group of school chil-

dren, and by the time I got home we all felt as if we had been out all day on a fox chase.

“We never had any peace with that cow. She knew more tricks than a juggler. She could let down any bars, open any gate, outrun any dog, and ruin the patience of any minister. I had her a year, and yet she never got over wanting to go to the vendue. Once started out of the yard she was bound to see the sheriff. I coaxed her with carrots, and apples, and cabbage, and sweetest stalks, and the richest beverage of slops, but without avail.

“As a milker she was a failure. ‘Mike,’ who lived just back of our place, would come in at nights from his ‘Kerry cow,’ a scraggy runt that lived on the commons, with his pail so full he had to carry it cautiously lest it spilt over. But after our full-blooded had been in clover to her eyes all day Bridget would go out to the barn-yard, and tug and pull for a supply enough to make two or three custards. I said, ‘Bridget you don’t know how to milk. Let me try.’ I sat down by the cow, tried the full force of dynamics, but just at the moment when my success was about to be demonstrated, a sudden thought took her somewhere between the horns, and she started for the vendue, with one stroke of her back foot upsetting the small treasure I had accumulated, and leaving me a mere wreck of what I once was.

“She had, among other bad things, a morbid appetite. Notwithstanding I gave her the richest herbaceous diet, she ate everything she could put her mouth on. She was fond of horse-blankets and articles of human clothing. I found her one day at the clothes-line nearly choked to death, for she had swallowed one leg of something and seemed dissatisfied that she could not get down the other. The most perfect nuisance that I ever had about my place was that full-blooded.

“Having read in our agricultural journal of cows that were slaughtered yielding fourteen hundred pounds, meat weight, we concluded to sell her to the butcher. I set a high price upon her and got it; that is, I took a note for it, which is the same thing. My bargain with the butcher was the only successful chapter in my bovine experiences. The only taking off in the whole transaction was that the butcher ran away, leaving me nothing but a specimen of poor chirography, and I already had enough of that among my manuscripts.

“My friend, never depend on high-breeds. Some of the most useless of cattle had ancestors spoken of in the ‘Commentaries of Cæsar.’ That Alderney whose grandfather used to gaze on a lord’s park in England may not be worth the grass she eats.

“Do not depend too much on the high-sounding name of Durham or Devon. As with animals, so with men. Only one President ever had a President for a son. Let every cow make her own name, and every man achieve his own position. It is no great credit to a fool that he had a wise grandfather. Many an Ayrshire and Hereford has had the hollow-horn and the foot-rot. Both man and animal are valuable in proportion as they are useful. ‘Mike’s’ cow beat my full-blooded.

“MY DOG IN TROUBLE.

“I sat in the country parsonage, on a cold winter day, looking out of the back window towards the house of a neighbor. She was a model of kindness, and a most convenient neighbor to have. It was a rule between us that when either house was in want of anything it should borrow of the other. The rule worked well for the parsonage, but rather badly for the neighbor, because on my side of

the fence I had just begun to keep house, and needed to borrow everything, while I had nothing to lend, except a few sermons, which the neighbor never tried to borrow, from the fact that she had enough of them on Sundays. There is no danger that your neighbor will burn a hole in your new brass kettle if you have none to lend. It will excite no surprise to say, that I had an interest in all that happened on the other side of the parsonage fence, and that any injury inflicted on so kind a woman would rouse my sympathy.

“On the wintry morning of which I speak my neighbor had been making ice-cream; but there being some defect in the machinery, the cream had not sufficiently congealed, and so she set the can of the freezer containing the luxury on her back steps, expecting the cold air would completely harden it. What was my dismay to see that my dog Carlo, on whose early education I was expending great care, had taken upon himself the office of ice-cream inspector, and was actually busy with the freezer! I hoisted the window and shouted at him, but his mind was so absorbed in his undertaking he did not stop to listen. Carlo was a greyhound, thin, gaunt, and long-nosed, and he was already making his way on down towards the bottom of the can. His eyes and all his head had disappeared in the depths of the freezer. Indeed, he was so far submerged that when he heard me, with quick and infuriate pace, coming up close behind him, he could not get his head out, and so started with the incumbrance on his head, in what direction he knew not. No dog was ever in a more embarrassing position—freezer to the right of him, freezer to the left of him, freezer on the top of him, freezer under him.

“So, thoroughly blinded, he rushed against the fence, then against the side of the house, then against a tree. He

barked as though he thought he might explode the nuisance with loud sound, but the sound was confined in so strange a speaking-trumpet that he could not have known his own voice. His way seemed hedged up. Fright and anger and remorse and shame whirled him about without mercy.

“A feeling of mirthfulness, which sometimes takes me on most inappropriate occasions, seized me, and I sat down on the ground powerless at the moment when Carlo most needed help. If I only could have got near enough I would have put my foot on the freezer, and, taking hold of the dog’s tail, dislodged him instantly; but this I was not permitted to do. At this stage of the disaster my neighbor appeared with a look of consternation, her cap strings flying in the cold wind. I tried to explain, but the aforesaid untimely hilarity hindered me. All I could do was to point to the flying freezer and the adjoining dog, and ask her to call off her freezer, and, with assumed indignation, demand what she meant by trying to kill my greyhound.

“The poor dog’s every attempt at escape only wedged himself more thoroughly fast. But after a while, in time to save the dog, though not to save the ice-cream, my neighbor and myself effected a rescue. Edwin Landseer, the great painter of dogs and their friends, missed his best chance by not being there when the parishioner took hold of the freezer and the pastor seized the dog’s tail, and, pulling mightily in opposite directions, they each got possession of their own property.

“Carlo was cured of his love for luxuries, and the sight of a freezer on the back steps till the day of his death would send him howling away.

“Carlo found, as many people have found, that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out. Nothing could be more delicious than while he was eating his way in, but

what must have been his feelings when he found it impossible to get out! While he was stealing the freezer the freezer stole him.

“Better moderate our desires. Carlo had that morning as good a breakfast as any dog need to have. It was a law of the household that he should be well fed. Had he been satisfied with bread and meat all would have been well. But he sauntered out for luxuries. He wanted ice-cream. He got it, but brought upon his head the perils and damages of which I have written. As long as we have reasonable wants we get on comfortably, but it is the struggle after luxuries that fills society with distress and populates prisons and sends hundreds of people stark mad. Dissatisfied with a plain house and ordinary apparel and respectable surroundings, they plunge their head into enterprises and speculations from which they have to sneak out in disgrace. Thousands of men have sacrificed honor and religion for luxuries, and died with the freezer about their ears.

“Our poor old Carlo is dead now. We all cried when we found that he would never frisk again at our coming nor put up his paw against us. But he lived long enough to preach the sermon about caution and contentment of which I have been the stenographer.

“LESSONS FROM MY DOGS.

“I said when I lost Carlo, that I would never own another dog. We all sat around, like big children, crying about it; and what made the grief worse, we had no sympathizers. Our neighbors were glad of it, for he had not always done the fair thing with them. One of them had lost a chicken when it was stuffed and all ready for the pan, and suspicions were upon Carlo. I was the only counsel for the defendant; and while I had to acknowledge that the cir-

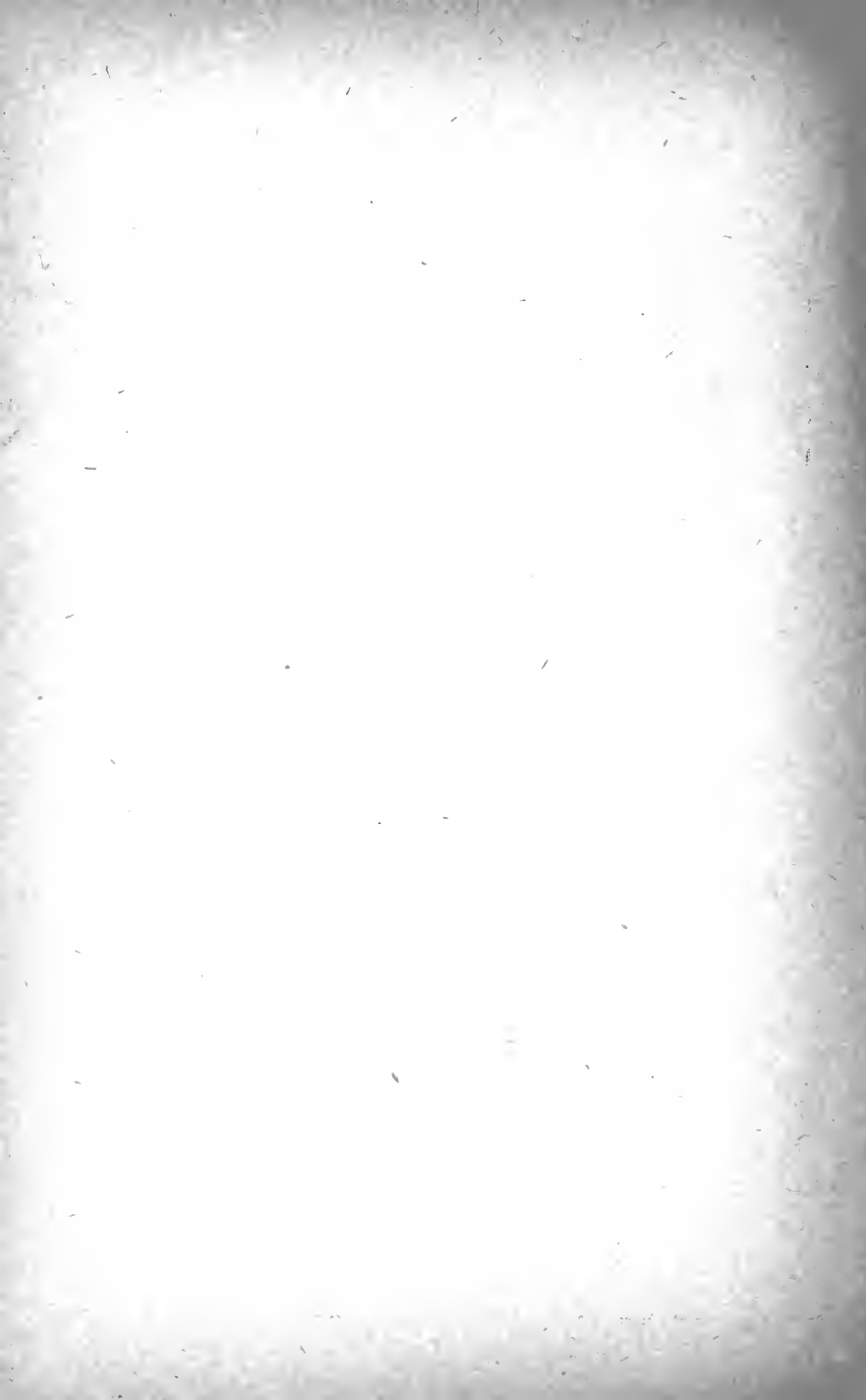
cumstantial evidence was against him, I proved his general character for integrity, and showed that the common and criminal law were on our side, Coke and Blackstone in our favor, and a long list of authorities and decisions: II. Revised Statutes, New York, 132, § 27; also, *Watch v. Towser*, Crompton and Meeson, p. 375; also, *State of New Jersey v. Sicem Blanchard*. When I made these citations, my neighbor and his wife, who were judges and jurors in the case, looked confounded; and so I followed up the advantage I had gained with the law maxim, *Non minus ex dolo quam ex culpa quisque hac lege tenetur*, which I found afterwards was the wrong Latin, but it had its desired effect, so that the jury did not agree, and Carlo escaped with his life; and on the way home, he went spinning round like a top, and punctuating his glee with a semicolon made by both paws on my new clothes. Yet, notwithstanding all his predicaments and frailties, at his decease we resolved in our trouble that we would never own another dog. But this, like many other resolutions of our life, has been broken; and here is Nick, the Newfoundland, lying sprawled on the mat. He has a jaw set with strength, an eye mild, but indicative of the fact that he does not want too many familiarities from strangers; a nostril large enough to snuff a wild duck across the meadows, knows how to shake hands, and can talk with head, and ear, and tail, and—save an unreasonable antipathy to cats—is perfect, and always goes with me in my walk out of town.

“He knows more than a great many people. Never do we take a walk, but the poodles, and rat-terriers, and the grizzly curs with stringy hair and damp nose, get after him. They tumble off the front door-step, and out of kennels, and assault him front and rear. I have several times said to him (not loud enough for Presbytery to hear),

‘Nick! why do you stand all this? Go at them!’ He never takes my advice. He lets them bark and snap, and passes on unprovokedly without a sniff or growl. He seems to say: ‘They are not worth minding. Let them bark. It pleases them and don’t hurt me. I started out for a six mile tramp, and I cannot be diverted. Newfoundlands like me have a mission. My father pulled three drowning men to the beach, and my uncle on my mother’s side saved a child from the snow. If you have anything brave, or good, or great for me to do, just clap your hands and point out the work, and I will do it, but I cannot waste my time on rat-terriers.’ If Nick had put that in doggrel, I think it would have read well. It was wise enough to become the dogma of a school. Men and women are more easily diverted from the straight course than is Nick. No useful people escape being barked at.

“If these men go right on their way, they perform their mission and get their reward, but one-half of them stop and make attempt to silence the literary, political, and ecclesiastical curs that snap at them. Many an author has got a drop of printer’s ink spattered in his eye, and collapsed. If a fool, no amount of newspaper or magazine puffery can set you up; and if you are useful, no amount of newspaper or magazine detraction can keep you down. For every position there are twenty aspirants; only one man can get it; forthwith the other nineteen are on the offensive. People are silly enough to think that they can build themselves up with the bricks they pull out of your wall. Pass on and leave them. What a waste of powder for a hunter to go into the wood to shoot black flies, or for a man of great work to notice infinitesimal assault. My Newfoundland would scorn to be seen making a drive at a black-and-tan terrier.





“Lesson for dogs and men: Keep out of fights. If you see a church contest, or a company of unsanctified females overhauling each other’s good name, until there is nothing left of them but a broken hoop-skirt and one curl of back hair, you had better stand clear. Once go in, and your own character will be an invitation to their muzzles. Nick’s long, clean ear was a temptation to all the dogs. You will have enough battles of your own, without getting a loan of conflicts at twenty per cent. a month. When Nick and I take a country walk, and pass a dog-fight, he comes close up by my side, and looks me in the eye with one long wipe of the tongue over his chops, as much as to say, ‘Easier to get into a fight than to get out of it. Better jog along our own way;’ and then I preach him a short sermon from Proverbs xxvi. 17, ‘He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.’”

CHAPTER IV.

I VISIT ENGLAND.

“MY friend looked white as the wall, flung the ‘London Times’ half across the room, kicked one slipper into the air, and shouted, ‘Talmage, where on earth did you come from?’ as this summer I stepped into his English home. ‘Just come over the ferry to dine with you,’ I responded. After some explanation about the health of my family, which demanded a sea voyage, and this necessitated my coming, we planned two or three excursions.

“At eight o’clock in the morning we gathered in the parlor in the ‘Red Horse Hotel’ at Stratford-on-Avon. Two pictures of Washington Irving, the chair in which the father of American literature sat, and the table on which he wrote, immortalizing his visit to that hotel, adorn the room. From thence we sailed forth to see the clean, quaint village of Stratford. It was built just to have Shakespeare born in. We have not heard that there was any one else ever born there, before or since. If, by any strange possibility, it could be proved that the great dramatist was born anywhere else, it would ruin all the cab-drivers, guides, and hostelries of the place.

“We went of course to the house where Shakespeare first appeared on the stage of life, and enacted the first act of his first play. Scene the first: Enter John Shakespeare, the father; Mrs. Shakespeare, the mother; and the old nurse, with young William.

“A very plain house it is. Like the lark, which soars

highest but builds its nest lowest, so with genius; it has humble beginnings. I think ten thousand dollars would be a large appraisal for all the houses where the great poets were born. But all the world comes to this lowly dwelling. Walter Scott was glad to scratch his name on the window, and you may see it now. Charles Dickens, Edmund Kean, Albert Smith, Mark Lemon and Tennyson, so very sparing of their autographs, have left their signatures on the wall. There are the jambs of the old fire-place where the poet warmed himself and combed wool, and began to think for all time. Here is the chair in which he sat while presiding at the club, forming habits of drink which killed him at the last, his own life ending in a tragedy as terrible as any he ever wrote. Exeunt wine-bibbers, toppers, grog-shop keepers, Drayton, Ben Jonson, and William Shakespeare. Here also is the letter which Richard Quynney sent to Shakespeare, asking to borrow thirty pounds. I hope he did not lend it; for if he did, it was a dead loss.

“We went to the church where the poet is buried. It dates back seven hundred years, but has been often restored. It has many pictures, and is the sleeping place of many distinguished dead; but one tomb within the chancel absorbs all the attention of the stranger. For hundreds of years the world has looked upon the unadorned stone lying flat over the dust of William Shakespeare, and read the epitaph written by himself:

“ ‘ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.’

“Under such anathema the body has slept securely. A sexton once looked in at the bones, but did not dare touch them, lest his ‘quietus should be made with a bare bodkin.’

“From the church door we mounted our carriage; and crossing the Avon on a bridge which the Lord Mayor of London built four hundred years ago, we started on one of the most memorable rides of my life. The country looked fresh and luxuriant from recent rains. The close-trimmed hedges, the sleek cattle, the snug cottages, the straggling villages with their historic inns, the castle from whose park Shakespeare stole the deer, the gate called ‘Shakespeare’s stile,’ curious in the fact that it looks like ordinary bars of fence, but as you attempt to climb over, the whole thing gives way, and lets you fall flat, righting itself as soon as it is unburdened of you; the rabbits darting along the hedges, undisturbed, because it is unlawful, save for licensed hunters, to shoot, and then not on private property; the perfect weather, the blue sky, the exhilarating breeze, the glorious elms and oaks by the way—make it a day that will live when most other days are dead.

“At two o’clock we came in sight of Kenilworth Castle. Oh, this is the place to stir the blood. It is the king of ruins. Warwick is nothing, Melrose is nothing, compared with it. A thousand great facts look out through the broken windows. Earls and kings and queens sit along the shattered sides of the banqueting-halls. The stairs are worn deep with the feet that have clambered them for eight hundred years. As a loving daughter arranges the dress of an old man, so every season throws a thick mantle of ivy over the mouldering wall. The roof that caught and echoed back the merriment of dead ages has perished. Time has struck his chisel into every inch of the structure.

“By the payment of only threepence you find access to places where only the titled were once permitted to walk. You go in, and are overwhelmed with the thoughts of past glory and present decay. These halls were promenaded by Richard Cœur de Lion; in this chapel burned the tomb

lights over the grave of Geoffrey de Clinton; in these dungeons kings groaned; in these doorways duchesses fainted. Scene of gold, and silver, and scroll-work, and chiselled arch, and mosaic. Here were heard the carousals of the Round Table; from those very stables the caparisoned horses came prancing out for the tournament; through that gateway, strong, weak, heroic, mean, splendid Queen Elizabeth advanced to the castle, while the waters of the lake gleamed under torch-lights, and the battlements were aflame with rockets; and cornet, and hautboy and trumpet, poured out their music on the air; and goddesses glided out from the groves to meet her; and from turret to foundation Kenilworth trembled under a cannonade, and for seventeen days, at a cost of of five thousand dollars a day, the festival was kept. Four hundred servants standing in costly livery; sham battles between knights on horseback; jugglers tumbling on the grass; thirteen bears baited for the amusement of the guests; three hundred and twenty hogsheads of beer consumed; till all Europe applauded, denounced, and stood amazed.

“Where is the glory now? What has become of the velvet? Who wears the jewels? Would Amy Robsart have longed to get into the castle had she known its coming ruin? Where are those who were waited on, and those who waited? What has become of Elizabeth the visitor, and Robert Dudley the visited? Cromwell’s men dashed upon the scene; they drained the lakes; they befouled the banquet-hall; they turned the castle into a tomb, on whose scarred and riven sides ambition and cruelty and lust may well read their doom. ‘So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Thee be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.’”

THOMAS CARLYLE.

“In Chelsea, a suburb of London, and on a narrow street,

with not even a house in front, but, instead thereof, a long range of brick wall, is the house of Thomas Carlyle. You go through a narrow hall and turn to the left, and are in the literary workshop where some of the strongest thunderbolts of the world have been forged. The two front windows have on them scant curtains of reddish calico, hung at the top of the lower sash, so as not to keep the sun from looking down, but to hinder the street from looking in.

“The room has a lounge covered with the same material, and of construction such as you would find in the plainest house among the mountains. It looks as if it had been made by an author not accustomed to saw or hammer, and in the interstices of mental work. On the wall are a few woodcuts in plain frames or pinned against the wall; also a photograph of Mr. Carlyle taken one day, as his family told me, when he had a violent toothache and could attend to nothing else. It is his favorite picture, though it gives him a face more than ordinarily severe and troubled.

“In long shelves, unpainted and unsheltered by glass or door, is the library of the world-renowned thinker. The books are worn, as though he had bought them to read. Many of them are uncommon books, the titles of which I never saw before. American literature is almost ignored, while Germany monopolizes many of the spaces. I noticed the absence of theological works, save those of Thomas Chalmers, whose name and genius he well-nigh worships. The carpets are old and worn and faded—not because he cannot afford better, but because he would have his home a perpetual protest against the world’s sham. It is a place not calculated to give inspiration to a writer. No easy-chairs, no soft divans, no wealth of upholstery, but simply a place to work and stay. Never having heard a word about it, it was nevertheless just such a place as I expected.”

WORKS OF ART.

“None can forget the place, or the day, or the hour, when he first gazed on a genuine work of one of the old masters. We had seen for years pieces of canvas which pretended to have come from Italy or Germany, and to be three or four hundred years old. The chief glory of them was that they were cracked, and wrinkled, and dull, and inexplicable, and had great antiquity of varnish, immensity of daub, and infinity of botch. The great grandfather of the exhibition got the heirloom from a Portuguese pedlar, who was wrecked at Venice in the middle of the last century, and went ashore just as one of the descendants of the celebrated Braggadocio Thundergusto, of the fourteenth century, was hard up for money, and must have a drink or die.

“But I find in my diary this record:

“‘June 30, 1870, at two o’clock, P. M., in the National Gallery of Scotland, I first saw a Titian.

“‘July 9, 1870, at ten minutes to three o’clock, in the National Gallery of England, first saw a Murillo.’

“It seemed to require a sacred subject to call out the genius of the old masters. On secular themes they often failed. They knew not, as do the moderns, how to pluck up a plant from the earth and make it live on canvas. Delmonico, for the adornment of a shoulder of bacon, with his knife cuts out of a red beet a rose more natural than the forget-me-not of old Sigismond Holbein, or the lily by Lo Spagna. Their battle-pieces are a Cincinnati slaughter-house. Their Cupid scenes are merely a nursery of babies that rush out from the bath-tub into the hall before their mother has time to dress them. The masters failed with a fiddle, but shook the earth with a diapason. Give them a ‘Crucifixion’ or a ‘Judgment,’ and they triumph.”

CHAPTER V.

MY RETURN TO AMERICA.

[IN company with Dr. Talmage, on board the "Gallia," up the Channel, he remarked to us that he had recently passed the steamship "Greece," in which vessel he once encountered, with seven hundred other souls on board, a terrific cyclone when returning home from England. His powerful description of that event, written at the time, we now present to our readers.—ED.]

"The steamer 'Greece' of the National Line swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Englishmen, Irishmen, Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts: British and American ensigns. So may they ever float, and no red hand of war ever snatch either of them down! In the same prayer that we put up for our own national prosperity, we will send up the petition, 'God save the Queen!' We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and committing ourselves to the care of Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one week ago last night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to

pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails, or to fasten the hatches. You must know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And when a ship goes down they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! With finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: ‘Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!’ And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and portholes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, further and further, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amid the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the ‘City of Boston,’ the ‘Lexington,’ the ‘President,’ the ‘Cambria’—waiting for the archangel’s trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin-doors, and unfasten the hatches.

“I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two: one

was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there, we heard overhead something like minute-guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table, getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: 'Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?' And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted on a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant, we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink; and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump, thump, thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said: 'The screw is stopped!' No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtaken machinery going thump, thump, thump. At three o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled backward and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half-way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such ter-

rific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: 'I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!'

"There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage; and as the waters rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck, and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman with a child in her arms rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: 'Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here.' Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: 'O blessed Mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!' Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands, and cried out; 'O God! what shall I do? what shall I do?' The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: 'Below! all hands below!' Our brave and sympathetic Captain Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: 'This ship is mine! I have cap-

tered it! Ha! ha! I will command it. If God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel! There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the life-boat on one side. Crash! went the life-boat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and as with the heft of a thunder-bolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jib-boom, studding-sail boom, and square-sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane!

“Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging; there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. O, my God! let me never see anything like it again!

“Everybody prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. ‘If I should give up,’ he said, ‘I do not know what would become of mother.’ There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed unsatisfactory. I could only say; ‘Here Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That’s me! Into Thy hands I commit myself, my wife, and children at home, the Tabernacle, the College—all the interests of Thy kingdom. It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon Thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to Thee, O Lord Jesus! praying

that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!' Oh! I tell you, a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

"The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port-holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave-cliff to wave-cliff; and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might, it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew His voice. The waves knew his foot. They died away. And in the shining track of his feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire—'The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea.' The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw around about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so, over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction; and the lips of earth and heaven met. As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said: 'Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters.'

"It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were

pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire-cleft stood opposite to fire-cleft; and here, a cloud rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up, until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung towards the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: 'Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!'

"So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendors of eternal joy.

"And so we came into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us! And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. 'And so it came to pass, that we all escaped safe to land.'

"To that God, who delivered me and my comrades, to that God, I commend you. Wait not for the storm and darkness, before you fly to Him. Go to Him now, and seek his pardon. Find refuge in his mercy.

"And may God grant that when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale.

“ Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
Home at last!
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide.
Home at last!
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore.
Home at last!
Home at last!”

CHAPTER VI.

THE HISTORY OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

THE church which is popularly known as the Brooklyn Tabernacle, but whose corporate title is the Central Presbyterian Church, has a history which, as a specimen of remarkably and rapidly achieved success, has so many points of brilliancy that it is not to be wondered at that it has already filled a large place in the local historic records, in which have been noted the great achievements in church enterprises that form so distinguishing a characteristic of Brooklyn. This rapid and remarkable growth, however, relates exclusively to its present pastorate. Previous to that its advance was slow, and its career without remarkable incident. Like most of the churches of that city, it had its inception in a mission Sunday-school. This school was organized by certain members of the Second Presbyterian Church, then under the care of the Rev. J. S. Spencer. A leader in the movement was Mr. John R. Morris, the senior elder of the church just named. He was chosen its first superintendent on July 19, 1834, and the school was held in a building in Prince street, and was known as the Prince Street Mission. This enterprise was prosecuted amid many various discouragements through a period of thirteen years. It culminated on April 13, 1849, when a church was organized with twenty-five members, under the corporate title of the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. Worship was held in the Sunday-school room for some months. The congregation then pur-

chased the building which, in 1833, had been erected for a church by S. A. Willoughby, Esq., at the corner of Willoughby and Pearl Streets, and which had been used by the Fifth Presbyterian Church. This building is now known as the Central Auction Sales Room. The Rev. Nathaniel C. Locke was installed as the first pastor of the new church, and under his ministrations about fifty persons were added to its membership. Mr. Locke withdrew in 1850, and was succeeded by the Rev. Calvin Edson Rockwell, D.D., who was installed February 13, 1851. After a lapse of two years, the congregation determined to erect a new house of worship. A sale of the Willoughby Street property was effected on January 24, 1853. In order to have a house of worship for immediate use, the congregation erected a temporary building, to which they gave the name of the Tabernacle. It was placed at the corner of State and Nevins streets, and was opened for public worship April 3, 1853. The building of the permanent structure in Schermerhorn street, near Nevins street, which then took the name of the Central Presbyterian Church, and which is now known as the Lay College Building, was begun, its corner-stone being laid November 4, 1853. As then completed, and as it stands to-day, it is a brick structure ninety-nine by sixty-two feet. The main auditorium contains one hundred and forty-four pews on the ground floor and forty-two in the gallery. The edifice has a basement the full size of the building. Its front is decorated with a portico of the Grecian Doric order. Its cost was about thirty thousand dollars. This edifice is now occupied by the present Tabernacle Congregation for the Sunday-school, the Lay College, prayer-meetings and church sociables. For some time after the erection of this church considerable success attended the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Rockwell. In the winter of

1855 an extensive revival occurred, during which a large number were added to the membership. In the succeeding years a decline followed these successes. The great popularity and power of Rev. Dr. Cuyler, whose church was so near by, drew away numbers, and a want of interest began to tell sadly upon the condition of affairs in the Central Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Dr. Rockwell continued on until 1868, when he felt it to be his duty to resign. The church was without a minister for a year following, and during that time its members dwindled rapidly, until, it is said, only nineteen persons had the courage to make an effort to get a first-class minister and to resuscitate the church. Among those who did much to rouse the courage of this handful of faithful ones was Judge E. C. Converse, a gentleman of great faith, eloquence and influence. He cast about him for a minister whose power as a preacher and a worker would build up the church. Through connections and acquaintances in the city of Philadelphia, the attention of Judge Converse was drawn to the then already rising local fame of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, then pastor of the First Reformed Church of that city. Mr. Converse determined on a vigorous effort to obtain Dr. Talmage as the minister of the Central Presbyterian Church. It seemed like a forlorn hope that a pulpit orator, whose fame was already beginning to fill the land, would heed, much less accept, a call from a poor struggling church. Be the result what it might, Judge Converse felt that the needs of the Central Presbyterian Church demanded the highest effort, and, besides, he felt that the rising preacher could win a noble fame, and do as glorious a work in Brooklyn as anywhere else. Emboldened by the faithful Judge Converse, his associates commissioned him to be the bearer of a call to Dr. Talmage. It did not damp

the ardor of his hopes to find when he reached the home of Dr. Talmage that four other calls, backed by great influence and power, were already ahead of that which he bore. One was from a leading church in San Francisco, another was from Boston, and another from Chicago, and H. M. Smith, the present editor-in-chief of the "Union," was one of the committee from that city, who carried that call to Dr. Talmage. Now that that gentleman, whose mission at the time resulted only in keen disappointment, has, like Dr. Talmage, become a resident of Brooklyn, and identified with its material and religious interests, he is no doubt abundantly satisfied with the choice of the calls then made. Dr. Talmage has told to a few friends what a struggle of contending influences was produced in his mind by the presentation of those five calls, and the beseeching cry not to leave them set up by the church in the midst of which he was so happily situated, and by which he was so greatly beloved. After repeated prayer for three days, he decided in favor of Brooklyn.

The moment he made and announced his decision, his mind grew at ease, and though many of his congregation came to him with tears in their eyes to induce him to change his determination, he never wavered, as he saw his way clear. His first sermon under his present pastorate was preached on March 7, 1869, from the text, 'God is love.' His fame as a preacher had preceded him to Brooklyn, and from the very first every service he conducted was largely attended. Before the close of his first year the church saw that it would be necessary to construct a larger building to accommodate the crowds who flocked to hear him. The work of building a new edifice was begun in June of the following year, 1870, and completed in three months. This rapidity of construction was due to a re-

markable peculiarity of design from an original plan made and elaborated by Dr. Talmage himself. The principal idea was that of a half-circle auditorium, with the platform placed midway between the two ends of the arc connecting the extremes of the semi-circle, and the passage-ways or aisles radiating out from the platform, and the floor rising from the platform outwardly. The construction of the building was also unique and peculiar. A rough wooden frame formed the exterior outline of the building. This frame was inclosed by strips of corrugated sheet iron so lapped as to form a continuous covering. The frame being covered in this way, both on the inside and the outside, gave to the structure the appearance of one-half of an iron cylinder set on end. The roof over the structure was supported by a series of eight pillars extending in semi-circular form along a radius drawn parallel to the outer radius, and about half-way from the platform to the main entrance. The organ, a splendid one by Hook of Boston, who built the Plymouth Church organ, was, as in the present Tabernacle, placed at the back of the platform, and the organist's bank of keys and pedals were situated immediately in front of the platform.

This new style of church auditorium was not only original with Dr. Talmage, but it was revolutionary in character. It upset the whole previous theory of church architecture and church seating. The superior acoustic properties of buildings thus internally arranged, and the advantages they possess in the matter of obtaining a good view of the speaker, were soon rendered so apparent that the style has since become exceedingly and deservedly popular. Many new churches have since adopted this plan. Among them may be mentioned the Central Congregational (Rev. Dr. Scudder's), and the younger Dr. Tyng's Church,

at Forty-second street and Madison avenue, New York. A church is now being built at Toronto, which is a perfect fac-simile of the present Tabernacle.

The old Tabernacle had no gallery. It had seats for two thousand nine hundred persons, and by bringing in camp-stools three thousand four hundred persons could be seated in it. During its construction Dr. Talmage was allowed leave of absence to visit Europe. He was escorted down the bay on the day of his departure by a large number of his congregation, and among the last sounds borne on his ears, as the escort-boat turned to go back to Brooklyn, were cheers for the Tabernacle, which the congregation had promised to have ready against his return. The congregation nobly redeemed their pledge; the old Tabernacle was completed early in September, 1870, and dedicated on Sunday, the 26th of the same month. The dedication sermon was preached by Dr. Talmage himself, in the presence of about four thousand people. Among the ministers who assisted on the occasion were the Rev. Messrs. Lockwood, Edward Eggleston, D.D., Callum, Butler, and Taylor. The text of the sermon was Luke xiv. 23, 'Compel them to come in.' From that time on, the history of the church was a constant series of successes. Many things about its edifice and its church management were regarded as experiments, and yet all of them had the happiest results. Beside the innovation of the church structure itself, Dr. Talmage set aside the practice of choir-singing, so much then in vogue, and insisted that all the Church music in the Tabernacle should be exclusively congregational. He also enunciated the principle of free pews, and carried it into practical effect.

THE OLD TABERNACLE ENLARGED.

During the following year the old Tabernacle was enlarged by an addition which increased its sitting capacity

about five hundred. It was re-dedicated on Sunday, September 10, 1871.

The dedication sermon was preached by the venerable Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng; the Rev. Dr. Irenæus S. Prime, of the New York "Observer," and the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, assisted at the service. The Rev. B. I. Ives, of the Methodist Church, made an appeal for pecuniary aid, and succeeded in obtaining pledges of sixteen thousand dollars towards the removal of the debt. At that time the whole cost of the edifice, including the organ, was about eighty thousand dollars, nearly all of which was paid, or pledged to be paid, by responsible members of the church. On a certain Saturday afternoon, a few days antecedent to Christmas of 1872, the church session met at the residence of Major B. R. Corwin, and having settled up the finances for the year, separated, congratulating themselves that they had passed through a series of glorious successes.

THE OLD TABERNACLE BURNED.

As the members of the Tabernacle congregation were preparing to assemble for worship on Sunday morning, December 22, 1872, they were startled and saddened at finding their house enveloped in flames. At half-past ten, the time of commencing service, the building was falling in ruins before their eyes.

The fire broke out in less than an hour before, but so rapid was its progress that in thirty minutes the entire edifice was involved and doomed to destruction, despite the efforts of the firemen. The intelligence of the disaster spread rapidly over the city, and immediately expressions of sympathy flowed in from other churches to the houseless congregation. Ten of them offered their own edifices to the Tabernacle people for services in the afternoon and evening, in-

cluding Plymouth Church, the Classon, Clinton and Lafayette Avenue Churches, the Elm Place Congregational, the First and Second Presbyterian, two Baptist, and one Methodist Church. The invitation of Mr. Beecher's church was accepted, and the congregation attended services there in the evening, the occasion drawing a crowded audience. The pastor, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, preached the sermon he had intended for the morning, alluding first, as follows, to the event of the day:

“In the village where I once lived, on a cold night, there was a cry of fire. House after house was consumed. But there was in the village a large hospitable dwelling, and as soon as the people were burned out they came into this common center. The good man of the house stood at the door and said, ‘Come in,’ and the little children as they were brought to the door, some of them wrapped in blankets and shawls, were taken up to bed, and the old people that came in from their consumed dwellings were seated around the fire. And the good man of the house told them that all would be well. This is a very cold day to be burned out. But we come into this hospitable home to-night, and gather around this great warm fire of Christian kindness and love, and it is good to be here. The Lord built the Tabernacle and the Lord let it burn down. Blessed be the name of the Lord! We don't feel like sitting down in discouragement, although the place was very dear. Our hearts there were filled with comfort; and to us, many a time, did Jesus appear—His face radiant as the sun. To-day, when Christian sympathy came in from Plymouth Church, and from ten other churches of the city, all offering their houses of worship to us, I must say I was deeply moved. Tell me not that there is no kindness between churches, or that there is no such thing as Christian brother-

hood. Blessed be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love!"

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE TO THE "CHRISTIAN AGE,"
LONDON.

"Our Free Tabernacle is in ruins. We do not feel as if our work is yet done. We want a place to preach and hear the old-fashioned gospel of pardon and help for all men, through Jesus. We have during the past two years built the Tabernacle and sustained the Lay College. Hence, we have no financial strength left to meet this disaster. I ask the people, North, South, East and West, who love the cause of God, to help us out of this misfortune.

"We want large help, and we want it immediately.

"T. DE WITT TALMAGE."

That the readers of the *Christian Age* promptly and generously responded to this appeal will be seen by the following letter:

A LETTER FROM DR. TALMAGE.

In acknowledgment of the contributions from the readers of the Christian Age towards the erection of the New Tabernacle:

"BROOKLYN, April 23, 1873"

"*My dear Mr. Dickinson:*

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you, and the readers of the 'Christian Age,' for the very handsome contribution just received from you towards the rebuilding of our Tabernacle. My congregation feel your kindness very much. Convey to all our transatlantic friends our thanks and love; and tell them if they ever have a big fire over there, to let us know.

"The rebuilding has already begun, and we shall have a church by the latter part of next September very much

larger than before—holding at least 2,000 more than our former Tabernacle.

“You ask for lectures, &c. If you desire to open a literary column for me, I will fill it for a year with articles somewhat secular, but all having a moral, and most of them a religious bearing. I will send you, as the first instalment of articles, the American edition of ‘Crumbs Swept Up;’ one-half of which have never been published in England. I will mark in the index those more appropriate; and, also, other sketches as I may prepare them, such as ‘Sink or Swim,’ an article which you published.

“We last night closed the year of our Tabernacle Free Lay College. We have six hundred students preparing for different kinds of Christian work. It has been a very prosperous year, and students have accomplished much good in their preaching stations. I will send you, with the next mail, my address at the close of the session. Within the last few weeks I have received many letters from England and Scotland, giving me encouraging accounts of how God is blessing my sermons and books to the comfort and salvation of men. Your ‘Christian Age’ must go almost everywhere.

“The Lord prosper your printing-press.

“Yours, &c.,

“T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

THINGS NOT BURNED UP.

“The Brooklyn Tabernacle is gone! The bell that hung in its tower last Sabbath morning rang its own funeral knell. On that day we gathered from our homes with our families to hear what Christ had of comfort and inspiration for His people. We expected to meet cheerful smiles and warm handshakings, and the triumphant song, and the large

brotherhood that characterized that blessed place; but coming to the doors, we found nothing but an excited populace and a blazing church. People who had given until they deeply felt it, saw all the results of their benevolence going down into ashes, and, on that cold morning, the tears froze on the cheeks of God's people as they saw they were being burned out. Brooklyn Tabernacle is gone! The platform on which it was my joy to stand with messages of salvation; the pews in which you listened and prayed, and wept and rejoiced; the altars around which you and your children were consecrated in baptism; the communion-table where we celebrated the Savior's love—all that scene which to us was the shining gate of heaven, is gone! I will not hide the loss. If I ever forget the glorious Sabbaths we spent there, and the sweet reunions, and the mighty demonstrations of God's spirit among the people, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my soul be left desolate! But we have not come here to sound a dirge. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' Sorrows are loathsome things, but they are necessary. They are leeches that suck out the hot inflammation from the soul. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' I could cover up all this place with promises of hope and peace, and comfort and deliverance. Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

"I am here to-night not to preach a formal sermon, but to tell you of some things that last Sabbath were not burned up.

"First, the spirit of Christian brotherhood was not consumed. You never greeted the members of our church with such cordiality as this week on the street, in cars, and on the ferries. You stood on no cold formalities. The people who during the last two years sat on the other side

of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spoken, you greeted them this week with smiles and tears, as you said: 'Well, the old place is gone.' You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind that made your eyes weak. Ah! there was nothing the matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for two or three years around the same church fireside and not have sympathies in common. Somehow you feel that you would like those people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and pardoned, and blessed and saved. You feel as if you are in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbor, and want to disembark at the same wharf. If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a conglomerate mass; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery, and when this church sorrow started, it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock. The oldest man and the youngest child could join hands in this misfortune. Grandfather said: 'I expected from those altars to be buried;' and one of the children last Sabbath cried: 'I don't want the Tabernacle to burn, I have been there so many times.' You may remember that over the organ we had the words: 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' That was our creed. Well, that is all burned down, but the sentiment is engraved with such durability in our soul that no earthly fire can scorch it, and the flames of the judgment-day will have no power to burn it.

"Another thing that did not burn up is the cross of Christ. That is used to the fire. On the dark day when

Jesus died, the lightning struck it from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sins; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard? In the sight of such a symbol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may come down upon him? Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in hell, or in heaven, that three Hebrew children had the Son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whole church was forsaken by the Lord when they went through a furnace one hundred and fifty-three feet front by one hundred deep. O Lord Jesus! shall we take out of Thy hand the flowers, and the fruits, and the brightness, and the joys, and then turn away because Thou dost give us one cup of bitterness to drink? Oh! no, Jesus, we will drink it dry. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what hast thou put into the cup to sweeten it? Why, it has become the wine of heaven, and our souls grow strong. I come down to-night, and place both of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation: 'Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ.

" 'Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Love divine
Bid every string awake.'

"I remark, again, that the catholicity of the Christian churches has not been burned up. We are in the Academy to-day, not because we have no other place to go. Last Sabbath morning, at nine o'clock, we had but one church;

now we have twenty-five at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say: 'You may take our main audience-rooms, you may take our lecture-rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptize in our baptisteries, and sit on our anxious seats.' Oh! if there be any larger-hearted ministers or larger-hearted churches anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millennium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It has come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old-time bigots with their swords fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn street last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted, and they who wielded them would have learned war no more. I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have been tempted to do it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be, and I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes a fire, or something else, and all is gone. The angels of God sing out on this Christmas air: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' I do not think the day is far distant when all the different branches of the Presbyterian Church will be one, and all the different branches of the Methodist Church will be one, and all the different branches of the Episcopal Church will be one. I do not know, but I see on the horizon the first gleam of the morning which shall unite all evangelical denominations in one organization; churches distinguished from each other, not by a variety of creeds, but difference of locality, as it was in the time of the Apostles. It was then the Church of Thyatira, and the

Church of Thessalonica, and the Church of Antioch, and the Church of Laodicea. So, I do not know but that in the future history, and not far off either, it may be simply a distinction of locality and not of creed, as the Church of New York, the Church of Brooklyn, the Church of Boston, the Church of Charlestown, the Church of Madras, the Church of Constantinople.

“My dear brethren, we cannot afford to be severely divided. Standing in front of the great foes of our common Christianity, we want to put on the whole armor of God, and march down in solid column, shoulder to shoulder, one Commander, one banner, one triumph.

“ ‘The trumpet gives a martial strain:
Oh Israel! gird thee for a fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain,
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.’

“I have to announce, also, among the things not burned up is Heaven. Fires may sweep through other cities—we heard the tolling of the bell as we came in to-night; but I am glad to know that the New Jerusalem is fire-proof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets; there will be no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, and not cries of fire. O my dear brother and sister! if this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying? I have felt a good many times this last week like Father Taylor, the sailor-preacher. He got into a long sentence while he was preaching one day, and lost himself, and could not find his way out of the sentence. He stopped, and said: ‘Brethren, I have lost the nomination of this sentence, and things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow.’ And during this last week, when I saw

the rushing to and fro, and the excitement, I said to myself: 'I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow.' I do not want to go just yet. I want to be pastor of this people until I am about eighty-nine years of age, but I have sometimes thought that there are such glories ahead that I might be persuaded to go a little earlier; for instance, at eighty-two or eighty-three; but I really think that if we could have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, we would want to go to-night, stepping right out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the skies. Ah! that is a good land. Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heart-ache. They tell me that a man might walk five hundred years in that land and never see a tear, nor hear a sigh. They tell me of our friends who have left us and gone there that their faces are radiant as the sun. And they tell me that there is no winter there, and that they never get hungry or cold, and that the sewing girl never wades through the December snow-bank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the night, but only twelve for the day.

"See that light in the window? I wonder who set it there. 'Oh!' you say, 'my father that went into glory must have set that light in the window.' No, guess again. 'My mother, who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light there.' No, guess again. You say: 'My darling little child that last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she must have set that light there in the window.' No, guess again. Jesus set it there, and He will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door, and go in to be at home forever. Oh! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot

take another step, just help me to put my foot on that door-sill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers, whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free. Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches—those internal fires will after a while break through the crust, and the plains and the mountains and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies, but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill-top. Oh, blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt. You say, ‘Will it be?’ You might as well ask me if the sun will rise to-morrow morning, or if the next spring will put garlands on its head. You and I may not do it—you and I may not live to see it; but the Church of God does not stand on two legs nor a thousand legs. I am here to tell you that among the things not burned up is our determination, in the strength and help of God, to go forward.

“You say: ‘Where are you going to get the means?’ Don’t know. The building of the Tabernacle within two years, and then an enlargement, at great expense, within that same time, and the establishment and the maintenance of the Lay College, have taken most of our funds. Did I say just now that I did not know where the funds are to come from? I take that back. I do! I do! from the hearts of the Christian people, and the lovers of the cause of morality, all over this land. I am sure they will help us, and we shall go on, and the new structure shall rise.

How did the Israelites get through the Red Sea? I suppose somebody may have come and said: 'There is no need of trying; you will get your feet wet, you will spoil your clothes, you will drown yourselves. Who ever heard of getting through such a sea as that?' How did they get through it? Did they go back? No! Did they go to the right? No! Did they go to the left? No! They went forward in the strength of the Lord Almighty, and that is the way we mean to get through the Red Sea. Do you tell me that God is going to let the effort for the establishment of a free Christian church in Brooklyn fail? Why, on the dedication day of our Tabernacle, I was not more confident and was not so happy as I am now. That building did its work. We wanted to support a free Christian church; we did it, and got along pleasantly and successfully, and demonstrated the fact. The building is gone. The ninety-five souls received at the first communion in that building more than paid us for all the expenditure. We only put up the Tabernacle for two years. Do you know that? Here sits a member of the Board of Trustees right under me, and he remembers that when we built we said: 'We shall put it up for two years, it will be a temporary residence, and at the close of that time we will know how large a building we want, and what style of building we want.' But having put it up, we liked it so well, we concluded to stay there permanently. But God decided otherwise, and I take it as one of the providential indications of that fearful disaster that we are to build a larger church, and ask all the people to come in and be saved. You know how we were crowded, and pushed, and jammed in that building; and last summer some of us talked about an enlargement, but we found it impossible without changing the whole structure of the building. The difficulty now is gone; and

if the people North, South, East and West will help us, we shall build on a larger scale, and the hundreds and thousands who have wanted to be with us, but could not, shall have room for themselves and families, where they may come and be comforted in their sorrows, and by the grace of the Lord Jesus, find out the way to heaven. Do you tell me that the human voice cannot reach more people than we used to have there? It is a mistake. I have been wearing myself out for the last two years in trying to keep my voice in. Give me room where I can preach the glories of Christ and the grandeurs of heaven.

“The old iron-clad has gone down by a shot midships. We will build next time of brick. The building shall be amphitheatrical in shape; it shall be very large; it shall be very plain. Whether the material will be any better than the one used in the old structure, I cannot say, for there are four things that God has demonstrated within a short time are not fire proof. One is corrugated iron; witness the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Another is brick; witness the fire last week in Centre street, New York. Another is Joliet stone; witness Chicago. Another is Quincy granite; witness Boston. Why, when God rises up to burn anything, a stone wall is shavings. Hear that, O you men who are building on nothing but earthly foundations. The people will rise up, and all our friends North, South, East and West, who have been giving us their sympathies, will translate their sympathies and their ‘God bless you’s’ into ‘greenbacks,’ and next winter the people will cry out: ‘The glory of the second temple is greater than the first.’

“There was a king of olden time who prided himself on doing that which his people thought impossible; and it ought to be the joy of the Christian Church to accomplish that which the world thinks cannot be done.

“But I want you to know that it will require more prayer than we have ever offered, and more hard work than we have ever put forth. Mere skirmishing around the mercy-seat will not do. We have got to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. We have got to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword-arm free. Strike for Christ and His kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me aside. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country parsonage amid the mountains. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have a few hundred dollars, they are at your disposal. I have good physical health, it is yours as long as it lasts. I have an enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God, and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual home. Come on, then! I will lead you. Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed over Jordan! Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in mid-life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young men, put the fire of your soul in this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan really did burn that Tabernacle down, as some people say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook.

“Good-bye, Old Tabernacle! your career was short but blessed; your ashes are precious in our sight. In the last day may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached! Good-bye, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel

peace, and others heard the last message ere they fled away into the skies! Good-bye, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1870!

“But welcome our new church (I see it as plainly as though it were already built)! Your walls firmer; your gates wider; your songs more triumphant; your ingatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes, and greet our waiting vision. Burst on our souls, O day of our church’s resurrection! By your altars, may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man’s work of what sort it is. Welcome, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1873!”

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW TABERNACLE.

UNDISMAYED by the loss, while the smoke of the ruins was yet arising, measures were adopted for the erection of a new Tabernacle, and for raising funds for that purpose. The sympathy of the surrounding congregations was warm and hearty. The congregation sought a temporary home in the Academy of Music, and for fourteen months they worshipped there. The very first service was preceded by a prayer-meeting held in the directors' room of the Academy, followed by a general prayer-meeting at the close of the sermon. These prayer-meetings were prominent features of religious worship as conducted by Dr. Talmage during the time he occupied the Academy of Music, and are still continued.

Architect John Welsh was called upon to furnish plans for the new Tabernacle. He emphatically made it a labor of love, and set himself studiously to the task of evolving designs, which, while they carried out the main features of the old Tabernacle, would introduce many improvements. That he succeeded most admirably is the universal verdict of all who have visited the new Tabernacle. The cornerstone of the new edifice was laid June, 1873, in the presence of a great crowd of people. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Prime, of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. Dr. Dowling, of the Baptist Church; and the Rev. Dr. Ward, of the Congregational Church. The erection of the building was pushed with the utmost dispatch, and the

building committee received the hearty plaudits of the congregation for the energy and efficiency displayed by them in forwarding the work. It was completed and dedicated on February 22, 1874, in the presence of the largest congregation that ever assembled in the city. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. Byron Sunderland, D.D., chaplain of the United States Senate, on the text, "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of hosts," Haggai ii. 9. The ministers who assisted at this service were the Rev. Dr. Duryea, Rev. Dr. Crooks, Rev. Dr. Dowling, Rev. Dr. French, Rev. Dr. Ball, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. As on the occasion of the dedication of the former Tabernacle, the Rev. Dr. Ives, of the Methodist Church, made the appeal for pecuniary aid, and in response to their appeal some forty thousand dollars were pledged. The Brooklyn Tabernacle is the largest Protestant church in America. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with a front on Schermerhorn street of one hundred and fifty feet, while the length of the transverse section is one hundred and twelve feet. The lower floor furnishes sitting accommodation for thirty-one hundred persons, and the gallery for fifteen hundred. About five hundred persons can be accommodated with camp chairs and standing-room. The gallery is supported by iron columns, and is reached by stairways from the front porches. Three beautiful arched windows, highly ornamented with stained glass, throw a flood of soft light upon the auditorium in the daytime. Three magnificent chandeliers and a series of bracket lights attached to the wall shed a blaze of brilliant light over the audience assembled in the evening. All these lights are simultaneously lighted by means of an electric apparatus. Among the valuable peculiarities of the building is its many entrances. There are

twenty-two in all, and so ready and convenient that an audience of five thousand persons can pass out of the building in four minutes. Another remarkable peculiarity is its excellent ventilation. Perfectly uniform heat can be maintained, and at the same time complete purity of the atmosphere be preserved. It is regarded by the best judges in America as the most perfect audience-chamber on the continent, especially in regard to accoustic properties, and in affording advantages to every sitter to see the speaker, and in its means to preserve the purity of its internal atmosphere. The organ is the largest ever built by its makers, Jardine and Sons. Every conceivable improvement known to organ-builders at the time of its construction was incorporated into it. Among its novel features is the "Vox Humana," which is regarded as a nearer approach to the real human voice than anything which has been previously invented. Another novelty is the chime of bells ordered from London. Still another is the "song trumpet," whose clear tones have all the ring of a cornet. Under the touch of that master of harmonies, Professor George W. Morgan, aided by the voices of five thousand people, the church melodies of the Brooklyn Tabernacle have seldom been equaled in any place of Divine worship. The building, with the ground, cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and will accommodate five thousand people.

DR. TALMAGE'S SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

"Standing before you this morning, preaching my sixth anniversary sermon as your pastor—a style of sermon in which the preacher is generally expected to be more than usually personal—I have to tell you that the burdens of life are getting to me less and less, and that as the years pass on I have fewer and still fewer anxieties. In beautiful

Belleville, on the banks of the Passaic, where I began my Christian ministry, it seemed as if all the work came down on my young shoulders. Going to the West, the field was larger and the care less. Going to Philadelphia, the field was still larger and the care still less. And standing to-day, as I do, among hundreds of warm personal friends, whose hands and feet and hearts are all willing to help, I have less anxiety than I ever had. I have taken the advice of Jethro, and have gathered around me a great many with whom I expect to divide all the care and the responsibility; and though sometimes, what with the care of this church where we have a perpetual religious awakening, and the conducting of a religious weekly newspaper, and the conducting of the Lay College, people have often addressed me in words similar to those of the text: 'Thou wilt surely wear away; this thing is too heavy for thee,' I am glad to tell you that I am in perfect health and ready to recount to you what the Lord has been doing in all these days of our sojourn together, between 1869 and 1875.

"It is now six years since I preached to you my opening sermon, on the text, 'God is love.' I wish I could pour out my soul this morning in a doxology of praise to God and of gratitude to this people. The difference between these years has been that the second was happier to me than the first, and the third than the second, and the fourth than the third, and the fifth than the fourth, and the sixth than the fifth. God has led us through many vicissitudes. We are in the third church in six years; crowded out of the first, burned out of the second, by the mercy of God led into the third. We look back to the solitary service six years ago in the old chapel, with a congregation that almost could be accommodated on this platform. For many years the chapel had been in strife until the three or

four parties had exterminated each other, leaving an expanse of empty pews, a wheezy organ, a cramped-up pulpit, and a steeple the laughing-stock of the town. My personal friends applied to me an emphatic word of four letters, and two letters alike, in expressing my folly in undertaking this enterprise. Indeed it seemed heavier than to start entirely new, for there were widespread prejudices in regard to the church. Still we went on. By the blessing of God in three or four weeks our church was filled, and it is astonishing how well an old building looks when it is all occupied, for there is no power in graceful arch, or in carved pillar, or in exquisite fresco to adorn a place like an audience of beaming countenances. I had rather preach in a full barn than in a sparsely-attended cathedral. Empty pews are non-conductors of Gospel electricity. People came in from all ranks and conditions, and, in looking over the audience to-day, I cannot see more than four or five families who were with us six years ago. Some of them have been advanced into the better society of heaven, while some of them dropped off because they thought we were going too fast and they could not keep up. We went on gathering the people in from all ranks and conditions, until we have here to-day the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant; those who toil with pen, with printing-press, with yardstick, and with hammer. Enough physicians—allopathic, homœopathic, hydropathic, and eclectic—to treat us in all our disorders. Enough lawyers to defend us in all our legal contests. Enough artists to cover our walls with pictures. Enough merchants to give us the necessary fabrics, whether foreign or domestic. Enough mechanics to build and polish, and make comfortable for us our residences. And I will say that never did there come together in one church a crowd of more genial, intelligent, sympathetic,

enthusiastic, and warm-hearted Christian people than those which assemble here. We are all of one mind and heart. We cordially greet all who come, and give a God-speed to those who go. When anybody does not like the music, or the preaching, or the plan on which our church is conducted, we say 'Good-bye' as cheerfully as when he came we said 'How do you do?' This church is now so large, that if a man wants to make trouble, such a small portion hear of it that he soon gives up the undertaking as a dead failure.

"We are all now together. We tarried long enough in the old tabernacle to learn how to conduct a larger church. Then, when it was time for us to graduate from that, we got our diploma in red scroll of flame, signed, sealed, and delivered on one cold December day, in 1872. When that conflagration took place, through inadequate insurance consequent upon the style of material of which the old building was constructed, we lost everything save our faith in God and our determination to go ahead. We tarried in the Academy of Music long enough to gather up hundreds of the best families of our congregation who are worshipping with us to-day, and to get a baptism of the Holy Ghost such as was never poured out on any church on this continent. We came into this building with the blessing of God, and with the blessing of all denominations of Christians in this land and in Great Britain; and since we have been here the Lord has mightily blessed us, pouring out His Spirit from Sabbath to Sabbath, so that I can ask you, well knowing what your answer will be, whether you have made any too great sacrifices for Christ and His kingdom? During these six years the Lord has sorely tried us; in the first place, by calling us to build a church with a new congregation that had not at all been consolidated; then by the demolition of that building; then by taking us a mile

off from the center of our congregation, to worship in another building; then by the almost superhuman effort of putting up this building during a financial depression such as never before afflicted this country. If God had not helped the architect, and helped the trustees, and helped the people, we should have perished in the undertaking; and while I wish to-day to recognize the indomitable perseverance and sacrifices of the congregation, I must say, to God belongs the glory. He planned this structure, making it perfect in acoustics; raising money for the building out of the very jaws of a national panic; filling the house with worshipers. O, let us praise Him now and let us praise Him forever. I say you are not sorry for any of the sacrifices or toils through which you have gone. We have had so perpetually the blessing of God in this church that it excites no remark when from a single service hundreds of souls step out into the kingdom of Jesus. There are in almost all the towns and cities of this country those residents who in this building first woke up to their spiritual necessities. Letters come from north and south, and east and west, from the Canadas, and from both sides the sea, telling me of this fact. O that to-day we might make some fitting expression to the Lord! Shall it be in carved words upon the pillars? Shall it be in wreaths upon the wall? Shall it be in the organ's open diapason? All that is well, but rather let it be that our hearts shall rise to God in an intense and all-conquering acclamation of thanksgiving. We are trying here to maintain a well-balanced church, and for that reason we have in all departments of Christian service the old and the young. It is a bad thing for a church when the old people have all the management, or when the young people have all the management. In the one case the church will go on too slow, in the other it will

go too fast. We want the fast men to keep the slow men from going too slow, and the slow men to keep the fast people from going too fast. Here are many of the aged. They have come down to us from another day. Not on their brow the snows of many winters, as people often say, but the white crocuses of an everlasting spring-time into which they are about to blossom. And how many of the young coming to us Sabbath by Sabbath! We want them all equipped for God. We want them for flying artillery in a double-quick march. When there is a storming party to be made up, we want to wheel them into line—old men for counsel, young men for action.

“We are also trying to maintain a musical church. We have an inborn antipathy to anything like stilted and precise song in the house of God. We like oratorios, orchestras, concerts, and prima donnas in their places; but we want vociferous singing in the house of the Lord. David cries out; ‘Sing aloud unto God.’ In other words, do not hum or mumble it. O for an anthem strong enough to surge the whole audience on the beach of heaven! Persuaded that we could not do the work so well by the use of a choir, we have called into the service of the church two Bible instruments—the organ and the cornet, and so the music of the church has been sustained, and led, and developed. O what grand and glorious singing we have had during the past years; even people who had bronchitis forgetting their infirmity, and lifting aloud their voice before God; people who could not sing a note opening their mouth, reckless as to what kind of a sound came out of it; but the little discord is overwhelmed in the great symphony—a chirp drowned in the great rush of waters. And yet we feel this morning that we have not done what we might, or ought, or will do, in this department of Christian service.

We want more heart under it, more soul flung into it. We want the whole audience roused up to the sound of jubilee. We want the people to come from their homes on Sabbath with hymn-books, and after the preacher shall announce the hymn, we want them to find the right page and clear their throats, and at the first throb of the cornet on the air stretch themselves up to the magnificence and glory of this exercise. History tells us of a shout the Persian host lifted so loud that the eagles that were flying through the air were stunned, and dropped to the earth. O that there might go up such a congregational anthem from this house of the Lord as shall make all heaven drop in blessing on our souls! I take partly the words of the Bible, and partly my own words, and say; 'Why are ye so slack to go up and possess the orchards, and the vineyards, and the mountains of sacred song?' O that the music of heaven and earth might join midway the arches! Rise, O song of earth! Descend, O song of heaven!

"Still further: we are trying to maintain in this place a church aggressive and revolutionary. Why build or maintain any other church in this city of churches, where there are enough to accommodate all the people who are disposed to go to the house of God on the Sabbath, and perhaps more than enough? If you have nothing particular, nothing unique, nothing different, then what a waste of bricks, and brawn, and brain. But we have an idea of a church. We have built this house of God as a place where we mean to bombard iniquity. We want to smash sin without any apology for smashing it. We have started in this line and we mean to keep on, and study to be as well pleased with curses as blessings from the people. If there are any of you who do not like to go to a church which is assaulted of many newspapers, and of the outside world, who cannot understand

its policies and its principles, stand clear of this church. We mean until the day of our death, and for a few days after, to keep society stirred up by the discussion of themes vital to its interests, and vital to the interests of the immortal soul. During the past six months theatrical people have been after us, and the Spiritualists have been after us, and the Unitarians have been after us, and the Universalists have been after us—one of their prominent men recently saying that he did not think there would be any hell except for one man, and that the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle! But still we go on, as God gives us strength, and health, and spirit to do His will. We have only taken, as it were, the outside casement of this great rampart of iniquity. On! on! ‘If God be for us, who can be against us?’

“Still further: we are trying here to maintain a generous church. We have as a church been able to do but little for outside charities, for the reason that we have been all the time building churches or enlarging them. But we are trying to maintain an organism on the voluntary principle. We believe that a church can be educated up to the duty and the joy of giving. We put no premium on financial meanness. We believe that people ought to give to the cause of God every farthing they can possibly give. Moreover, we believe that all can give something, and that the vast majority of the people could give more in our churches than they do and be better off. We believe that the grandest investment a man ever makes for this world, or the world to come, is what he gives to the Church of God, since Christ pays him back five-fold, ten-fold, fifty-fold, a hundred-fold. In other words, we believe that a man is better off in this world if he is generous, and well-off just in proportion as he is generous; and we believe that those

people who give the most in proportion to their means will after a while have the finest houses on earth and the grandest mansions in heaven. The stingy people keep poor, the generous get rich, as a general rule. It is the old principle of the Bible: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days.' So I believe if a man takes the old Bible principle, and gives one-tenth of all his income to the cause of God, he has an insurance of prosperity such as the signature of the Bank of England cannot give him. I believe our congregation will yet rise up to the positive rapture of giving. We believe that men can be so built on a large scale of heart, that they will look over their property, and then say: 'I will give so much towards my spiritual culture. I will give so much towards the spiritual culture of my wife. I will give so much towards the spiritual culture of my children. I will give so much towards the spiritual culture of those who have little or no means. How small it seems, this that I am giving to Christ who gave everything to me. I wish it were five hundred thousand times more.' Yes, we believe that the time will come when people will be so educated in this matter of Christian generosity, that instead of deciding by what other people give, or what people give in other churches, they shall give according to their own appreciation of the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and infinity of their spiritual advantages. Do you not wish you had given that three thousand dollars to the cause of Christ that went down in Northern Pacific Bonds?

"I believe the time will come in the Church when the passing of a contribution plate or a subscription paper will kindle up the faces of the people as by the illumination of a great satisfaction. But now how many of us begrudge the few dollars we give to the Lord, and only give when we seem to

be compelled to give, and so keep ourselves poor at the store and rob ourselves of eternal dividends. Under the old dispensation, as I intimated, the people gave one-tenth of their property to the Lord, but that was a far inferior dispensation to the one we have; and yet how few in this day who receive a thousand dollars a year give a hundred to God; how few who receive five thousand give five hundred to God; how few who receive a hundred thousand give ten thousand to God. Those Jews, under their dark dispensation, gave one-tenth for a mere taper of spiritual life and light, while we do not give as much as that though we have noonday radiating the atmosphere. I really think that if those old Jews gave one-tenth for their half-and-half advantages, we ought to give one-fifth for the glorious privileges which God in this day has bestowed upon us. We talk a great deal about the evangelization of this world and the salvation of men; but there is more talk than contribution, and I do not believe that the prayer of a man for the salvation of this world ever amounts to anything unless he by his own generosity shows that he is in earnest in the matter. I like the style of Elias Van Bendeschatten, the old man who came into a meeting of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in 1814, and after there had been a great many long and brilliant speeches made about the education of young men to the ministry, got up and said he would like to speak. The people looked chagrined. They thought to themselves: 'He can't speak.' 'Mr. President, I will give eight hundred and forty dollars in cash towards that object, and thirteen thousand dollars in bonds.' And then sat down. While the theory is abroad in many of the churches that men give only as they are compelled to give, I believe that the people can be educated up to a grand and glorious voluntary contribution for the support of the

Gospel of Jesus; but I cannot make the people believe this without your help. Remember the words of Jethro to his son-in-law. Come, let us all rally in this one respect and try partly to pay God for our Bibles, for our churches, for our families, for our hopes of heaven. If we do not carry out this principle, there will come up after awhile a stronger generation to execute this commission of Christ, and then they will look back and say: 'Ah what a shrivelled-up minister and people that must have been in the Brooklyn Tabernacle in 1875! When the Lord opened before them an opportunity of carrying out a Gospel principle, they had not the courage to carry it out.' I do not expect to bother this world much after I go out of it, but I must start the suspicion that if ever the auctioneer's hammer cracks on the back of one of these pews, it will wake me up quicker than the prophet Samuel was awakened by the Witch of Endor.

"Still further: we are here trying to build and organize, and keep up a soul-saving church. I mention this last because it is first. 'And the first shall be last.' I have by argument, and illustration, and caricature in these last six years tried to create in your soul an unutterable disgust for much of the religion of this day, and to lead you back, so far as God gave me strength to do it, to the old religion of Jesus Christ and His apostles. I have tried to show you that the meanest cant in all the world is the cant of skepticism, and that you ought to stop apologizing for Christianity since it is the duty of those who do not believe in Christianity to apologize to you, and that the biggest villains in the universe are those who want to rob us of that grand old Bible, and that there is one idea in a church that ought to swallow up all other ideas, and that is the soul-saving idea. 'But,' you say, 'are you not going to

pay any attention to those who have entered into the kingdom of God and have really become Christians?' My theory is, the way to develop a man for this world, and for the world to come, is to throw him chin deep in Christian work, and if after a man has been drawn out of the mire of his sin on to the 'Rock of Ages,' he wants to jump back, then he will have to jump; I am not going to stand and watch him! I believe the great work of the Christian Church is to bring men out of their sin into the hope and the joys of Christ's salvation, and then if with all the advantages of this century, with open Bible and the constant plying of the Holy Ghost, a man cannot grow in grace, he is not worth a great deal of culture. We want this a church set apart for the one grand object of bringing men out of their sin into the hope of the Gospel. There will in this coming year be two hundred thousand strangers who will be seated within these gates. How many of them will you bring to Christ by your prayers and your personal solicitations? Will you bring a score, or will it be a hundred or a thousand? I must tell you that compared with this work of saving immortal souls all other work is cold, and stale, and insipid. To this one work, God helping me, I consecrate the remaining days and years of my life, and I ask you to join with me in this crusade for the redemption of immortal souls.

"Now can it be possible that six years of my pastorate have passed away never to return? How many squandered days and years—squandered by you and by me. God forgive us for the past and help us to be more faithful for the future. Through what a variety of scenes we have gone! I have stood by you in times of sickness and by the graves of your dead. When you came back from exhausting sickness that we feared would be fatal, I praised God that the

color came back to your cheek and the spring to your step. And some of you in the past six years have passed through dire bereavements. How few of the families of my congregation have not been invaded! How many of the old people have gone in the last two or three years! They went away so gently that they had ended the second or third stanza in eternal glory before you knew they were gone. And, oh, how many of the bright dear children have gone! The very darlings of your heart. You tried to hold on to them with your stout arms, and you said: 'O Lord, spare them. I can't give them up; I can't give them up. Let me keep them a little longer.' But they broke away from your arms into the light of heaven. It seemed as if Jesus and the angels determined to have them there and then. But we have tried to make this church a comforting place for all the broken-hearted. O how many of them there are! We have tried to fill the song, and the sermon, and the prayer with the solace of God's promises, and so it shall be hereafter. It is no mere theory with me. I have had enough trouble of my own to know how to comfort those who are desolate, and it is my ambition to be to you a son of consolation. Standing as we do at the open portals of another pastoral year, let us to-day make a new vow of consecration. Let us be faithful to God and faithful to each other; for soon we must part, and all these pleasant scenes in which we have mingled will vanish forever. By the throne of God, our work all done, our sorrows all ended, may we be permitted to talk over the solemn, delightful, and disciplinary occurrences of this my pastoral year in Brooklyn."

CHAPTER VIII.

MIDNIGHT EXPLORATIONS.

DR. TALMAGE'S "midnight explorations" in Brooklyn and New York, and his discourses describing the temptations and vices of city life, as seen by him in the haunts of vice, and his scorching exposure of "leprosy in the highest places of society," produced the greatest excitement all over the country. He states the reasons which led him to take this somewhat perilous step, as follows:—"I, as a minister of religion, felt I had a Divine commission to explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not ask counsel of my session, or of my presbytery, or of the newspapers, but, asking the companionship of three prominent police officials and two of the elders of my church, I unrolled my commission, and it said: 'Son of man, dig into the wall; and when I had digged into the wall, behold a door; and he said, Go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here; and I went in, and saw, and beheld!' Brought up in the country and surrounded by much parental care, I had not, until this autumn, seen the haunts of iniquity. By the grace of God defended, I had never sowed any 'wild oats.' I had somehow been able to tell, from various sources, something about the iniquities of the great cities, and to preach against them; but I saw, in the destruction of a great multitude of the people, that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and I said, 'I will explore.' I saw tens of thousands of men being ruined, and, if there had been

a spiritual percussion answering to the physical percussion, the whole air would have been full of the rumble, and roar, and crack, and thunder, of the demolition, and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should hear the crash, crash! Just as in the sickly season you sometimes hear the bell at the gate of the cemetery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the bell at the gate of the cemetery where lost souls are buried was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, 'I will explore.' I went as a physician goes into a small-pox hospital, or a fever hospital, to see what practical and useful information I might get. That would be a foolish doctor who would stand outside the door of an invalid writing a Latin prescription. When the lecturer in a medical college is done with his lecture he takes the students into the dissecting-room, and he shows them the reality. I am here this morning to report a plague, and to tell you how sin destroys the body, and destroys the mind, and destroys the soul. 'Oh!' say you, 'are you not afraid that, in consequence of your exploration of the iniquities of the city, other persons may make exploration, and do themselves damage?' I reply: 'If, in company with the Commissioner of Police, and the Captain of Police, and the Inspector of Police, and the company of two Christian gentlemen, and not with the spirit of curiosity, but that you may see sin in order the better to combat it, then, in the name of the eternal God, go! But, if not, then stay away.' Wellington, standing in the battle of Waterloo when the bullets were buzzing around his head, saw a civilian on the field. He said to him, 'Sir, what are you doing here? Be off.' 'Why,' replied the civilian, 'there is no more danger here for me than there is for you.' Then Wellington flushed up, and said, 'God and my country demand that I be here, but you have no errand here.' Now

I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on this exploration, and on this battle-field. If you bear a like commission, go; if not, stay away. But you say, 'Don't you think that somehow your description of these places will induce people to go and see for themselves?' I answer, 'Yes, just as much as the description of the yellow fever at Granada would induce people to go down there and get the pestilence. It was told us there were hardly enough people alive to bury the dead, and I am going to tell you a story in these Sabbath morning sermons of places where they are all dead or dying. And I shall not gild iniquities. I shall play a dirge and not an anthem, and while I shall not put faintest blush on fairest cheek, I will kindle the cheeks of many a man into a conflagration, and I will make his ears tingle. But you say, 'Don't you know that the papers are criticising you for the position you take? I say, Yes; and do you know how I feel about it? There is no man who is more indebted to the newspaper press than I am. My business is to preach the truth, and the wider the audience the newspaper press gives me, the wider my field is. As the press of the United States, and the Canadas, and of England, and Ireland, and Scotland, and Australia, and New Zealand, are giving me every week nearly three million souls for an audience, I say I am indebted to the press, anyhow. Go on! To the day of my death I cannot pay them what I owe them. So slash away, gentlemen. The more the better. If there is anything I despise it is a dull time. Brisk criticism is a coarse Turkish towel, with which every public man needs every day to be rubbed down, in order to keep healthful circulation. Give my love to all the secular and religious editors, and full permission to run their pens clear through my sermons, from introduction to application.'"

There can be no doubt that the sermons which Dr. Talmage preached on "The Night Side of City Life," and which have been widely circulated, produced not only a deep and wide sensation, but also strong opposition and enmity to the preacher. It was impossible that such burning exposures of the sins and sorrows of city life could fail to stir up some of the bitterest feelings that human nature is capable of. So great was the anxiety of the public to hear those sermons that the church was thronged beyond description, the streets around blockaded with people, so that carriages could not pass, Dr. Talmage himself gaining admission only by the help of the police. The sermons are marvellous exhibitions of the preacher's descriptive powers, sparkling with graceful images and illustrative anecdotes, terrible in their earnestness, and uncompromising in their denunciations of sin and wickedness among high and low, sparing neither rich nor poor.

We think it only right that our readers should have the opportunity of judging of the character of these sermons, and therefore we give the substance of one, entitled "The Lepers of High Life."

"I noticed in my midnight explorations with these high officials that the haunts of sin are chiefly supported by men of means and wealth. The young men recently come from the country, of whom I spoke last Sabbath morning, are on small salary, and they have but little money to spend in sin, and if they go into luxuriant iniquity the employer finds it out by the infrared eye and the marks of dissipation, and they are discharged. The luxuriant places of iniquity are supported by men who come down from the fashionable avenues of New York, and cross over from some of the finest mansions of Brooklyn. Prominent business men from Boston, and Philadelphia, and Chicago, and Cincin-

nati patronize these places of sin. I could call the names of prominent men in one cluster who patronize these places of iniquity, and I may call their names before I get through this course of sermons, though the fabric of New York and Brooklyn society tumble into wreck. Judges of courts, distinguished lawyers, officers of the Church, political orators standing on different platforms talking about God and good morals until you might suppose them to be evangelists expecting a thousand converts in one night. Call the roll of dissipation in the haunts of iniquity any night, and if the inmates will answer, you will find there stockbrokers from Wall street, large importers from Broadway, iron merchants, leather merchants, cotton merchants, hardware merchants, wholesale grocers, representatives from all the commercial and wealthy classes. Talk about the heathenism below Canal street! There is a worse heathenism above Canal street. I prefer that kind of heathenism which wallows in filth and disgusts the beholder rather than that heathenism which covers up its walking putrefaction with camel's-hair shawl and point-lace, and rides in turn-outs worth three thousand dollars, liveried driver ahead and rosetted flunky behind. We have been talking so much about the Gospel for the masses, now let us talk a little about the Gospel for the lepers of society, for the millionaire sots, for the portable lazzarettos of upper-tendom. It is the iniquity that comes down from the higher circles of society that supports the haunts of crime, and is gradually turning our cities into Sodoms and Gomorrah waiting for the fire and brimstone tempest of the Lord God who whelmed the cities of the plain. We want about five hundred Anthony Comstocks to go forth and explore and expose the abominations of high life. For eight or ten years there stood within sight of the most fashionable New

York drive a Moloch temple, a brown-stone hell on earth, which neither the mayor, nor the judges, nor the police dared touch, when Anthony Comstock, a Christian man of less than average physical stature, and with cheek scarred by the knife of a desperado whom he had arrested, walked into that palace of the devil on Fifth avenue, and in the name of the eternal God put an end to it, the priestess presiding at the orgies retreating by suicide into the lost world, her bleeding corpse found in her own bath-tub. May the eternal God have mercy on our cities. Gilded sin comes down from these high places in the upper circles of iniquity, and then on gradually down until, in five years, it makes the whole course, from the marble pillar on the brilliant avenue clear down to the cellars of Water street. One of the officers on that midnight exploration said to me, 'Look at them now, and look at them three years from now, when all this glory has departed; they'll be a heap of rags in the station house.' Another of the officers said to me, 'That is the daughter of one of the wealthiest families in Madison Square.'

"But I have something more amazing to tell you than that the men of means and wealth support these haunts of iniquity, and that is that they are chiefly supported by heads of families—fathers and husbands, with the awful perjury of broken marriage vows upon them, with a niggardly stipend left at home for the support of their families, going forth with their thousands for the diamonds and wardrobe and equipage of iniquity. In the name of Heaven, I denounce this public iniquity. Let such men be hurled out of decent circles. Let them be hurled out from business circles. If they will not repent, overboard with them! I lift one-half of the burden of malediction from the unpitied head of offending woman and hurl it on the

blasted pate of offending man! Society needs a new division of its anathema. By what law of justice does burning excoiation pursue offending woman down the precipices of destruction, while offending man, kid-gloved, walks in refined circles, invited up if he has money, advanced into political recognition, while all the doors of high life open at the first rap of his gold-headed cane? I say, if you let one come back, let them both come back. If one must go down, let both go down. I give you as my opinion that the eternal perdition of all other sinners will be a heaven compared with the punishment everlasting of that man who, turning his back upon her whom he swore to protect and defend until death, and upon his children, whose destiny may be decided by his example, goes forth to seek affectional alliances elsewhere. For such a man the portion will be fire, and hail, and tempest, and darkness, and anguish, and despair forever, forever, forever! My friends, there has got to be a reform in this matter or American society will go to pieces. Under the head of 'incompatibility of temper,' nine-tenths of the abomination goes on. What did you get married for if your dispositions are incompatible? 'Oh!' you say, 'I rushed into it without thought.' Then you ought to be willing to suffer the punishment for making a fool of yourself! Incompatibility of temper! You are responsible for at least a half of the incompatibility. Why are you not honest and willing to admit either that you did not control your temper, or that you had already broken your marriage oath? In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand, incompatibility is a phrase to cover up wickedness already enacted. I declare in the presence of the world that heads of families are supporting these haunts of iniquity. I wish there might be a police raid lasting a great while, that they

would just go down through all these places of sin and gather up all the prominent business men of the city, and march them down through the street followed by about twenty reporters to take their names and put them in full capitals in the next day's paper! Let such a course be undertaken in our cities, and in six months there would be eighty per cent off your public vice. It is not now the young men that need so much looking after; it is their fathers and mothers. Let heads of families cease to patronize places of iniquity, and in a short time they would crumble to ruin."

We request the attention of our readers to the following extract from an American journal published at the time the sermons were being delivered:

"The religious and secular newspapers, with great unanimity, ridicule and condemn Dr. Talmage's lectures on the haunts of sin in New York. To this the doctor made reply in his last sermon, and spoke of the 'sublime fury with which the clergymen mount their war-horses and charge down upon century-old sins or sinners. They hurl sulphur at Sodom, and fire at Gomorrah, but when they come to handle modern sins, they take out dainty handkerchiefs, wipe gold-rimmed spectacles, and put kid gloves on their hands.' Now we should like to know what objections our religious contemporaries have to the preacher's course in investigating the facts, verifying Solomon's assertion that such paths take hold on hell, and most earnestly warning the unwary against them. We would not advise another exploration of the gilded hells, but let the minister ask his medical friend to show him the end of such paths, in the hospitals and asylums, slums and cellars, and, our word for it, it will touch his tongue with a live coal of zeal. He will try to save young men as he never before tried."

CHAPTER IX.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SERMON, OR HOW MINISTERS ARE LIED ABOUT.

[Our readers will see by this sermon something of what Dr. Talmage has had to contend with in the course of his remarkable career as a Christian minister, and it will also help to prepare for a more righteous judgment upon the merits of the Trial which has just taken place, and of which an account is given farther on.—Ed.]

“You may not know that this is a double anniversary. It is nearly ten years since I became pastor of this church. Besides, on Tuesday, January 7, of this year (1879) I was forty-seven years of age. This being a double anniversary, you will not be surprised if my sermon this morning is autobiographical. I started life in an old-fashioned Christian family, where they had prayers morning and night, and always asked a blessing on meals; and there was no exception to the rule, for, if my father was sick or away, my mother led, and while sometimes, when my father led, we found it hard to repress childish restlessness, there was something in the tones of my mother, and there was something in the tears which always choked her utterance before she got through with the prayer, that was irresistible. The fact is that mothers get their hearts so wound around their children that when they think of their future, and the trials and temptations to which they may be subjected, they cannot control their emotions as easily as men do. While he had a very sympathetic nature, I never saw my father cry but once, and that was when they put the lid over my

mother. Her hair was white as the snow, and her face was very much wrinkled, for she had worked very hard for us all, and had had many sicknesses and bereavements. I do not know how she appeared to the world, nor what artists may have thought of her features, but to us she was perfectly beautiful. There were twelve of us children, but six of them are in heaven. I started for the legal profession with an admiration for it which was never cooled, for I cannot now walk along by a court-house, or hear an attorney address a jury without having all my pulses accelerated and my enthusiasm aroused. I cannot express my admiration for a profession adorned with the names of Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Rufus Choate, and John McLean. But God converted my soul, and put me into the ministry by a variety of circumstances, shutting me up to that glorious profession. And what a work it is! I thank God every day for the honor of being associated with what I consider the most elevated, educated, refined, and consecrated band of men on this planet—the Christian ministry. I know, I think, about five thousand of them personally, and they are as near perfection as human nature ever gets to be. Some of them on starvation salaries, and with worn health, and amid ten thousand disadvantages, trying to bring comfort and pardon to the race. I am proud to have my name on the roll with them, though my name be at the very bottom, and am willing to be their servant for Jesus' sake. But we all have work. 'To every man his work.' I will not hide the fact that it has been the chief ambition of my ministry to apply a religion six thousand years old to the present day—a religion of four thousand years B. C. to 1869 and 1870 A. D. So I went to work to find the oldest religion I could see. I sought for it in my Bible, and I found it in the Garden of Eden, where the serpent's head

is promised a bruising by the heel of Christ. I said, 'That is the religion,' and I went to work to see what kind of men that religion made, and I found Joshua, and Moses, and Paul, and John the Evangelist, and John Bunyan, and John Wesley, and John Summerfield, and five hundred other Johns as good or approximate. I said: 'Ah! that is the religion I want to preach—the Edenic religion that bruises the serpent's head.' That is what I have been trying to do. The serpent's head must be bruised. I hate him. I never see his head but I throw something at it. That is what I have been trying to do during these courses of sermons, to bruise the serpent's head, and every time I bruised him he hissed, and the harder I bruised him the harder he hissed. You never trod on a serpent but he hissed. But I trod on him with only one foot. Before I get through I shall tread on him with both feet. If God will help me I shall bruise the oppression, and the fraud, and the impurity coiled up amid our great cities. Come now, God helping me, I declare a war of twenty-five years against iniquity and for Christ, if God will let me live so long. To this conflict I bring every muscle of my body, every faculty of my mind, every passion of my soul. Between here and my grave there shall not be an inch of retreat, of indifference, or of compromise. After I am dead, I ask of the world and of the church only one thing—not for a marble slab, not for a draped chair, not for a long funeral procession, not for a flattering ovation. A plain box in a plain wagon will be enough, if the elders of the church will stand here and say that I never compromised with evil, and always presented Christ to the people. Then let Father Pearson, if he be still alive, pronounce the benediction, and the mourners go home. I do not forget that my style of preaching and my

work in general have been sometimes severely criticised by some of my clerical brethren. It has come to be understood that at installations and at dedications I shall be assailed. I have sometimes said to prominent men in my church, 'Go down to such and such an installation, and hear them excoriate Talmage.' And they go, and they are always gratified! I have heard that sometimes in Brooklyn, when an audience gets dull through lack of ventilation in the church, the pastor will look over towards Brooklyn Tabernacle, and say something that will wake all the people up, and they will elbow each other, and say, 'That's Talmage!' You see, there are some ministers who want me to work just the way they do; and, as I cannot see my duty in their direction, they sometimes call me all sorts of names. Some of them call me one thing, and some call me another; but I think the three words that are most glibly used in this connection are 'mountebank,' 'sensationalism,' 'buffoonery,' and a variety of phrases showing that some of my dear clerical brethren are not happy. Now, I have the advantage of all such critical brethren in the fact that I never assault them though they assault me. The dear souls! I wish them all the good I can think of—large audiences, large salaries, and houses full of children, and heaven to boot! I rub my hands all over their heads in benediction. You never heard me say one word against any Christian worker, and you never will. The fact is, that I am so busy in assaulting the powers of darkness that I have no time to stop and stab any of my own regiment in the back. Now, there are two ways in which I might answer some of the critical clergy. I might answer them by the same bitterness and acrimony and caricature with which some of them have assaulted me; but would that advance our holy religion? Do you

not know that there is nothing that so prejudices people against Christianity as to see ministers fighting? It takes two to make a battle, so I will let them go on. It relieves them, and does not hurt me! I suppose that in the war of words I might be their equal, for nobody has ever charged me with lack of vocabulary! But then, you plainly see that if I assaulted them with the same bitterness with which they assaulted me, no good cause would be advanced. There is another way, and that is by giving them kindly, loving, and brotherly advice. 'Ah!' you say, 'that's the way; that's a Christian way.' Then I advise my critical brethren of the clergy to remember what every layman knows, whether in the church or in the world, that you never build yourself up by trying to pull anybody else down. You see, my dear critical brethren—and I hope the audience will make no response to what I am saying—you see, my dear critical brethren, you fail in two respects when you try to do that. First, you do not build yourselves up; and secondly, you do not pull anybody else down. Show me the case in five hundred years where any pulpit; or any church, has been built up by bombarding some other pulpit. The fact is, we have an immense membership in this church, and they are all my personal friends. Then, we have a great many regular attendants who are not church members, and a great many occasional attendants, from all parts of the land, and those people know that I never give any bad advice in this place, and that I always give good advice, and that God by conversion saves as many souls in this church every year as He saves in any other church. Now, my dear critical brethren of the clergy, why assault all these homes throughout the world? When you assault me, you assault them. Besides that, 'To every man his work.' I wish you all prosperity,

critical brethren. You, for instance, are metaphysical. May you succeed in driving people into heaven by raising a great fog on earth. You are severely logical. Hook the people into glory by the horns of a dilemma. You are anecdotal. Charm the people to truth by capital stories well told. You are illustrative. Twist all the flowers of the field and all the stars of heaven into your sermons. You are classical. Wield the club of Hercules for the truth, and make Parnassus bow to Calvary. Your work is not so much in the pulpit as from house to house, by pastoral visitation. The Lord go with you as you go to take tea with the old ladies, and hold the children in your lap and tell them how much they look like their father and mother! Stay all the afternoon and evening, and if it is a damp night, stay all night! All prosperity to you in this pastoral work, and may you by that means get the whole family into the kingdom of God. You will reach people I never will reach, and I will reach people you never will reach. Go ahead. In every possible way, my dear critical brethren of the clergy, I will help you. If you have anything going on in your church—lecture, concert, religious meeting—send me the notice and I will read it here with complimentary remarks, and when you call me a hard name I will call you a blessed fellow, and when you throw a brickbat at me—an ecclesiastical brickbat—then I will pour holy oil on your head until it runs down on your coat collar! There is nothing so invigorates and inspires me as the opportunity to say pleasant things about my clerical brethren. God prosper you, my critical brethren of the ministry, and put a blessing on your head, and a blessing in your shoe, and a blessing in your gown—if you wear one—and a blessing before you, and a blessing behind you, and a blessing under you, and a blessing on the top of you, so that you cannot get out until

you mount into heaven, where I appoint a meeting with you on the north side of the river, under the tree of life, to talk over the honor we had on earth of working each one in his own way. 'To every man his work.' We ought to be an example, my critical brethren, to other occupations. How often we hear lawyers talking against lawyers, and doctors talking against doctors, and merchants talking against merchants. You would hardly go into a store on one side of the street to get a merchant's opinion of a merchant on the other side of the street in the same line of business. We ought, in the ministry, to be examples to all other occupations. If we have spites and jealousies, let us hide them forever. If we have not enough divine grace to do it, let common worldly prudence dictate.

"But during these ten years in which I have preached to you, I have not only received the criticism of the world, but I have often received its misrepresentation, and I do not suppose any man of any age escapes if he be trying to do a particular work for God and the Church. It was said that Rowland Hill advertised he would on the following Sabbath make a pair of shoes in his pulpit, in the presence of his audience, and that he came into the pulpit with a pair of boots and a knife, and having shaved off the top of the boots, presented a pair of shoes. It was said that Whitefield was preaching one summer day, when a fly buzzed around his head, and that he said, 'The sinner will be destroyed as certainly as I catch that fly.' He clutched at the fly and missed it. The story goes that then he said that after all perhaps the sinner might escape through salvation! Twenty years ago the pictorials of London were full of pictures of Charles Spurgeon astride the rail of a pulpit, riding down in the presence of the audience to show how easy it was to go into sin; and then the pictorials

represented him as climbing up the railing of the pulpit to show how hard it was to get to heaven. Mr. Beecher was said to have entered his pulpit one warm day, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, to have said, 'It's hot!' with an expletive more emphatic than devotional! Lies! Lies! All of them lies. No minister of the Gospel escapes. Certainly I have not escaped! A few years ago, when I was living in Philadelphia, I came to unite in holy marriage Dr. Boynton, the eloquent geological lecturer, with a lady of New York. I solemnized the marriage ceremony in the parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The couple made their wedding excursion in a balloon that left Central Park within the presence of five thousand people. When I got back to Philadelphia I saw in the papers that I had disgraced the holy ordinance of marriage by performing it a mile high, above the earth, in a balloon! And there are thousands of people to this day who believe that I solemnized that marriage above the clouds. About eight or nine years ago, in our chapel, at a Christmas festival one week night, amid six or eight hundred children roaring happy, with candies and oranges and corn-balls, and with the representation of a star in Christmas-greens right before me, I said, 'Boys, I feel like a morning-star.' It so happened that that phrase is to be found in a negro song, and two days afterward it appeared over the name of a man who said he was 'a member of a neighboring church;' that I had the previous Sunday night, in my pulpit, quoted two or three verses from 'Shoo Fly!' And, moreover, it went on to say that we sang that every Sunday in our Sunday school! And as it was supposed that 'a member of a neighboring church' would not lie, grave editorials appeared in prominent newspapers deploring the fact that the pulpit should be so desecrated, and

that the Sabbath schools of this country seemed to be going to ruin. Some years ago, in the New York 'Independent,' I wrote an article denouncing the exclusiveness of churches, and making a plea for the working classes. In the midst of that article there were two ironical sentences, in which I expressed the disgust which some people have for anybody that works for a living. Some enemy took these two ironical sentences and sent them all around the world as my sentiments of disgust with the working classes, and a popular magazine of the country, taking these two ironical sentences as a text, went on to say that I preached every Sunday with kid gloves and swallow-tail coat (!), and that I ought to remember that if ever I got to heaven I should have to be associated with the working classes, and be with the fishermen apostles, and Paul, the tent-maker. To this very day I get letters from all parts of the earth, containing little newspaper scraps, saying; 'Did you really say that? How is it possible you can so hate the working classes? How can you make that accord with the words of sympathy you have recently been uttering in behalf of their sorrows?' A few years ago I preached a series of sermons here on good and bad amusements. There appeared a sermon as mine denouncing all amusements, representing that all actors, play-actors and actresses were dissolute without exception, and that all theatrical places were indecent, and that every man who went to a theatre lost his soul, and that it was wrong even to go to a zoological garden, and a sin to look at a zebra. I never preached one word of the sermon. Every word of that sermon was written in a printing-office by a man who had never seen me, or seen Brooklyn Tabernacle—every word of it except the text; that he got by sending to another printing-office. In the State of Maine a religious paper has a letter from a clergyman, who say

that I came into this pulpit on Sabbath morning with Indian dress, feathers on my head, and scalping-knife in my hand, and that the pulpit was appropriately adorned with arrows, and Indian blankets, and buffalo-skins; and the clergyman in that letter goes on, with tears, to ask, 'What is the world coming to?' and asks if ecclesiastical authority somehow cannot be evoked to stop such an outrage. Why do I state these things? To stop them? Oh, no. But for public information. I do not want to stop them. They make things spicy! Besides that, my enemies do more for me than my friends can. I long ago learned to harness the falsehood and abuse of the world for Christ'an service. I thought it would be a great privilege if I could preach the gospel through the secular press beyond these two cities. The secular press of these two cities, as a matter of good neighborhood and of home news, have more than done me justice; and I thank them for it. If they put the Gospel as I preach it in their reportorial columns, I should be very mean and ungrateful if I objected to anything in the editorial columns. I have felt if this world is ever brought to God, it will be by the printing press; and while I have for many years been allowed the privilege of preaching the Gospel through the religious press all around the world, I wanted to preach the Gospel through the secular press beyond these cities, to people who do not go to church and who dislike churches. My enemies have given me the chance. They have told such monstrous lies about this pulpit and about this church that they have made all the world curious to know what really is said here. They have opened the way before me everywhere in all the cities of this land, so that now the very best, the most conscientious, and the most leading papers of the country allow me, week by week, to preach

repentance and Christ to the people. And first of all, now, I thank the secular press of these two cities for their kindness, and after that I publicly thank—for I shall never have any opportunity of doing so save this—the Boston ‘Herald,’ the Cincinnati ‘Enquirer,’ the Philadelphia ‘Press,’ the ‘Times’ of Philadelphia, the Albany ‘Argus,’ the ‘Inter-Ocean’ of Chicago, the ‘Advance’ of Chicago, the ‘Courier-Journal’ of Louisville, the ‘Times-Journal’ of St. Louis, the ‘Dispatch,’ of Pittsburg, the Reading Eagle, Pennsylvania; the Henrietta ‘Journal’ of Texas, the ‘Evangel’ of San Francisco, the ‘Telegraph’ of St. John, Canada, the ‘Guardian’ of Toronto, Canada, the ‘Christian Age,’ the ‘Christian Herald,’ and the ‘Christian Globe,’ of London, the ‘Southern Cross’ of Melbourne, Australia, ‘Town and Country’ of Sidney, Australia; the ‘Words of Grace’ of Sydney, Australia, and many others, all around the world. And I want to tell you that when I was called here to this place, while I received the call from nineteen people, my enemies now give me the opportunity every week of preaching the Gospel to between seven and eight million souls. They have excited the curiosity to see and hear what I would say, and then the leading, the honorable newspapers of the country have gratified that curiosity. Go on, mine enemies! If you can afford it in your soul I can. So God makes the wrath of men to praise Him, and while I thank my friends I thank my enemies.

“But, while the falsehoods to which I have referred may somewhat have stirred your humor, there is a falsehood which strikes a different key, for it invades the sanctity of my home; and, when I tell the story, the fair-minded men and women and children of the land will be indignant. I will read it, so that if any one may want to copy it they can after, (Reading from manuscript). It has been stated

over and over again in private circles, and in newspapers hinted, until tens of thousands of people have heard the report, that sixteen or seventeen years ago I went sailing on the Schuylkill River with my wife and her sister (who was my sister-in-law); that the boat capsized, and that having the opportunity of saving either my wife or her sister, I let my wife drown and saved her sister, I marrying her in sixty days! I propose to nail that infamous lie on the forehead of every villain, man or woman, who shall utter it again, and to invoke the law to help me. One beautiful morning, my own sister by blood relation, Sarah Talmage Whiteknack, and her daughter, Mary, being on a visit to us in Philadelphia, I proposed that we go to Fairmount Park and make it pleasant for them. With my wife and my only daughter—she being a little child—and my sister, Sarah, and her daughter, I started for Fairmount. Having just moved to Philadelphia I was ignorant of the topography of the suburbs. Passing along by the river I saw a boat and proposed a row. I hired the boat and we got in, and not knowing anything of the dam across the river, and unwarned by the keeper of the boat of any danger, I pulled straight for the brink, suspecting nothing until we saw some one wildly waving on the shore as though there were danger. I looked back, and lo! we were already in the current of the dam. With a terror that you cannot imagine I tried to back the boat, but in vain. We went over. The boat capsized. My wife instantly disappeared and was drawn under the dam, from which her body was not brought until days after; I, not able to swim a stroke, hanging on the bottom of the boat, my niece hanging on to me, my sister, Sarah, clinging to the other side of the boat. A boat from shore rescued us. After an hour of effort to resuscitate my child, who was nine-tenths dead—

and I can see her blackened body yet, rolling over the barrel, such as is used for restoring the drowned—she breathed again. A carriage came up, and leaving my wife in the bottom of the Schuylkill River, and with my little girl in semi-unconsciousness, and blood issuing from her nostril and lip, wrapped in a shawl on my lap, and with my sister, Sarah, and her child in the carriage, we rode to our desolate home. Since the world was created a more ghastly and agonizing calamity never happened. And that is the scene over which some ministers of the Gospel, and men and women pretending to be decent, have made sport. My present wife was not within a hundred miles of the place. So far from being sisters, the two were entire strangers. They never heard of each other, and not until nine months after that tragedy on the Schuylkill did I even know of the existence of my present wife. Nine months after that calamity on the Schuylkill, she was introduced to me by my brother, her pastor, Rev. Goyt Talmage, now of Port Jervis, New York. My first wife's name was Mary R. Avery, a member of the Reformed Church, Harrison street, South Brooklyn, where there are many hundreds of people who could tell the story. My present wife, I say, was not within a hundred miles of the spot. Her name was Susie Whittemore, and she was a member of the Reformed Church in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, where multitudes could tell the story. With multitudes of people on the bank of the Schuylkill who witnessed my landing on that awful day of calamity, and hundreds of people within half an hour's walk of this place who knew Mary Avery, and hundreds of people in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, who knew my present wife, Susie Whittemore—what do you think, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, editors and reporters, of a lie like that manufactured out of

the whole cloth? I never have spoken of this subject before, and I never shall again; but I give fair notice that, if any two responsible witnesses will give me the name of any responsible person after this affirming this slander, I will pay the informant one hundred dollars, and I will put upon the criminal, the loathsome wretch who utters it, the full force of the law.

“But while I have thus referred to falsehoods and criticisms, I want to tell you that in the upturned faces of my congregation, and in the sympathy of a church always indulgent, and in the perpetual blessing of God, my ten years’ experience in Brooklyn have been very happy. Now, as to the future—for I am preaching my anniversary sermon—as to the future, I want to be of more service. My ideas of a sermon have all changed. My entire theology has condensed into one word, and that a word of four letters, and that word is ‘help.’ Before I select my text, when I come to this pulpit, when I rise to preach, the one thought is, How shall I help the people? And this coming year I mean, if God will give me His Spirit, to help young men. They have an awful struggle, and I want to put my arm through their arm with a tight grip, such as an older brother has the right to give to a younger brother, and I want to help them through. Many of them have magnificent promise and hope, I am going to cheer them on up the steps of usefulness and honor. God help the young men! I get letters every week from somebody in the country, saying, ‘My son has gone to the city; he is in such a bank, or store, or shop. Will you look after him? He was a good boy at home but there are many temptations in the city. Pray for him, and counsel him.’ I want to help the old. They begin to feel in the way; they begin to feel neglected, perhaps. I want at the edge of the snow-bank

of old age to show them the crocus. I want to put in their hands the staff and the rod of the Gospel. God bless your gray hairs. I want to help these wives and mothers in the struggle of housekeeping, and the training of their children for God and for Heaven. I want to preach a Gospel as appropriate to Martha as to Mary. God help the martyrs of the kitchen, and the martyrs of the drawing-room, and the martyrs of the nursery, and the martyrs of the sewing-machine. I want to help merchants; whether the times are good or bad, they have a struggle. I want to preach a sermon that will last them all the week; when they have notes to pay, and no money to pay them with; when they are abused and assaulted. I want to give them a Gospel as appropriate for Wall street, and Broadway, and Chestnut street, and State street, as for the communion table. I want to help dissipated men who are trying to reform. Instead of coming to them with a patronizing air that seems to say, 'How high I am up, and how low you are down,' I want to come to them with a manner which seems to say, 'If I had been in the same kind of temptation, I might have done worse.' I have more interest in the lost sheep that bleats on the mountain than in the ninety-nine sheep asleep in the fold. I want to help the bereft. Oh! they are all around us. It seems as if the cry of orphanage and childlessness and widowhood would never end. Only last Wednesday we carried out a beautiful girl of twenty years. Fond parents could not cure her. Doctors could not cure her. Oceanic voyage to Europe could not cure her. She went out over that road over which so many of your loved ones have gone. Oh! we want comfort. This is a world of graves. God make me the sun of consolation to the troubled. Help for one. Help for all. Help now. While this moment the sun rides mid heaven, may the eternal noon of God's pardon and comfort flood your soul."

CHAPTER X.

THE TRIAL.

WE now come to what we doubt not is the most painful event in Dr. Talmage's life. To be the subject of gossip and tittle-tattle, to have one's sayings and doings criticised and sometimes misrepresented, is the lot of all public men; but, we regret to say, Dr. Talmage has been called to pass through a much severer trial than any that could have arisen from such causes as these. We will not attribute unworthy motives to those who have been the chief actors in this movement directed against Dr. Talmage, we will hope that they believe they were discharging a great public duty in the course which they have been pursuing. Indeed, we feel assured that neither party can look back upon the scenes which were reported as taking place during the trial, without deep sorrow for the scandal brought upon the Christian ministry and the Christian name itself. A private conference of the brethren with Dr. Talmage would have been enough to answer every purpose, when the "common fame" charges against Talmage might have been inquired into, and a right decision arrived at in the interests of truth and charity. But unhappily this was not done, and the world now rings with the Brooklyn Presbytery Scandal. From the first of this painful matter it has seemed to us that to proceed against a Christian minister merely on the ground of "common fame" was unworthy a body of men such as the Brooklyn Presbytery. Was there ever a zealous servant of God, since the world began, that "common fame"

has not more or less calumniated? Has it not been the lot of God's servants in all ages to be reviled and slandered by "common fame?" Yea, was it not thus that the life of the Master Himself was taken away? The "common fame" of the Scribes and Pharisees, the priests and the rulers of Jerusalem, alleged that Jesus was "a wine-bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners;" that He had "a devil and was mad;" that He said He would destroy the temple; that He was seditious, and stirred up the people to rebellion against Cæsar; that He was a blasphemer, &c. It was upon "common fame" that He was apprehended and crucified. We candidly confess that the manner in which the prosecuting party proceeded against Talmage has never ceased to appear to us as cowardly and mean; that under the assumption of "common fame" was concealed a dislike to the man, and a desire to strike him down, which dared not show itself in a fair and honest and manly encounter. We say this without any reference whatever to the merits of the case, and without the slightest wish to create prejudice. The Brooklyn Presbytery has decided by a majority of five that Talmage is innocent of the charges made against him, and the same majority have passed a resolution expressing confidence in his character, and esteem and regard for him and his work; and so far these are weighty testimonies in his favor, which ought at the least to procure for him such treatment as an acquitted man deserves; but the case is not thereby terminated. The minority in the Presbytery have appealed to the higher court in the Presbyterian Church, the Synod, and in consequence of that appeal the whole case must be gone into again before the larger court; and therefore respect for that court as well as for Talmage himself precludes our saying more at present. It is evident from Talmage's declaration

before the Presbytery that he was not unprepared for hostile action. He said, "We have been ready for trial for nine years in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The air has been full of the threats of the Presbytery towards us. We have been committed and committed, and not to be ready for trial at this time would be a very strange thing. One month ago I stood up here and demanded investigation and trial. I said, 'I am here now prepared to answer any and every question put to me, and I want an investigation. An investigation for forty-seven years.' But I was not heard. I want an investigation—not for one year, but for forty-seven years. All the facts concerning my life—between God and my soul there are ten thousand sins and imperfections—but between myself and my church, and between myself and my brethren, I challenge investigation. I waive the ten days which I have a right to demand to prepare for trial. I am ready now, with the documents in my pocket, and with witnesses here to prove that atrocious crimes have been committed against me as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ." These do not read like the words of a man who had anything to conceal or fear. The charge against Dr. Talmage consisted of the following specifications:

Specification I.—In that he acted deceitfully, and made statements which he knew to be false, in the matter of his withdrawal from the editorship of the "Christian at Work," in the month of October, 1876.

Specification II.—In that, at various times, he published, or allowed to be published by those closely associated with him, without contradicting them, statements which he knew to be false, or calculated to give a false impression, in defense of his action and statements referred to in the first specification.

Specification III.—In that he repeatedly made public declarations, in various and emphatic forms of speech, from his pulpit, that the church of which he was pastor was a free church, and that the sittings were assigned without reference to the dollar question, although he knew such declarations to be false.

Specification IV.—In that, in the winter of 1876-7, he falsely accused J. W. Hathaway of dishonest practices, and afterwards denied that he had done so.

Specification V.—In that, in the early part of the year 1878, he endeavored to obtain false subscriptions towards the payment of the debt of the church, to be deceitfully used for the purpose of inducing others to subscribe.

Specification VI.—In that, in the year 1878, he acted and spoke deceitfully in reference to the matter of the re-engagement of the organist of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church.

Specification VII.—In that he publicly declared, on Sunday, February 2, 1879, that all the newspapers said he was to be arraigned for heterodoxy, and used other expressions calculated to give the impression that he expected to be arraigned on that charge, although he knew that he would be arraigned, if at all, on the charge of falsehood, thereby deceiving the people.

The prosecution was conducted by the Rev. Arthur Crosby and Rev. Archibald McCullough. The defense was committed to the Rev. Dr. Spear, a venerable minister of the new school, who certainly had not been prejudiced in Talmage's favor. Dr. Spear said:

“I have heard of him and talked about him, and said some things adverse to him which, if I had known him as well as I now do, I would not have said. I find that I was mistaken in some very important respects

He is not in all particulars the man that I supposed he was, and not the man that the common fame I heard said he was. I took him to be odd, strange, startling and sensational by design, study and art; but I now see, as I did not then see, that Nature has given him such forms of thought and modes of expression as must carry along with them much of what very sober people call indiscretion and imprudence. I looked upon him as a man whom it would be well to chisel, and straighten, and put into a more comely shape; but I did not then see, as I do now, that he has an emotional and intellectual organization remarkably unique; his own, and not another's, and that he cannot be trimmed, cramped or frozen without undermining the foundation of his great powers. I did not then see, as I do now, that he is and must be himself, however much the critics may snarl at him; and that when and where he is himself there is in him an immense amount of that which is good and strong. I regarded him as a genius of his own type; but I did not see the peculiarities and infirmities, just as natural as the genius, which sometimes shade the clear luster of the latter. I did not see, as I now do, the fervor and rush of his emotional nature that necessarily involve some imprudence, that will not permit the tongue to measure its own words with the most perfect exactitude, and that will not wait for the cool and careful analysis of deliberate judgment. He is one of those men who often make the air tremble with vibrations too rapid for their own counting. And as to his heart, I was greatly mistaken. I did not then see, as I now do, its natural simplicity, its generous overflow, its unsuspecting artlessness, and, unless I am now mistaken, its honest zeal for God and man. My affections have been drawn towards him in this hour of his trouble, and this is the reason why I am before you to plead his cause."

Subsequently the sixth and seventh specifications were withdrawn. The trial lasted six weeks and attracted general attention and much comment, not only because of the eminence of the accused minister and the nature of the charges preferred against him, but on account of the manner in which the whole affair was conducted. It ended, as we have already stated, in a verdict of acquittal by a majority of five. At the close of the trial Dr. Talmage delivered the following address:

“MR. MODERATOR—‘I think myself happy because I shall be permitted to answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I have been accused, because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions.’ Conscious as I have been of my thorough integrity, I am glad that the Presbytery have come to the same mind. You will all, as Christian brethren, want to know how I feel now. First, a sense of gratitude.” (Here Dr. Talmage extended thanks to the Moderator, to his counsel and to the press).

“How do I feel towards my severe opponents in this Presbytery? I feel well. I would, if need be, go any distance to serve them. By the blessing of God I shall come out of this trial without the slightest grudge. I feel that these opponents have done me no harm. They have opened for me wider fields of usefulness. They have marshaled all Christian people and the world on my side. Whatever they meant God has turned it for good. Every blow struck has somehow passed my head and knocked open a new door of work. How do I feel towards Brothers Van Dyke and Crosby and Greene and Dr. Sherwood? I feel as though I would like to meet them all in heaven, although I am not very anxious to meet them the first two or three days! It is only through the help of God that I

have not lost my temper. I have had no surprise in the final vote. Three newspaper gentlemen, before one word of evidence was taken on this trial, gave me the names of those who would finally vote against me, and they made but one mistake, and that in the case of a clergyman who came to my side. My only surprise was that after raking over my entire life of forty-seven years they have been able to establish nothing against me. I am not as good as that would seem to make me out. I could have given my prosecutors material for fifty specifications against myself, to all of which I would have pleaded guilty. I shall go out of this trial with an increased hatred for everything like sectarianism.

“Not only have I had the sympathy of the entire Presbyterian Church—a handful of this Presbytery excepted—but I have had the sympathy of the Methodist, the Baptist, the Congregational, the Reformed, the Episcopalian, and the Catholic Churches. I never had any sectarianism in my soul, but I have less now. Indeed, though I am a Protestant, in one respect I prefer the Catholic Church. They have only one pope, while in our Protestant denominations there are a hundred, and I think at least one for each presbytery and classis and consociation. Never have I had such full appreciation of the fact that God has His children in all denominations. ‘I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the Communion of Saints.’

“Never have I had such opportunity of cultivating patience as during these six weeks. A few summers ago I lay down in the woods and fell asleep. When I woke up I found a caterpillar on my foot, an ant crawling up my sleeve, and spiders weaving their webs across my body—one web across my boot, one across my knee, one across my

waist, one across my chin, one across my nose, one across my forehead—just seven specifications! But I got up and shook myself, and took a good wash, and felt well. I call you to witness that I have for six weeks lain quietly and allowed all sorts of spiders to crawl over me, and said nothing; but I think it is about time for me to get up and shake myself. I got no harm from my experience in the woods. I expect to get no harm from my experience in the Presbytery. I pronounce my benediction upon all this body. I have no complaint to make. There are two or three regrets I might mention. I regret that when, years ago, I offered to leave this whole matter to a committee, that committee was refused. I regret also that when, two months ago, a committee of five was appointed, they heard my enemies but would not hear one of my friends. I offered in one afternoon to show them the falsity of all the charges, but they would not give me one second to the hearing of one of my friends, while they spent two weeks in gathering up the venom of my enemies. That is a regret in which all fair-minded men will share.

“The actions of that committee have made more infidels than all of them will ever be able to make Christians. At some of the committee I was not much surprised, but I would have thought that the senior member of it would have been very careful about making the scandal of this trial, because of his own past experience. There has been much discussion as to whether my church and its pastor would leave the Presbyterian denomination on account of the atrocity attempted on me. I was born in the Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Church being one branch of the great Presbyterian family. I shall go with my people wherever they go. I believe in them as much as they believe in me. A more highly-educated, refined and con-

servative group of men and women is not to be found on this planet. I hope for the present they will stay in this denomination (Van Dyke's). The power that was the bane of this Presbytery is now broken, and there is going to be more room for free action. The thumbscrews are going out of modern ecclesiasticism. A great many things have transpired in the Presbytery that are no more Presbyterianism than they are South Sea cannibalism. More liberty of thought and deed hereafter in the Brooklyn Presbytery. We cannot all work the same way. Some of the brethren have said that they do not like my way of preaching. I just as much dislike theirs. They do not sanction mine. I could not endure theirs. It is certain that as many people like mine as theirs. My way of preaching is poor enough; but I know theirs will never save the world! God seems to have blessed my work as much as He has theirs; but I will make a bargain with them. I will let them have their way if they will let me have mine. It has been said on this trial that I have eccentricities. If so, they are natural. I have never cultured but one eccentricity, and that is, never to pursue any one engaged in Christian work! It makes but little difference to me whether a fisherman uses Conroy tackle with fly of golden pheasant, or a crooked stick which he cut out of the woods with his own jack-knife, if he only catches the fish. Get men into the Kingdom of God. Who cares about the way you get them in? Six years ago I went to the Adirondacks with a hunting and fishing apparatus loaned me by a friend. The apparatus was worth about five hundred dollars. If the trout and the deer of Saranac Lake and John Brown's Tract could have understood my baggage, they would have been very apprehensive. Such reels! Such bait boxes! Such cartridges! Such Bradford flies! Such pocket flasks for soda water and lemonade!

Suffice it to say I did not interfere with the happiness of the piscatory or zoological world. While I was laboriously getting ready, a mountaineer with an old blunderbuss shot three deer. I found that splendid apparatus did not imply great execution. What is true in the woods is true in the Church. All our elaborate and costly theological apparatus is a failure if we cannot catch souls.

“On this trial my methods have been criticised because some of you do not understand what my theory of preaching is. When I go into the pulpit I say, ‘During this one hour and a half I am going to see how many people I can help, and help right away.’ We all want help. Our children are dead, and we want to know whether there is any place this side or the other of the sun where we can get them into our arms again. To most of us life is a struggle, and we want a Christ to sympathize with us in the struggle. Five hundred thousand people in Brooklyn who want help. Twelve hundred millions of a race wanting help. Eternal God help us to help them. Brethren, I preach the best I can. You could not stand it to hear me preach, and I would not for a salary of five thousand dollars a year sit and hear some of you preach. If you want me different you will have to make me over again; but if you do undertake the job of making me over again, like unto which of these presbyters will you make me? Do let me have a choice of models.

“This is certain: I will hereafter be more intense in my way. I have been stupid long enough in sermonizing; I am hereafter going to be interesting, if such a thing is possible. The brethren say I am orthodox, and I admit that they are orthodox; but I give them notice that I am hereafter going to be orthodox in a more interesting way. No more humdrum for me. I have learned this from the news-

papers of the country. Why do all the people read the newspapers? Because the newspapers are interesting. How are we to get our churches thronged with worshippers? By making our religious services interesting. Hereafter count me out of the old way of doing things. I have been asked whether I intend to withdraw from this Presbytery. I might, perhaps, but for brother Van Dyke's assertion that he should withdraw in case of my acquittal. What would become of the Presbyterian Church if we should both leave it? I think perhaps I had better stay and watch the wreck. But I must adjourn most of what I have to say to my own pulpit, where I feel more at home and have larger audiences. Meanwhile I pray for you and your families all happiness and prosperity. I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

On this extraordinary trial the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher commented as follows in his paper, the "Christian Union":

"With the majority the verdict seems to have been a matter of calm and deliberate conviction, while the minority, if we may judge from their arguments, were not wholly free from passion and vindictive sentiment.

"In truth, however, the Brooklyn Presbytery, rather than Dr. Talmage, has been on trial, and ecclesiasticism more than either. The unbelieving world has looked on, at first with curiosity, and then with anything but reverence or even respect, at the proceedings of this 'Court of Jesus Christ.' It has wondered what example of charity, mutual forbearance, mutual consideration, and, above all, of disinterested and dispassionate love of truth and equal justice, the Church had to show to the world, and it has been amazed at the extraordinary example actually presented. How, it has

asked, do the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ proceed in order to learn the truth concerning a disciple accused of un-Christian conduct? To the answer given it has listened either with sorrowful silence or with open derision.

“It is simply astonishing that in this nineteenth century a body of Christian ministers can devise no method more in accord with the spirit and principles inculcated by Jesus Christ for the determination of the truth of ‘common fame’ respecting a brother, than this modified form of Anglo-Saxon paganism. Imagine the question of Paul’s orthodoxy, or John Mark’s consistency, left to be determined by appointing Peter to stretch every nerve to prove him guilty, John to employ every stratagem to prove him innocent, and the rest of the apostles to decide between them after the sacred sparring-match was over!

“What method could we propose? In the absence of any better suggestion, we think it might be well for the disciples of Christ to try the method which Christ recommended. If any brother felt himself personally injured by Dr. Talmage, or felt that a more serious injury had been inflicted on the Churches of Christ by his conduct, he might go to him alone to remonstrate; if that did no good, he might take one or two discreet brethren, and make, with their aid, a more vigorous attempt to rectify the wrong; and, if that also failed, he might then leave Dr. Talmage alone, and if necessary make a public statement why he chose to do so. This is not a method very much in vogue in any Christian denomination as yet. It affords no field for forensic displays, and no opportunity for newspaper notoriety. We will not say that even some better method of dealing with Christian ministers accused by that ‘devil’s advocate’ of modern society, ‘common fame,’ may not be discovered or invented in the future. But we think we are

quite prepared to say that trial by wager of battle in a 'Court of Jesus Christ' is not such an invention as will commend itself to the average unbeliever as any improvement on Christ's forgotten plan."

In the "Christian World" of London, under date June 6, 1879, an article appeared from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Parker of the City Temple, Holborn, which was generally regarded as a kind of "summing up" against Dr. Talmage. But since then Dr. Parker has published a sort of recantation of that judgment, and as the change in his mind was wrought by a visit from the Rev. Charles Wood, of Buffalo, United States, a Presbyterian minister, and now in England as one of the representatives of the American Presbyterians to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, we think it only fair to Dr. Parker and Dr. Talmage to give the article referred to: "My readers will unanimously bear me witness that from first to last I have had only kind words for Dr. Talmage. Some time since it was rumored that he had acted a very singular part in the matter of a fatal accident on an American river. He made a complete and triumphant reply, which I reproduced, adding a few words of most hearty sympathy and interest. When I was in Brooklyn six years ago, Dr. Talmage received me most kindly; he asked me to preach to his people; he said kind things in his paper; and, in short, he showed all possible friendliness. These are things which I do not easily forget, so when this trial business came up my whole heart went out after Talmage and my confidence in him was unreserved. I had made up my mind to ask him to preach in the City Temple, and to show him all hospitality and affection. Whilst in this state of mind the 'New York Evangelist' came into my hands, and it contained the first and only connected and apparently complete

statement of the trial I had seen, and I perused it with eager interest. Being almost wholly ignorant of Presbyterian methods of procedure, I supposed that Dr. Van Dyke was making the formal accusation, and that Dr. Talmage said about all he had to say in self-explanation and defence. Van Dyke's statement was so clear, so moderate, and so detailed, and Dr. Talmage's speech was so off-handed and so jocular, that I began to fear that there was more substance in the accusation than I at first supposed. But on Saturday night last the Rev. Charles Wood called upon me, and gave me a copy of the speech which had been used by Dr. Talmage's counsel, that I might see exactly how the defense stood. I have learned that Dr. Van Dyke is a near neighbor of Dr. Talmage's, that he is a good and able man, but that his congregation is small. I do not know the effect of this upon an American Presbyterian, but I do know exactly what it would be in the case of some English Congregationalists. The effect would be a most virulent and unreasoning prejudice against the successful man, and all sorts of snarling criticisms would be passed upon him. If 'John Strong,' for example, were in Van Dyke's position, nothing would be too venomous or cruel for him to say; as for a few perversions here and there, they would be of very small account if the object in view, namely, the torment of the successful man, required their aid. It has come to pass that Van Dyke has done exactly what 'John Strong' has done; that is to say, he has, under a feigned name, written a letter to a Philadelphia newspaper respecting Talmage, which letter is, in my opinion, shamefully disgraceful. The man who could write such a letter, under an assumed name, about a brother minister and a near neighbor, is capable of making any accusation, and ought not to be

listened to for one moment. I hate cowardice. I have suffered so much from it myself, and have seen so frequently the damnable treatment of one minister by another, envy and jealousy of the vilest kind being in common use, that I am determined to denounce it by speech and pen wherever I find it. Had I read Van Dyke's letter first I should certainly never have read his speech. He wrote to Philadelphia, signed himself 'Augustin,' and said the meanest things of his nearest neighbor. Turning from this, let me ask, 'Who was Dr. Talmage's counsel?' The answer is, 'Dr. Spear, of Brooklyn.' Dr. Spear is an old-school Presbyterian, who had no particular liking either for Talmage or his methods; a venerable, quiet, cautious man, who has lived an obscurely public life, honored and beloved by his own people. Dr. Spear comes out of this trial with a real love for Dr. Talmage, thinking him far enough from a perfect man, but still giving him his affection and confidence. I no sooner got hold of Dr. Spear's speech than I went at once to the charge about leaving 'The Christian at Work' dishonorably. That was the principal charge in my opinion. I have read the defense, and it now appears (1) that the newspaper was very far from being a financial success; (2) that Dr. Talmage had given notice to leave it; (3) that the paper was sold without Dr. Talmage's knowledge; (4) that Dr. Talmage was not told to whom it was sold; (5) that on hearing of the sale he went down to the office after the paper was made up and took out an article to make room for a very short valedictory, saying that he was going over to another paper, and leaving his address. Of course, it was very singular that on the very day of this being done, there was to have been an advertisement in the 'Christian at Work,' referring to the paper to which Talmage was going, of which advertisement, however, Tal-

mage says he knew nothing, and no proof has been given that he did know of it. Now all this puts a very different complexion upon the matter from that which it was made at first to bear. If I was asked to sit down and find all the fault I could with the case, even as Dr. Spear puts it, I could find a good deal of very serious fault; on the other hand, Talmage had suffered (so he said) a good deal of provocation, the paper was not a success in his hands, he had given notice to leave it, and he was forced by others into very sudden action. I dare not say that I should be a better man under the circumstances, and therefore I cannot condemn Talmage. What the other defenses may be I cannot say, for I have not yet read them. I instinctively go over to the side of the man who is accused. I have always done this, and I hope always to do so. I hate the accusatory spirit; it is devil-born, and infinitely detestable. At the same time I like to get at the reality of the case, and have the full consent of my own mind in giving any man my support. Possibly I may return to the subject next week; meanwhile, I vote that the first charge is not sufficiently sustained.

“JOSEPH PARKER.

“City Temple.”

With this we must now take leave of this remarkable trial. Of one thing we have no doubt, that whatever errors of judgment Dr. Talmage may have committed—and we neither believe in his infallibility nor that of his accusers—public confidence in the general integrity of his heart and life will remain undisturbed. And we are perfectly sure we express the wishes of tens of thousands of Christians of all denominations and in all lands, when we pray that this trial, sharp and painful as it has been to Dr. Talmage, may be sanctified to prepare him for far greater, wider, and higher usefulness, to the glory of God.

CHAPTER XI.

DR. TALMAGE'S VISIT TO EUROPE IN 1879—DEPARTURE FROM AMERICA, MAY 28, 1879.

THE intense excitement created in Brooklyn by the announcement that Dr. Talmage, Mrs. Talmage, and Miss Jessie Talmage would visit England, found its outlet in the following manner. Arrangements were made to freight the palatial steamer, "Grand Republic," to convey over three thousand people, members and other friends, so far as Sandy Hook, to bid them good-bye. The vessel was gaily decked with flags from stem to stern. Among the friends on board the "Grand Republic" were Revs. E. S. Porter, J. W. Williamson, C. N. Sims, B. G. Benedict, J. S. Davison, B. B. Brake, O. S. St. John, A. Taylor, T. Evans, J. A. Baldwin, G. C. Lucas, L. Parker, and L. Gilbert. In attendance also, were Mayor Howell, Aldermen French and Aitken, ex-Mayor Hunter, City Treasurer Mr. Little, Justice Bloom, Assessor Norton, Police Commissioner Jourdan, the United States District Attorney, A. W. Tenney, Messrs. Selmes, Low, Hendris, Britton, Skidmore, McNeil, Powell, Beeke, Fairfield, Lane, Voorhees, Martin, Brockarday, Quimby, Pierson, Van Benchoston, Jones, Smith, Winslow, Jardine, Masters, Miles, Temple, Quackenboss, Adams; Professors West, Dutcher, Arbuckle, Crittenden, &c. Music by Wernig's 23d Regiment Band, was played in stirring airs from the Tabernacle "collection." Under the pilotage of Major Corwin, Dr. Talmage passed through crowds of people to Jewell's dock, and punctually at 9 A. M. found

himself in the midst of over three thousand friends and members of his church. A large number of the Presbyterian clergy, and of other denominations, were on board to express their best wishes for Dr. Talmage and family. The "Grand Republic" then swung off into the stream, amid a chorus of music and steam-whistles, followed by a volley of cheers which rang over the water in the steamer's wake. A rapid run was made to the Battery, Pier 40, North River, where the magnificent "Gallia," of the Cunard line lay swarming with passengers and their friends. Here another volley of cheers went up, as Dr. Talmage and his family stepped upon the deck. They immediately took their station on the quarter-deck of the "Gallia," and waved their farewells. Cheer after cheer was given by the Tabernacle people, as their boat hauled out into the stream, the band playing "Sweet By-and-By." About 11 A. M. the Cunarder steamed rapidly seaward, followed sharply by the "Grand Republic." Soon both vessels were off Staten Island, when the "Grand Republic" steered alongside the "Gallia," and the band played another lively air. This brought Dr. Talmage and family again on deck, who waved their handkerchiefs, as the great vessel swept out to sea. Both vessels having passed the Narrows, and out into the lower bay, the passengers of the "Gallia" were thrilled by the prolonged cheers of "the Tabernacle excursionists," and were themselves prompted to throng the port gunwale, and return the cheers. From the "Grand Republic" Mr. Arbuckle, of the Tabernacle, with his silver trumpet, sent the strains of the Doxology after the Doctor, the regimental band furnished the accompaniment, and then the company of three thousand lifted their voices, and gave the last "Farewell!" This was overwhelming to the Doctor; but quickly putting his hands to his mouth, he shouted a last

“Good-bye, God bless you!” Several hundred yards separated these vessels, yet his words fell upon all ears with a startling distinctness. The “Grand Republic” then headed for New York, and the magnificent “Gallia” made a rapid and splendid voyage to England.

THE “GALLIA” OFF QUEENSTOWN.

On May 15 we received a cable telegram announcing Dr. Talmage’s intended visit to England, and immediately made arrangements to meet and welcome him off Queenstown. By the courtesy of the famous Cunard Company’s agents, Messrs. D. & C. McIver, the necessary documents were completed for our transit by the steam-tender, which would be sent out to receive the mails from the “Gallia” in mid-ocean. After a stormy passage of several hours, the steam-tender bravely accomplished her task, and we were duly landed on board. The Doctor and his family had retired to rest, having given up all hope of the steam-tender reaching the “Gallia.” The surprise was great when we were announced, and a cordial greeting followed. Arriving safely in Liverpool, we accompanied the distinguished visitors to London, where the journey was safely completed on Saturday, June 7, at 2:30 P. M.

IN ENGLAND.

On Sunday, June 8, Dr. Talmage twice attended the services at Westminster Abbey to hear Canon Farrar (author of the “Life of Christ”) and the famous Dean Stanley. In the evening he worshiped with the largest regular congregation in England at Mr. Spurgeon’s Metropolitan Tabernacle, and had the gratification of shaking hands with the pastor at the close of the service.

We have pleasure in reprinting an article which appeared

in the "Liverpool Protestant Standard," under date June 14, 1879:

LANDING OF THE REV. DR. TALMAGE.

"The great Talmage of America landed in Liverpool on last Saturday, and after a brief stay journeyed on to London. This eminent divine and Christian warrior has of late months been made the target for abuse and vituperation from men whose chief characteristics are composed of envy, jealousy, and wind. The accusations which these men brought against Dr. Talmage were almost too silly and absurd to command attention at all; but as the wisest of men suggested that there are times when even fools should be answered according to their folly lest they be wise in their own conceit, we suppose that it was considered necessary that the accusers of Dr. Talmage should have a grand and unrestricted opportunity of making their folly known to all men. And in this not very enviable particular they have been most eminently successful; and so it happens that Dr. Talmage instead of being crushed by his despicable persecutors has risen higher and higher in the estimation of all good, true and noble men, while his traducers are sinking lower and lower into the pit of unutterable yet well-merited contempt. For our part we have never at any time considered that Dr. Talmage or his character needed one word of defense from the pen of any writer. The mighty work which he has accomplished through his heart-stirring sermons proclaims him to be a man sent of God. No one pulpit orator of modern times, that we know of, has more vigorously, bravely, and valiantly attacked sin and evil in every shape and form than Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn. Under his scathing denunciations of vice and iniquity he has caused the devil

to roar with rage and his satellites to gnash their teeth with pain. No wonder was it that the spirits of demonism both in and out of the flesh combined together in order to try to accomplish the ruin of so great and such an uncompromising enemy of the kingdom of darkness. To blast the reputation of Talmage meant Satanic triumphs at which all hell would rejoice. Did not Dr. Talmage fearlessly attack official corruption in high quarters? Did he not stand up as the champion of the Bible in the public schools when its enemies tried to shut it out from the educational department? Did he not openly expose the vices of wealthy profligates who reveled in lust and unholy pleasures in the gilded palaces of debauchery of Brooklyn and New York cities? Did he not proclaim with apostolic earnestness and zeal a free and full salvation for every repentant sinner who sought pardon and forgiveness through the all-sufficient merits of the blood of Christ? Has he not charmed tens of thousands of young men and young women throughout the length and breadth of America, and also in the fatherland, by his sermons, and won them over from the follies of low, grovelling pursuits to the higher platform of noble thoughts and actions? Having done then so many things to ameliorate the condition of humanity and to make the world wiser and better, brighter and happier, it becomes a matter of no wonder that a special legion of unclean and calumniating spirits were let loose against him—for surely the Prince of the power of the air which now worketh in the children of disobedience saw that his kingdom and his craft for the destruction of souls was becoming seriously endangered through the merciless onslaughts made upon it by the brave and valiant Talmage. To destroy the reputation of such a man was an object worth struggling for on the part of such a master mind in the realms and literature

of iniquity as that of Beelzebub. But the old serpent, with all his subtlety, has again been foiled; and so it has come to pass that Talmage, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego of old, having abided for awhile in the sevenfold-heated furnace into which his enemies cast him, has come out from thence without a single hair of his head singed, nor is there the slightest scorch of the fire to be seen upon him. Well and truly saith the Scripture to all those who fight the Lord's battles: 'Greater is He that is for you than he that is against you.'"

WELCOME TO REV. DR. TALMAGE BY REV. DR. DAVIDSON, OF ISLINGTON, AND HIS ELDERS AND DEACONS.

In announcing at the morning service in Colebrooke Row that Dr. Talmage was to occupy his pulpit in the evening, Dr. Thain Davidson said: "De Witt Talmage is certainly a remarkable man, endowed with gifts of an exceptional order. Of his sermons Mr. Spurgeon has said: 'They lay hold of my inmost soul; certainly the Lord is with this mighty man of valor.' I am quite aware that cruel and unkind things have been said of him; eminent men rarely escape the tongue of slander; but, personally, I have entire confidence in Dr. Talmage, and, with the majority of his presbytery, believe him to be innocent of the charges laid against him, and to be a guileless and greatly gifted servant of the Lord."

At a full meeting of the elders and deacons, it was unanimously resolved that Dr. Davidson be requested to assure Dr. Talmage that they heartily united with their pastor in the expression of confidence and regard.

DR. TALMAGE AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ISLINGTON.

Dr. Talmage, having been announced to preach his first sermon at Dr. Thain Davidson's church, Colebrooke Row,

Islington, large numbers of people assembled in front of the church at about 5:30 P. M., but the members of the congregation and their friends, who had obtained tickets of admission, entered at the side door. The church rapidly filled, and at 6 o'clock was almost inconveniently crowded. At 6:15, notwithstanding the crowded state of the church, the front doors, at which considerable clamor had for some time been heard, were thrown open, and part of the large crowd, which had by that time assembled, rushed in. Not many minutes elapsed before the edifice was full to overflowing, but the crowd continued to press forward into the aisles and the gallery. Immediately began a scene of confusion and uproar, which we think it is safe to assert has never been seen in this church before; and amidst cries of "No room," "No room," "Crush, crush," "We cannot move here," Dr. Davidson ascended the pulpit and appealed to the people to remember that they were in the house of prayer, and begged them to abstain from unseemly exclamations. The hubbub ceased for a few minutes, but presently recommenced and with the same cries repeated. A gentleman in the gallery was heard to remind the people that they were not in the pit of a theater, but in the house of God.

Dr. Davidson then announced the well-known hymn, commencing "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," and said: "Before we sing these words I want to say a word or two in the way of giving a cordial welcome to the distinguished stranger beside me in this pulpit. I have not had the privilege of being a hearer in my own church since the day when my late dear and beloved friend, Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, preached that noble sermon of his which some of you will remember, upon 'walking by faith and not by sight.' I had chanced to remark last Sunday evening that

I had often longed to be a hearer instead of a preacher here, but I had no idea then that I was so soon to have the privilege and the joy of listening to one who, by his inexhaustible originality, his fearless plainness of speech, and his unmatched pictorial power, has not only got around him the largest congregation in America, but has secured in all parts of the world, from week to week, through the press, his hundreds of thousands of interested and profited hearers. Well, speaking for myself, I welcome Dr. Talmage with my whole heart, and feel honored that his first sermon in England should be preached in this pulpit, and not only so, but I may mention to him a gratifying circumstance which occurred to-day. My elders and deacons, at an improvised meeting, unanimously requested me to convey to Dr. Talmage, in their name as well as my own, a cordial and loving welcome. Well, my friends; this is not the largest, but it is one of the oldest of our Presbyterian churches in London. When Dr. Talmage kindly offered to give me the benefit of his first sermon here, I thought it would be selfish to have him here. I pressed upon him and his friends the duty of his going to the Agricultural Hall; but for reasons which I can quite understand, Dr. Talmage desired to spend a quiet evening in London. I am afraid that is a luxury he will hardly have here to-night. Let me say, however, for the consolation of those who are disappointed, that Dr. Talmage has kindly promised me that before he returns to America he will hold an afternoon service at the Agricultural Hall. I may say, in conclusion, that I have very often read his graphic sermons with a feeling of wonder; for, unless it be Dr. Guthrie, I regard my friend beside me as the greatest word-painter the age has produced; and I pray God that, unharmed by the lip of flattery or the tongue of slander, this splendid gift may long be consecrated to the service of his Master."

The text which Dr. Talmage selected on this occasion is found in Rev. vii. 17: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The late Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, was accustomed to say that he never cared to hear an "unbruised minister," for that it was only those who had passed under the bruising Hand of God that could speak so as to comfort and help troubled minds. We think we could see in the deep and exquisite tenderness, and the far-extending sympathies which, like precious odors, perfumed the sermon on the "tearless world," the benefit and blessing with which God is already sanctifying His servant's troubles to make him not only a Boanerges, "a son of thunder," but a Barnabas also, "a son of consolation." May it be so!

THE TESTIMONY OF AN AMERICAN JOURNAL.

The following remarks concerning Dr. Talmage recently appeared in a first-class American journal:

"No other preacher addresses so many constantly. The words of no other preacher were ever before carried by so many types, or carried so far. Types give him three continents for a church, and the English-speaking world for a congregation. The judgment of his generation will, of course, be divided upon him, just as that of the next will not. That he is a topic in every newspaper, is much more significant than the fact of what treatment it gives him. Only men of genius are universally commented on. The universality of the comment makes friends and foes alike prove the fact of the genius. That is what is impressive. As for the quality of the comment, it will, in nine cases out of ten, be much more a revelation of the character behind the pen which writes it than a true view or review of the man. This is necessarily so.

The press and the pulpit in the main are defective judges of one another. The former rarely enters the inside of the latter's work. There is acquaintanceship, but not intimacy between them. Journals find out the fact of a preacher's power in time. Then they go looking for the causes. Long before, however, the masses have felt the causes and have realized, not merely discovered, the fact. The penalty of being the leader of great masses has, from Whitfield and Wesley to Spurgeon and Talmage, been to serve as the target for small wits. Their attacks confirms a man's right to respect and reputation, and are a proof of his influence and greatness. It can be truly said that while secular criticisms in the United States favorably regards our subject in proportion to its intelligence and uprightness, the judgment of foreigners on him has long been an index to the judgment of posterity here. No other American is read so much and so constantly abroad. His extraordinary imagination, earnestness, descriptive powers and humor, his great art in grouping and arrangement, his wonderful mastery of words to illumine and alleviate human conditions, and to interpret and inspire the harmonies of the better nature, are appreciated by all who can put themselves in sympathy with his originality of methods and his high consecration of purpose. His manner mates with his nature. It is each sermon in action. He presses the eyes, hands, his entire body, into the service of the illustrative truth. Gestures are the accompaniment of what he says. As he stands out before the immense throng, without a scrap of notes or manuscript before him, the effect produced cannot be understood by those who have never seen it. The solemnity, the tears, the awful hush, as though the audience could not breathe again, are oftentimes painful.

“His voice is peculiar, not musical, but productive of startling, strong effects, such as characterize no preacher on either side of the Atlantic. His power to grapple an audience and master it from text to peroration has no equal. No man was ever less self-conscious in his work. He feels a mission of evangelization on him as by the imposition of the Supreme. That mission he responds to by doing the duty that is nearest to him with all his might—as confident that he is under the care and order of a Divine Master as those who hear him are that they are under the spell of the greatest prose-poet that ever made the Gospel his song and the redemption of the race the passion of his heart.”

An English correspondent, who recently heard Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, writes as follows:

“I worshiped in the Tabernacle on the Sabbath. It was only by sending my card to an acquaintance that we obtained seats. Hundreds went away who could not obtain standing room. The throng packed into the great church was estimated at about 6,000. The singing was congregational, and as good as any heard in the Moody Tabernacle in Chicago. The Scripture reading, the praise, the sermon were all delightful. Every utterance of the preacher is evangelical, the pure old Gospel, comforting to saints, full of warning to sinners. No effort was made to touch the sensibilities, and yet I saw tears on many strong faces. This is the Gospel of our fathers. It is the Gospel of our Church. It is the Gospel of our Blessed God. Why should not Satan seek the destruction of such a far-reaching instrumentality of the truth as it is in Jesus?”

CHAPTER XII.

THE WELCOME HOME.

Brooklyn's welcome to Dr. Talmage was tendered on the evening of October third, 1879, at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. It was a great demonstration and showed the high estimation and love in which the celebrated preacher is held, not only by his own flock, but by the people generally. The Tabernacle never contained a more magnificent audience. There were between five and six thousand persons present, fully one-half of whom were ladies. It was an assemblage representing the wealth, the culture and the best people of Brooklyn. The professions were largely represented. In point of enthusiasm, the occasion has had but few equals in this city; the audience appeared to be fairly carried away by their feelings, and applauded the sentiments of the preacher, and the various other speakers, to the echo.

Skillful hands had decorated the interior of the Tabernacle with flowers and bunting. A floral bulwark had been erected about the platform, and from it depended curling vines. Fronting the great organ pipes was a crayon portrait of Dr. Talmage, executed and presented by Mr. E. H. Hart, of Philadelphia, and directly under it was the floral legend "Welcome." The same word appeared on numerous pillows of flowers about the platform.

Surmounting the frame work of the organ a star of gas jets blazed forth, and about half way down the front of the instrument, in letters of fire, shone the words "Glory to God." American and British flags, intertwined, helped also

to set off the organ front. Facing the gallery, all around, were Sunday-school banners and flowers in great profusion, and the atmosphere of the room was redolent with the perfume of the choicest products of the conservatory.

Excellent arrangements had been made to receive the people. Long before seven o'clock a great crowd assembled on Schermerhorn street, near the church, awaiting an opportunity to enter. Only those who had tickets were admitted up to half-past seven o'clock, and at that hour nearly every seat in the house was occupied. At a quarter to eight o'clock the doors were opened to all, and within five minutes every inch of standing room was filled, while the street was thronged by those unable to get inside.

On the platform were United States District Attorney A. W. Tenney, the Chairman of the evening. Mayor Howell sat at his left and Rev. Dr. Farley on his right. Sitting on either side of them were ex-Mayors Hunter and Schroeder, Judge Neilson, of the City Court; Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck, of the St. John's M. E. Church; Rev. Dr. Lansing, Rev. Hugh Smith Carpenter, Bernard Peters, ex-District Attorney Winslow, Commodore Nicholson, Captain Andrews, of the steamship Erin; John Williams and others. Scattered through the house were noticed numerous well known citizens, including Hon. Henry C. Murphy, Dr. Joseph C. Hutchinson, Rev. Dr. Spear, Superintendent Police Campbell, ex-Superintendent Folk, Dr. H. A. Tucker, Frederick Baker, J. B. Hutchinson, Isaac Hall, N. L. Munro, Major Culyer and many others.

Mr. Powell, the assistant organist, played a voluntary and filled in the time till eight o'clock, when Mr. George W. Morgan took his seat at the big organ and began to play "Home, Sweet Home," Professor Peter Ali, cornetist, accompanying him.

At that moment there was a movement in the back part of the house, and Dr. Talmage was observed making his way down the aisle leading to the platform. He was escorted by Dr. Tucker on his right and Mr. O. H. Frankenberg on his left.

The audience arose, and amid a storm of applause Dr. Talmage passed down the aisle, ascended the platform, shook hands with each gentleman there and then took a seat on the right of Mr. Tenney. The applause was renewed and the enthusiasm increased. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their gloved and jeweled hands, and the gentlemen stamped and canted the floor, until it seemed as if the building shook. Dr. Talmage looked on with evident pleasure.

THE PROCEEDINGS.

Quiet having at length been restored, the Chairman opened the proceedings. At his request the audience united in singing the song of welcome to the pastor, and they sang it with a will, Mr. Morgan playing the accompaniment, and Professor Ali leading with his cornet.

Rev. Dr. Farley offered up a fervent prayer and Mrs. Evelyn Lyon Hegeman sang in her usual artistic style, "Thy People Shall be My People," from Ruth and Naomi. She responded to an *encore* with "The Dearest Spot on Earth to Me is Home, Sweet Home." The applause was great and Mr. Talmage joined in it heartily.

The Chairman announced that letters had been received from a large number of gentlemen, who had been invited to be present, regretting their inability to attend and congratulating Dr. Talmage upon his success and his safe return. Among those who sent letters were: Rev. Dr. Rockwell, Rev. George E. Read, Rev. C. C. Hall, Rev. J. M.

Buckley, D.D., Rev. F. N. Zabriski, S.O., Rev. O. S. St. John, Rev. Joseph Demarest, D.D., J. J. Henry, Hon. S. B. Chittenden, Rev. U. D. Gulick, Rev. W. A. Leonard, Rev. F. Peck, and many others.

The Chairman introduced as the first speaker of the evening, Mr. Bernard Peters, editor of the "Brooklyn Times." Mr. Peters was received with applause, and in the course of his speech said that Dr. Talmage was the Cæsar of the occasion, but he differed from the Roman in that his enemies had stabbed but could not kill him.

Rev. Dr. Lansing, Rev. J. O. Peck, ex-District Attorney Winslow, and Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, each delivered brief, appropriate addresses assuring the Doctor of the high place he held in the estimation of good people.

Miss Gracie Wattles, one of the scholars of the Sunday-school, then delivered the following welcome poem:

Oft before our Heavenly Father
 Have Thy people bowed in prayer;
 Prayed that He would guide and guard thee,
 Keep thee safe, with tenderest care.
 God has answered—we behold thee,
 Perils threatened thee in vain.
 Now our hearts and arms enfold thee;
 Welcome to thy home again.

Welcome to thy holy calling,
 To the path thou long hast trod,
 Welcome, teacher, friend and pastor;
 Welcome, messenger of God.
 And when o'er death's swollen river
 All thy flock have safely passed,
 May we all, with joy forever,
 Welcomed be in Heaven at last.

A. W. Tenney, United States District Attorney, then spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF A. W. TENNEY.

*“Ladies and Gentlemen—*The Committee of Arrangements have announced upon the programme that at this stage of the proceedings an address of welcome would be delivered by the Chairman. You can hardly expect any extended remarks from me after the interesting addresses which have already been made, the songs that have been sung and the sweet poem of welcome which has just been so exquisitely rendered by the little girl orator of the Sunday-school of this church. Indeed, no words of mine are necessary to fittingly welcome Dr. Talmage and his honored wife ‘home again.’

“It is this magnificent audience of five thousand and more; it is the thronged streets around and about this church; it is the Christian households and family altars of this great city that welcome them back to Brooklyn and to the holy services of this church. Yea, more, it is the Christian men and women of this entire land who bid them welcome to-night, and with their welcome they mingle their thanksgivings to Almighty God, who held the wind and the waves in His hands, who stayed calamity and stopped disaster, and made it possible for them and theirs to journey the land and the sea unharmed, and after many days to return with renewed vigor and health to the scenes of their labors and the kindly greeting of friends and the loved ones at home.

“And the question naturally arises, why is it that this royal welcome is tendered to Dr. Talmage to-night? Why do we welcome him back to this church where he has preached so long and with such signal success, and to this platform, where, by divine appointment, he has a better right to stand than you or I?

“It is not because he is a citizen of Brooklyn merely.

It is not because of his magnificent and unprecedented reception by all classes of people in England, in Ireland, in Scotland and Wales. It is not because his recent visit to European shores had added new lustre to the American name. But it is because we with whom he lives, his neighbors and his friends, who have watched his coming in and going out among us for these many years, know full well what manner of man he is. It is because we, who have felt the sunshine of his life upon our own, know what a faithful and sincere minister of Christ he is, and we come here tonight in these mighty numbers to say to him, 'Welcome,' and 'Well done.'

"We know, better than strangers know, how he has wrought for good in our midst. We know better than they what has been the work of his hand and brain for the last ten years. We know what battles he has fought and what victories he has won. We know, too, that other sublime fact, that Dr. Talmage is one of those ministers who believes in something, and who is brave enough and man enough to preach what he believes without first asking permission of the presbyteries or associations. Yea, more, and what is even better, we know that he vitalizes, day by day, his precepts and belief into generous acts and friendly deeds.

"The Brooklyn Tabernacle has long been famed as a sort of ecclesiastical shooting gallery, where sin, with all its armor on, has been pierced to its very center, no matter whether it was the gilded sin of the palace or the wretched sin of the hovel. In such a conflict as this, and with such such an experienced archer as he, is it any wonder that somebody has been hit? And is it any wonder, too, that the wounded and the routed should sting and snarl and bite the dust.

“Said one of the most gifted men of our times, ‘If you would know how grand a blow you have struck for any course, mark its rebound.’ If you would know, my countrymen, what kind of blows Dr. Talmage has struck for God and man, for truth and the right, for law and order, for good government and good society, mark the rebound of his critics and defamers.

“Dr. Talmage, however cordial may have been your welcome in foreign lands, for which we, your friends, are justly proud, and to those who tendered you the same we here and now give them grateful thanks. Nevertheless, let me assure you that none of these welcomes were more generous and sincere than the one which it is our high privilege to tender you to-night. And let me assure you, furthermore, that this greeting is not tendered you by your church and congregation alone.

“It is true they are here in goodly numbers, anxiously waiting to greet you one by one. But this is Brooklyn’s welcome, and I pray you receive it as such. Here are assembled the men and women of this great city, without regard to creed, sect or church affiliations. Here are the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists, the Baptists and the Unitarians, the Methodists and the Episcopalians, each mingling their congratulations with the other as they unitedly welcome you back to the land of your birth and the city of your choice.

“In the name, then, of your church and congregation, in the name of all the people of all the city, I congratulate you upon your auspicious journey and happy return, and I now welcome you, with all the enthusiasm this hour inspires, to our hearts and to our homes, to our friendship and to our love; but above all, I welcome you to the sacred service of our Lord and Master, whom you have so faithfully served

in the years that are gone. And may this greeting, so generous, so hearty and so sincere, arch the future of your life with courage, with hope and with cheer, as you go forth battling for the welfare of the race.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, recognizing how expectant you are, and not desiring to detain you any longer, I have the extreme delight of introducing to you the guest of the evening, the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the servant of God and the friend of mankind, the Rev. Dr. Talmage.”

As Doctor Talmage came forward, the audience rose at once, men and women clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs and fans. He was visibly affected by the demonstration. The applause continued for fully a minute, and when quiet had been restored, the doctor spoke as follows:

REMARKS OF MR. TALMAGE.

“My good friends, you have made this the happiest hour of my life. To my dying day I shall not forget this scene. The shout of farewell at Sandy Hook on May 28th, as our ships parted, has its echo in this magnificent reception. I feel altogether unworthy. It is only by extreme effort that I have come to the mastery of my emotion. I do not so much give you my thanks as give you myself, to be your servant for Jesus' sake.

“When I see on this platform and around it the leading men in the legal, the medical, the literary, the clerical professions, men mighty in church and State; our Mayor, whom I thank God has been so far restored unto health as to be present to-night; our ex-Mayors Hunter and Schroeder, each one of them having lifted one layer in the wall of our municipal prosperity; our Judge Neilson, honored on

both sides for the manner in which he has worn the ermine; this great array of Christian clergymen, as kind and genial and talented and consecrated as any men who ever adorned the American pulpit, and this great throng of men and women, through whose prayers to Almighty God we safely crossed the stormy sea—when I consider all this, I feel that any attempt to make adequate expression of my gratitude must be a failure.

“Oh, this occasion ought to make me an humbler and better man. If ever in some weak moment of my life I should try to build on this platform a sectarian wall to shut out those who do not happen to think as I do, the memory of this great catholic scene would stop the erection of that wall and the Calvinists would push it roughly on one side, and the Armenians would push it roughly on the other side, and the Episcopacy would rock it one way, and the non-Episcopacy would rock it the other way, while the Baptist brethren would pull away the floor which covers the baptistry under this pulpit, and tumble the whole thing into the water.

“The sentiment which has been growing in my heart for many years has climacterated to-night in the feeling that any man’s theology is good enough for me, if he loves God and does his level best; and if ever in any weak moment of my life I should bethink myself the servant of only this individual church, then the memory of this congregation, made up from all denominations, and from all reforms, and from all charitable institutions which are in our city—eyes to the blind and feet to the lame and mothers to the orphans—the memory of this scene would send me out rebuked to say, ‘Wherever I can be of any help, with voice, or hand, or pen, I must be busy; by the memory of that scene in October, 1879, I must be the servant of the city.’

“Well, my friends, how have you been this summer? I feel almost like saying, as that monarch of Irish orators, Daniel O’Connell, said when he arose to address an audience in Dublin, ‘How are you boys, and how are the women who own you?’

“It would not be in good taste for me to rehearse the scenes of welcome through which I have passed. When I look into your faces to-night, I remember that the most of you are the descendants of ancestors on the other side the sea, and I bring you the greeting of your English, Scotch and Irish cousins and brothers. Yea, I bring a flower from the graves of your dead, oh ye descendants of the English Reformers, and of the Scotch Covenanters, and of the Irishmen who fought for Catholic emancipation. The land of Robert Emmet and Edmund Burke and Tom Moore! Beautiful Ireland! Beautiful Ireland! Adorned with silver necklace of Killarney Lakes, her brow crowned with the Giant’s Causeway. May the blood, the martyr blood of two hundred years move the heart of God for the quick deliverance of Ireland, and then the poetic prophecy shall be fulfilled in regard to her:

—“‘Great glorious and free,

First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.’

“I brought a great many messages. One of the first citizens of Belfast said to me: ‘My name is Patrick Campbell; when you see Patrick Campbell in Brooklyn give him my love.’ There he is. (Mr. Talmage pointed directly at Superintendent of Police Patrick Campbell, who sat in the audience, while the people laughed and applauded.) He said he wanted you to write to him sometimes. Well, then, there is Scotland, glorious Scotland. Other lands squeeze out now and then a poet, or a painter, or an orator, or a preacher; but Scotland, without any effort, turns out

Hugh Miller and Christopher North and James Simpson and Sir William Hamilton and John Knox, without half trying. Why, if you turn over a stone among the highlands of Scotland, you almost expect to see a Roderick Dhu bound out from under it.

“And then you ought to feel how a Scotchman, a genuine Scotchman, shakes hands. He just takes your hand and lays it across the palm of his hand, and then closes the fingers from one way, and then closes the thumb from the other way and puts on your hand the pressure of a great heart until your knuckles fairly crack, and then he gives you the up and down motion with the force of a steamboat walking beam. When a Scotchman shakes hands with you in Glasgow or Edinburgh, you know he wants to see you and is glad to see you. There is England! the great factory of the world! Smoke stacks, the organ pipes through which roll forth the grand march of the world’s industries, while innumerable hammers beat time. And you run up to Nottingham and see the witchery of the lace they make there. And you run up to Henley and see the wonderful pottery, the brightest pictures of the world inwrought into the plate and the vase and the mantels. And you go to Sheffield and see the poetry of steel, Mr. Rodgers’ great establishment, where he turns the trunks of four hundred elephants, every year, into the handles of knives, so that if you happen to lose your baggage on the way to Sheffield, you are very much in sympathy with those elephants that lose their trunks. And then you go over to Luton and see them making straw hats. And then you go to Birmingham and see the exquisite toys they manufacture.

“And then you go to Brighton, that wonderful English watering place, from which our coming queen of Ameri-

can watering places has borrowed its name. And then you go to Torquay, where the princely and lordly men of England go to bathe off their rheumatism. And then you go to Rochdale to see the best friend of America in England—friend in war as well as friend in peace—gray-headed, big-hearted, trumpet-tongued John Bright.

“But I don’t care where you go in England, you get a message for America, a message of kindness. In the cities where I had the honor to speak, the presiding officer always sent his love to America, and I am here to-night to deliver that message, and in this, my first public utterance, and with my head still dizzy from the tossing of the sea, put your hand in their hand, and in the name of God declare the bans of an eternal marriage between England and the United States.

“‘What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.’ There can be no division between England and America until we can successfully divide Shakspeare’s tragedies, and Milton’s ‘Paradise Lost,’ and John Wesley’s grave, and Wickcliffe’s Bible, and the archangel’s robe of a Christian resurrection. By all that is sacred in the cause of God and suffering humanity these two nations must go shoulder to shoulder, the two flags hang side by side, as to-night in this Tabernacle, marching on, no flag higher than those two flags, save the blood-stained banner of the cross over all, and let that wave over all other ensigns. Well, though I have gone through a great many of the cities, the city that lies nearest my heart is a city, which if I should write it on paper, I should have to begin with the letter B.

“I can hardly tell you how I felt last Tuesday night when the ‘Bothnia’ came up through the Narrows, and on one side of us we had the Sandy Hook Lighthouse and on

the other side we had the rows of lamps of the Brighton and Manhattan Beach, and then my imagination looked further, and I saw the bright homes of Brooklyn, where there were so many friends waiting for us—friends with whom we hope to live and hope to die. And then on the right of us there lay beautiful Greenwood in the soft moonlight, the place where you and I expect to lie down for cool and refreshing slumber when the hard work of all our occupations and professions is ended forever. And then when the ‘Bothnia’ dropped anchor at quarantine and we were waiting for the morning, two boats came, one bearing a jolly committee from this church, to take me off and bring me ashore; the other steamer bringing the Government officers to take the European mails, and bringing to us the dear reporters.

“What a stupid world this would be without reporters. Some of my friends are as afraid as death of reporters. I don’t know why they should be afraid of them. They hover over us by day, and they watch our steps by night. There is no enterprise in all the earth among the newspaper press like the enterprise of the American press. On Monday morning you open the papers in London, and though the day before there were five hundred powerful sermons preached, you will not see a sketch of any of them. And then, the much criticised art of interviewing is purely American. The Scotch and Irish and English reporter never gets much nearer a speaker than the reporters’ desk, and has no opportunity to ask questions, while the American reporter comes up and surrounds him, covers him with affability, and cuts him off where he is too long, and stretches him out where he is too short, and sticks him with a pin if he is too windy. Oh, blessed be the reporters! When, on Tuesday night, eight or ten of them came on the ‘Bothnia,’ I

folded my hands and said, 'Home at last.' Oh, how good it is, my friends, to look into your faces. I heard it was said on this side of the water that I was having so good a time abroad I would not come back. Why, that would be as absurd as to think that because a man went to an evening party and had a good time with creams and almond nuts and pickled oysters, that therefore, at the close of the entertainment, he should go up to the host and say: 'My dear sir, I have enjoyed myself so much to-night I think I shall spend the rest of my life with you!'

"While there are many things on the other side of the water I like better than on this side of the water, there are more things on this side of the water I like better than on the other side of the water; and I hope I have come home in the highest style, in what might be called the highest style—a democrat. By that I don't mean I am always going to vote the Democratic ticket. It will always depend upon which are the best men that the parties put up who we will vote for.

"I received many messages from the other side of the water I was to bring here. I have not time now to deliver them. I will simply say I invited all the English people to come to America and see us, and I told them all to come to my house, but I warned them not to come all at once. Oh, my friends, we want to swing wide open the gates of this continent. Whether emigration to this country is helpful or damaging, all depends upon the kind of men and women that come.

"The more good men and women you can get from England, Ireland and Scotland to come to this country, the better, and I have just now to tell you in my closing remarks that there are tens of thousands of the best of Englishmen who are ready to embark for America, and they are

coming. We had a large number of them on the 'Bothnia.' Let them come. Let us swing wider open the gates of our continent. Let us remember that the coming American is to be an admixture of all foreign bloods.

"In about twenty-five or fifty years the model American will step forth. He will have the strong brain of the German, the polished manners of the French, the artistic taste of the Italian, the staunch heart of the English, the high-toned piety of the Scotch, the lightning wit of the Irish, and when he steps forth, bone, muscle, nerve, brain intertwined with the fibers of all nationalities, heaven and earth will break out in the cry, 'Behold the man! behold the American!'"

The Chairman then announced that the proceedings would be brought to a close with the benediction by Rev. Hugh Smith Carpenter. Dr. Carpenter pronounced the benediction, and the vast audience began to disperse. Dr. Talmage took up a position in the centre aisle, and shook hands with hundreds of the people as they passed out. It was nearly eleven o'clock before all had departed, and the memorable reception was at an end.

CHAPTER XIII.

PHRENOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE REV. DR. TALMAGE,
BY PROF. L. N. FOWLER.

PROFESSOR FOWLER, the eminent phrenologist, has just furnished us with the following delineation of Dr. Talmage's character, which will, we doubt not, greatly interest the readers of his life. Based upon most careful examination and scientific induction, it supplies a key to the mental and moral constitution of the great preacher, and throws much light upon his ministry and life.

“The organization of Dr. Talmage is most marked, mentally and physically. Physiologically he is tall, spare and angular, having a predominance of the muscular, osseous and nervous systems. Though he has good lung-power and fair circulation, yet his ability to generate vitality is not equal to his inclination to work it off.

“He is indebted to a powerful hereditary constitution for his ability to endure so much labor; all his vital forces are very active, hence he recruits quickly when exhausted and recovers speedily when ill, especially if he can secure plenty of fresh air. He has all the machinery for working, and is never more in his element than when his hands are full of work. When he can have his own way and follow his own plans, he labors with great ease and without friction.

“His brain is somewhat above the average in size, which gives strength and comprehensiveness of mind, but is not so large as to be cumbersome or unwieldy. Having an abundance of both nerve and muscle, he is vigorous and

positive in all his mental and physical operations. His head is peculiar in shape, being unusually high and very largely developed in the crown and top portions. It is rather long and quite narrow.

“The executive forces of his mind are Combativeness, Self-esteem and Firmness, all of which are very large. He is never more in his element than when difficulties are to be overcome. Opposition is only so much fuel to the fire and keeps him going. He has great power in debate, criticism and sarcasm. He has perfect self-reliance, independence, consciousness of his own ability and willingness to take all the responsibilities of his own life and actions on himself. He has perfect presence of mind in times of danger, and can control himself better than most men. He is very determined in his mental operations, and it is next to impossible for him to give up any course of life he has resolved to pursue. This power of will is so great as to influence his entire life. He has a very warm, social nature; all the loves amply developed, can enjoy married life highly, and takes a deep interest in children. He is almost extravagant in his affections, and will stand by his friends or principles to the last.

“Few are prepared to make so many sacrifices for the sake of friends or objects of attachment as he is. He is remarkably domestic, and finds it difficult to change his homes, habits or uniform ways of doing things.

“Continuity is unusually large, giving connectedness to thought and disposing him to carry out his ideas to the ultimate and to make the most of them. He is in danger of being absent-minded. The motional part of his nature comes from Hope, Spirituality and Veneration, which are all large. He is extravagant in his expectations, delights to dwell on the future, has no desire to look back, but is

always looking forward, planning ahead, and has an amount of enterprise equal to the largest operations. He is liable to project too large plans, and to be too sanguine and to expect too much. He never is so thoroughly disappointed as to give up. If he should fail, he would only start again with more zeal and vigor than he had at first. Spirituality is large, which helps to expand his thoughts and feelings. He has, as it were, a third eye, and that a spiritual one. He possesses uncommon ability to represent his thoughts in a peculiarly spiritual style, and to enlarge upon his thoughts and feelings, and present his subject in all its bearings. Frequently when it is time to stop speaking or writing he has more to say than when he commenced.

“He has much to think of and entertain himself with when all alone.

“His faith in a spiritual life and existence is very great; and this, joined to his large Veneration, gives an elevated tone to his mind, which carries him far above the ordinary range of mental action.

“With such a cast of mind, devoted to the subject of religion, he would be as familiar with all spiritual subjects and with thoughts about the Deity, and a future life, as another man would be with common affairs in active business.

“Benevolence and Conscientiousness are both large. He has a desire to dwell on the right and wrong of subjects, and bears down hard on all forms of injustice; yet Benevolence gives a mellow and gentle tone to his mind, inclining him to sympathize with all kinds of misery, want, and infirmity. It is no effort for him to make personal sacrifices, to relieve the needy, and his sympathies will be extended to all classes who deserve them. Ideality and Sublimity are both large, giving expansiveness to his mind, and en-

abling him to magnify and embellish, and even to use the most extravagant language to present his thoughts and feelings. Sublimity is specially large, which leads him to contemplate manifestations of power, and disposes him to dwell with delight on the Divine attributes. He would enjoy seeing an active volcano or an earthquake, or any awful phenomena of nature. Constructiveness being large, enables him to present his ideas in a varied form, and to show skill and ingenuity in making new arrangements and turning all his forces to the best account.

“Imitation helps him to adapt himself to any condition in which he may be placed. Mirthfulness is large, giving him a keen perception of the witty. He can present his ideas in the most concentrated, mirthful and ludicrous form, or reason in such a way as to present the subject in the most absurd light.

“All his perceptive faculties are large, and hence he quickly observes all that is taking place around him. He recognizes forms, faces, proportions and the fitness and adaptation of parts, and has a good mechanical and architectural eye.

“He loves color in flowers, scenery, dress, decoration, and admires physical and artistic beauty.

“Order and Calculation are large. He works by rule, and must have everything done according to some plan; hence he can do more work than many, because his plans are all laid down before he commences operations. He remembers places accurately, and can describe them correctly; has a good general memory of events, historical facts, stories and illustrations, but memory of these things is greatly aided by his very large Comparison. He has quite an accurate sense of punctuality, and knows how to use every minute of time and how to make the most of it.

“He is disposed to keep time in music and step in walking.

“Language is rather large, but is scarcely equal to his mental conceptions. When fairly roused up to a subject, he may show no want of language, but usually he has much more thought and feeling than command of language. This faculty, however, is greatly aided by his having but little restraining power and a great amount of expansiveness of mind, which gives liberty both of thought and expression.

“Casualty is fully and definitely developed, enabling him to comprehend principles and lay foundations for argument; but his great intellectual power is Comparison, giving discrimination and capacity to contrast one thing with another. This faculty, joined to Ideality and Spirituality, enables him to fully present a subject, and to render it clear and distinct to his hearers.

“He delights to have everything fitted to its place, everything handy and convenient, and he has great availability of intellect.

“He can use his knowledge to the best advantage. Intuition is very large; he has great penetration, correctly understands the workings of the mind, and loves to study simple truth. He is continually looking forward to the future, to know what is true connected with the Divine mind.

“He has the peculiar power of expanding thought and feeling, or concentrating and condensing, so that the same idea can be enlarged into a long discourse or condensed into a short one. Cautiousness is large, giving a due degree of forethought, general prudence, and power to keep out of real difficulty, but it is not large enough to give timidity or irresolution. He may seem to be severe under the influence of Combativeness and Destructiveness, or to be too

dictatorial and determined under the influence of Self-esteem and Firmness. Yet Destructiveness is not large; he is not cruel or revengeful, does not harbor hard feelings, and would scarcely punish an enemy if he had him in his hands.

“He is greatly opposed to shedding blood, going to war, or causing unnecessary pain. Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness are small; hence he is wanting in worldly wisdom. He needs money and property to carry out his large operations, and that need may be a powerful stimulant for him to acquire property; but he is not naturally a good financier or manager of money. Secretiveness being rather small, he is inclined to great openness and frankness, and therefore liable to expose himself to unnecessary criticism. He is perfectly frank, candid, and open-hearted, and the opposite to a hypocrite or deceiver. More Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness would help to give a kind of wisdom which would be much to his advantage.

“He has not much of the qualities of Approbativeness and Agreeableness, is no flatterer, and cannot cater or say and do things simply to please. He cares very little about the fashions. He is anxious to have power, and prefers to be respected rather than to be treated with familiarity. More Approbativeness would be of great service by way of giving ease and grace of manner, and a desire to suit himself more to the ways and customs of society.

“As he is now organized, he prefers to stand out alone by himself, and to be unlike anybody else. He has a most remarkable development of brain, and the indications of character are unique and peculiar to himself.”

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE TABERNACLE'S RUINS—A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE BURNING OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S CHURCH.

For the second time in its history the Brooklyn Tabernacle was destroyed by fire, on Sunday morning, October 13, 1889, and Rev. Dr. Talmage's vast congregation was again without a place of worship. Notwithstanding this calamity, Dr. Talmage has begun work again and appeals to the people of Christendom to help him build a church still larger and grander than the old Tabernacle.

It was during a heavy rain and wind that the flames swept through the famous structure with a force and headway which not only bade defiance to the best efforts of the valiant firemen, but caused damage to a score of dwellings in the path of the wind. Against great odds and almost insurmountable difficulties, the firemen saved a dozen houses that were blistered by the heat and were the target of giant firebrands and an avalanche of sparks. The occupants of these homes were rudely awakened from their slumbers and forced to flee for safety in the dead of night, in many cases without their clothing. When the dawn lit up the scene only two trembling and tottering walls, that might fall at any moment, and a great heap of charred and smoking ruins remained of what had been one of the most famous churches in the United States.

The fire was discovered soon after 2:30 o'clock in the morning by Policeman Jacob Van Wagoner, who, from his post on Flatbush avenue, saw clouds of smoke and occa-

sional jets of flame breaking through the great cathedral window on the eastern side of the church, near the Third avenue entrance. He ran to the engine-house on State street and gave the alarm; the dents of his club on the heavy door will remain there as long as the engine-house stands. Three minutes later the fire company was laying a line of hose from the nearest hydrant to the burning church. Foreman Dooley saw at a glance that its interior was almost a solid mass of flame, and that the chances of saving it were slim indeed. He ordered Assistant Foreman Frank Duffy to sound a third alarm, and soon fire-engines and hose-carts were clattering into Schermerhorn street from every direction. The rain was pouring down heavily and the work of the firemen was cold and cheerless. Chief Nevins was one of the first to arrive and directed the movements of the men, who soon had a dozen streams of water playing upon the flames.

HARD WORK FOR THE FIREMEN.

The Tabernacle stood on the south side of Schermerhorn street, near Third avenue. A stiff breeze blew from the east, driving the intense heat full into the firemen's faces, greatly impeding their work, and rendering their positions in front of the burning structure almost intolerable. Opposite the Third avenue entrance, in front of a newly-finished dwelling, was a large pile of mortar, and the firemen stationed there were only able to hold their ground by standing knee-deep in the mortar, packing it closely about their rubber boots. Meanwhile the fire, the heat of which appeared at that time to be to the right of the nave and around the platform, progressed with great rapidity, until it embraced the library on the right and the lecture-

room on the left. Great tongues of flame leaped upward from the slated roof on all sides, lighting up the dull sky and attracting attention in all parts of Brooklyn. Neither the heavy rain nor the torrents of water from the lines of hose availed to stay the conflagration, and the roof fell in soon after 3 o'clock. It was soon followed by the eastern wall.

Almost from the start the burning Tabernacle was a menace to the homes and safety of the citizens living on either side and across the street. Such of those as were not already aroused were speedily apprised of the impending danger and warned to vacate their houses. The writer, who was on the scene immediately after the alarm was given and before the arrival of the firemen, assisted in the work of awakening the people. In several of the homes there was a short-lived panic. Escape from the front was impossible. Such of the residents as had the temerity to open their front doors were met by a shower of sparks and a heat like that when the door of a red-hot furnace is opened. The exposed woodwork of their homes was scorched and blistered, and nearly every window was broken. In some cases the glass was not knocked out, but shattered and cracked in a thousand closely intersected veins, and almost fused by the terrible heat.

FIRE IN THE NEIGHBORING HOUSES.

About 3:30 o'clock the houses on each side of the church were also in flames. Those on the opposite side were saved from extensive damage. The firemen diverted their attention from the church, when it became evident that no power could save it from destruction, to the surrounding residences. About 4:30 o'clock the fire was under control and all danger to a great extent over. Streams were kept

playing upon the ruins, however, during the greater part of the day.

The house adjoining the church on the east, No. 353 Schermerhorn street, is a three-story and basement frame structure, owned and occupied by J. M. Crouch. His family consists of five persons, including a servant. The house was completely gutted, and all its occupants had a narrow escape.

"I was sleeping with my wife on the first floor," said Mr. Crouch, "when I was awakened by some one pounding on my door. I smelled the smoke and at once aroused my family. We only got out with extreme difficulty. The roof was the first part to catch fire, and luckily no one occupied the top floor. We did not have time to finish dressing before we had to fly for our lives."

The house west of the church, No. 337, is a three-story brick. Its owner is Mr. Ames, who had not yet returned from Connecticut, where he passed the Summer with his family; last week, however, his aged mother, ninety years old, returned with two servants to Brooklyn, and were in the house Saturday night. This house was ruined from cellar to roof. Old Mrs. Ames was carried out by firemen in a chair, and taken to a house on Livingston street. The next house, of similar construction, is owned by Mrs. Monroe, and occupied by Dr. Halleck. About \$1,200 damage, the doctor states, has been done there. To reach the burning church the firemen placed two lines of hose through his basement, from the front door through a rear window. Dr. Halleck said he was awakened from his sleep and saw through his bedroom window what appeared like the interior of a fiery furnace. His room was so brilliantly lighted that he could see to pick up a pin from the floor. Before he had time to dress the window sash caught fire,

and soon the bedding followed suit. The room rapidly filled with smoke. He took his whole family, none of them fully dressed, to the residence of Dr. Wackerhagen, on the same street. The two upper floors of his home were flooded, and the carpets and furniture and two fine microscopes, worth \$450, ruined.

BUT FEW PEOPLE PRESENT.

Not a very large crowd witnessed the destruction of the church. The time of its occurrence and the bad weather both had the effect of keeping the people away. There were not more than a few hundred spectators in the surrounding streets at any time. Police Captain Earle was early at the scene with a platoon of men, but their work was more to assist the firemen than to restrain the crowd. About 4 o'clock Dr. Talmage, who had been notified of the fire by messenger, arrived in a cab, and remained until the church was in ruins.

The rear wall of the edifice fell about 7 o'clock. The fire in the body of the church had been practically extinguished at that time, and a score of firemen were working within its walls. The falling pile of brick and stone missed six of them by barely three feet. All day vast crowds visited the place. Policemen kept the street in front of the church closed, for the remaining walls were liable to fall at any moment. Hundreds of the congregation first learned of the fire when they started for their customary Sunday morning worship and were prevented by the police from entering Schermerhorn street. The firemen were also present all day. The great cathedral window in front, 22 by 40 feet, with the brick arch around it, was all that remained of the ornate and pillared front. The small entrance

to the west was also standing. It led into the lecture-room, which was the least damaged part of the church, and the only portion over which a roof yet remains. Some china-ware packed in this room was found unbroken, and a piano in one corner, although now incapable of producing sound, appears externally but little damaged. Piles of blackened ruins and brick cover the platform. Not a vestige remains of the magnificent thirty-five thousand dollar organ. Scattered through the smoking embers were the remains of half-burned hymnals and church books. The library, which consisted of many hundred volumes, is entirely wiped out.

WAS IT CAUSED BY ELECTRICITY?

The fire apparently raged fiercest in the northern end of the church, in that part of the nave nearest the altar. It is on this side that the electric wires enter the church, which was lighted by 600 incandescent Edison lamps. The dynamo which operates them is at the headquarters of the Edison Company on Pearl street. These had only been placed in position recently, and the work was not completed until Saturday, when Foreman Clark, of the Edison Company, worked with a number of men in the church all day. They finished their labors about 3 o'clock.

What was the cause of the fire? Was it, as before, caused by a defective flue, or did an electric wire or a bolt of lightning start the flames? These were questions in everybody's mouth. The last man in the church Saturday night was Sexton James E. Dey.

"I left the church," said Mr. Dey, "about 6:30 o'clock Saturday night. I went through the entire building, as was my custom, seeing that all the lights were out and that everything was all right. Not a single gas jet was burning

when I left. I never keep a light in the church over night."

"Were the furnaces burning?"

"There were six furnaces in the cellar, and all were out except the one under the lecture-room, in which I had started a small fire to take the chill off the church. I did not put in over a peck of coal. This furnace heats only the lecture-room, which is the part of the church that suffered least. That shows a defective flue could not have been the origin, or anything else connected with the furnaces. At 6 o'clock I went around with Mr. Clark, the electric-light man, while he closed all the switches and shut off all the electric currents from the building.

"I saw the fire almost as soon as it started. The light of the flames shone directly in my bedroom window, and I was on the ground before 3 o'clock. Soon after that the roof fell in, but before then there were frequent crashes when sections of slate fell from the sloping sides of the roof. One fireman was hit by a piece of slate, but luckily escaped with a mere scratch. After the roof fell in, but before the rafters fell, the burning church presented one of the most magnificent sights I ever saw. Through the darkness and the falling rain it looked as though the roof were still there, illuminated by thousands of lanterns. The contrast between the streaks of bright light and the black sky was something wonderful. Only the right side of the church was burning when I arrived, although then the roof was burned through.

"I am positive that there was no fire or light anywhere but in the furnace I spoke of under the lecture-room. I am also positive that the electric currents were all shut off. Shortly after 2 o'clock there was a tremendous flash of lightning, according to a dozen people with whom I talked

this morning. That may have struck the church, although no crash of thunder accompanied that particular flash."

THE HISTORY OF THE TABERNACLE.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle was probably the most famous Protestant church in America, next to Trinity in this city. It was built in 1873 and cost over \$175,000. The organ was one of the largest and best in the world, built by George Jardine & Son. Its cost, \$35,000, was borne by the ladies of the congregation. It included a chime of bells, trumpet and various other novel appliances.

The corner-stone of the church was laid June 7, 1873, the ceremony being performed by the late Dr. S. Irenæus Prime. Dr. Talmage also delivered an address, declaring that the structure would ever be a stronghold against rationalism. The corner-stone bore the inscription :

"Brooklyn Tabernacle, built 1870 ; destroyed by fire December 22, 1872 ; rebuilt 1873."

The customary box containing the Bible, secular and religious journals and coins, was deposited under the stone. The building was completed in March, 1874, and was dedicated March 22. It was the largest Protestant church building in the country, capable of seating 2,600 people. It was built on the site of the old Tabernacle, and covered 150 by 112 feet. The organ was in a recess in the rear of the church, 60 feet in width. Prior to the recent introduction of the Edison lamps the church was lighted by a thousand gas jets. A deep gallery extended around three sides of the church. The edifice was constructed of brick and stone. It was of the Gothic style of architecture, and generally conceded to be one of the most elegant and attractive churches in the country. A notable event in its

history was the grand jubilee concert of March 31, 1874, when Mme. Pauline Lucca, Gilmore's band and Cornetist Arbuckle appeared.

The old Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated Sept. 24, 1870, and destroyed by fire Dec. 22, 1872. The cause was a defective flue. It was a much smaller structure than the edifice just burned, circular in form, with five main entrances, a small tower and a parapet. Several of the firemen who worked on the burning building were also on duty at the previous fire. Curiously enough, Policeman John Baird, a veteran Brooklyn officer, who was on duty at the fire, acted in the same capacity when the old church was burned.

"I remember the occasion well," said he. "It was a cold, raw day, and the firemen labored against tremendous difficulties. The water froze in the hydrants and actually hung in icicles from the windows and walls of the burning church. That fire also occurred on a Sunday morning, about 10 o'clock."

DR. TALMAGE GETS TO WORK.

Dr. Talmage was not present during the afternoon, but was at his home, No. 1 South Oxford street, in earnest consultation with his church lieutenants, evolving plans for immediate and future action. The following resolutions were adopted:

We the trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, assembled Sabbath, Oct. 13, at the house of our pastor, adopt the following:

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the Providence which this morning removed our beloved church, and while we cannot fully understand the meaning of that Providence we have faith that there is kindness as well as severity in the stroke.

Resolved, That if God and the people will help us we proceed immediately to rebuild, and that we rear a structure large enough to meet the demands of our congregation, locality and style of building to be indicated by the amount of contributions made.

Resolved, That our hearty thanks be rendered to the owners of public buildings who have offered their auditoriums for the use of our congregation, and to all those who have given us their sympathy in this time of trial.

Resolved, That Alexander McLean, E. H. Branch, Jno. Wood, F. M. Lawrence be appointed a committee to secure a building for Sabbath morning and evening services.

Many were the offers received from sister churches and theatre managers proffering the use of their auditoriums for service, or, as Dr. Talmage said himself :

“The kindness shown us in our hour of need is most manifest. Nearly every auditorium within a radius of three miles has been tendered us, but the committee has finally decided to take the Academy of Music, and we shall hold service there at the usual hours on Sunday next.”

Among the many offers was one from the Rev. Lyman Abbott, Plymouth Church; a former classmate of Dr. Talmage. It was couched as follows :

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, Oct. 13.

MY DEAR DR. TALMAGE : The Board of Deacons of Plymouth Church authorize me to tender to your people the use of our church edifice on Sunday evenings until your permanent arrangements for your future church have been made. It is quite at your service and theirs for as long a period as you may desire. I am sure that I need not add that I cordially unite with them and that I am sure that their action represents the sentiment and feeling that Plymouth Church bears to the Tabernacle in this calamity which has befallen them.

Your old friend,

LYMAN ABBOTT.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTENDOM.

Dr. Talmage next dictated the following appeal :

To the People—

By a sudden calamity we are without a church. The building associated with so much that is dear to us is in ashes. In behalf of my stricken congregation I make appeal for help, as our church has never confined its work to this locality. Our church has never been sufficient either in size or appointments for the people who come. We want to build something worthy of our city and worthy of the cause of God. We want \$100,000, which, added to the insurance will build what is needed. I make appeal to all our friends throughout Christendom, to all denominations, to all creeds and those of no creed at all, to come to our assistance.

I ask all readers of my sermons the world over to contribute as far as their means will allow. What we do as a Church depends upon the immediate response made to this call. I was on the eve of my departure for a brief visit to the Holy Land, that I might be better prepared for my work here but that visit must be postponed. I cannot leave until something is done to decide our future. May the God who has our destiny as individuals and churches in his hand appear for our deliverance.

Response to this appeal to the people may be sent to me, "Brooklyn, N. Y.," and I will with my own hands, acknowledge the receipt thereof.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

"History has almost repeated itself," said the reverend doctor sadly, "for it was just seventeen years ago, and upon a Sabbath morning, that we had a similar visitation of fire. Myself and family, who had been alarmed, stood in the glass cupola surmounting the house, and saw our beloved Sabbath home moulder away. We could distin-

guish every arch, beam and rafter, and see them crumble beneath the cruel flames. Shortly after I visited the scene myself, and it made my heart sad. The subject of my sermon was to have been, 'Looking unto Jesus, the Author of Our Faith.'"

Within two weeks a new site had been purchased for a new building, plans had been adopted, and Dr. Talmage started on his proposed trip for the Holy Land to procure material for his new work, "The Life of Christ."

THE END.



